The Red TELEPHONE

OR TRICKS OF THE TEMPTER EXPOSED

Messages from the Under World of Sin
And how they are Answered

Mary H. Dye. Boyd 15

18522

"That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

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BEING

MESSAGES FROM THE UNDER-WORLD OF SIN

AND

HOW THEY ARE ANSWERED

A BOOK PORTRAYING THE

GRAVE DANGERS FOUND IN THE VARIOUS WALKS OF LIFE.
THE PIT-FALLS AND METHODS OF ESCAPE.
A SEMAPHORE OF FORTY DANGER SIGNALS.
A WARNING NOTE TO SAVE YOUNG MEN AND WOMEN FROM WRECK AND RUIN.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DRAWINGS

WRITTEN BY

LILIAN M. HEATH

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PREFACE

IN ANY study of the shadow-side of life, its causes and remedies, a few broad, general principles may be laid down. First, such a book is not intended for the reader who has never known a temptation, either from without or from within. Such, if any there are, have no need of it; but with most, there come times when the road is a trifle thorny and the traveler would be glad to have someone who has trodden the same path suggest ways in which it is possible to remove and avoid some of the thorns.

Again, the world of temptation is not all made up of outward objects. Many temptations are from without, but as many or more come from within, and come early and often. The writer of this book has a deep conviction that light can be so thrown on the dark places as to remove much of their danger to the unsuspecting; and in the mention made of the more tragic of life's shadows—the heartlessness of the growing greed for gain, the White Slave trade, the abominable liquor traffic, the prevalence of divorces and suicides, the insufficiency of even such institutions as the Young Women's Christian Association,—in all the dark list of troubles and errors the one thought kept uppermost has been that of presenting truth as a safeguard, that no soul who reads these pages may be deceived by the Red Telephone delusions.

Some argue that the knowledge of evil should be kept from the young; that ignorance is innocence. The sad testimony of thousands proves that this is not the case. In ignorance lies the greatest danger.

Let it be understood that I am neither preacher nor reformer in the usual sense; but I do claim to be an observer, and a close friend of young people; and the message of these pages is one growing out of the results of such practical observation and knowledge on my own

part and on the part of other students along special lines. No life is free from trial, but experience is fruitful. That the younger travelers on life's path may find their experiences chiefly bright and happy ones, they have but to take Truth as their guide, and in so doing, they will find that the shadow-voices will have no power over them.

The aim of the present work has been greatly helped by the facts contributed in the latter chapters by Mr. John L. Whitman, the well-known jailer who has aided many in their struggles upward out of some of the worst pitfalls; and the author wishes also to express her obligation to the artists for the illustrations which so well bring out the central meaning in each chapter.

That this book may help to dispel the shadows and leave the sun shining a little more brightly in the lives of young and old, is the prayer of the author.

LILIAN M. HEATH.

CONTENTS.

WIRE NUMBER ONE.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE **17-25**

("Look out for Number One" in the right instead of the wrong way.)

WIRE NUMBER TWO.

THE OTHER FELLOW **26-32**

(Too much in ourselves—not enough in others.)

WIRE NUMBER THREE.

COMMON TRAPS **35-41**

(The city saloon, gambling den, dance hall, etc.)

WIRE NUMBER FOUR.

THE PREDIGESTED SHADOW **42-53**

(The satire shows that if you make everything too easy for children, they grow up without self-reliance or strength of character.)

WIRE NUMBER FIVE.

MR. WYSE AND HIS SUNDAY SCHOOL **54-59**

("The Sabbath is for man." Of course it is, but man is soul as well as body.)

WIRE NUMBER SIX.

THE NORTHEAST MAN 60-66

(One without sunshine in his religion.)

WIRE NUMBER SEVEN.

THE SUICIDE 67-77

(Fallacy of the idea that life and its troubles can be ended by suicide; shows that such an act brings no release, while the horrors and sufferings are increased.)

WIRE NUMBER EIGHT.

THE DIFFERENCE 78-84

(Answers the careless who ask, "What difference does it make?" and who seem to prefer a low plane of living.)

WIRE NUMBER NINE.

THE CANDLE-BURNER 85-94

(Warning against overwork, dissipation, etc. Don't waste your energies.)

WIRE NUMBER TEN.

A CURIOUS COLOR BLINDNESS 95-100

(Man who can see nothing but money—Avarice.)

WIRE NUMBER ELEVEN.

A GOOD FORGETTER 101-108

(Forget the injuries or troubles but remember the benefits and kindnesses.)

WIRE NUMBER TWELVE.

PRESERVED AIR 109-116

(Don't try to bottle up the fresh air, but share it with the less fortunate.)

WIRE NUMBER THIRTEEN.

"LUCK" 117-127

(Shows how people make their own good or bad "luck.")

WIRE NUMBER FOURTEEN.

THE TWIN SHADOW IMPS 128-135

(Hurry and Worry.)

WIRE NUMBER FIFTEEN.

PURITANIC NOTIONS 136-144

(Why it pays to be particular as to right and wrong in little things.)

WIRE NUMBER SIXTEEN.

THE WRONG SHINE 145-152

(Dealing with the desire to out-shine instead of shining upon others. False social ambition.)

WIRE NUMBER SEVENTEEN.

"PROVE IT" 153-161

(If troubled with religious doubts, one can best prove any beautiful truth by living it.)

WIRE NUMBER EIGHTEEN.

A COUNTRY GIRL IN THE CITY **162-187**

(The milder forms of temptation that lead to grave dangers.)

WIRE NUMBER NINETEEN.

WHY THE JOKE FAILED **188-197**

(Ill-natured tricks often react against the joker.)

WIRE NUMBER TWENTY.

STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL **198-205**

(Showing the harm done by foolish neighborhood gossip.)

WIRE NUMBER TWENTY-ONE.

A CHOICE OF STRINGS **206-212**

("Apron-strings" or the iron chains of sin. Which are preferable?)

WIRE NUMBER TWENTY-TWO.

TRUTH AND THE DANGER SIGNAL **215-221**

(Deception always dangerous.)

WIRE NUMBER TWENTY-THREE.

"SO SENSITIVE" **222-229**

(Generally from conceit, ignorance or selfishness.)

WIRE NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR.

TAKING CHANCES **230-239**

(Gambling, flirting, etc.)

WIRE NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE.

"TIME ENOUGH YET" 240-246

(The dangers of procrastination.)

WIRE NUMBER TWENTY-SIX.

"SPICE" 247-256

(The seasoning of life.)

WIRE NUMBER TWENTY-SEVEN.

"BE GOOD TO YOURSELF" 257-278

(Your Horoscope.)

WIRE NUMBER TWENTY-EIGHT.

DIVORCE 279-293

(The solution. The key to harmony.)

WIRE NUMBER TWENTY-NINE.

"HIS OWN LOOKOUT" 294-305

(Answering the arguments used in cheating a neighbor or customer.)

WIRE NUMBER THIRTY.

STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS 306-316

(Twentieth Century Declaration of Independence.)

WIRE NUMBER THIRTY-ONE.

NO ROOM FOR CHRIST 317-327

("There was no room for them at the Inn.")

WIRE NUMBER THIRTY-TWO.

EASY PATHS 328-334

("Easy Paths" lead down instead of up.)

WIRE NUMBER THIRTY-THREE.

REVERENCE AND RESPECT 335-342

("It takes all kinds of people to make a world.")

WIRE NUMBER THIRTY-FOUR.

FILTH IN THE TEMPLE 343-349

("Ye are the Temple of the living God.")

WIRE NUMBER THIRTY-FIVE.

THE SALOON 350-359

("Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.")

WIRE NUMBER THIRTY-SIX.

SELF-RESPECT 360-365

(You are worth while or you would not be here.)

WIRE NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN.

SCATTERED FORCES 366-371

(Concentration is the secret of doing things easily and well.)

WIRE NUMBER THIRTY-EIGHT.

THE ROAD TO CRIME 372-378

(The sowing of wild oats. Evil forces unchecked. Moral decline into the depths of depravity.)

WIRE NUMBER THIRTY-NINE.

REFORMATION OF CRIMINALS 379-391

(Studies of criminal character by John L. Whitman, jailer of Cook county (Chicago), Illinois, and the foremost penalogist in the world.)

WIRE NUMBER FORTY.

CAPTURE OF THE RED TELEPHONE 392-397

(The forces of evil outwitted.)

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

PAGE

"That was the True Light Which Lighteth Every Man That Cometh Into the World"... ..... Frontispiece
"Connect Me With Number One".....Face Page 17
The Other Fellow 33
"The Old Fortress—Grim and Forbidding in the Flickering Volcano Light" 34
The Predigested Shadow..... 51
The Birthday Box..... 52
The Northeast Man..... 69
The Suicide 70
The Difference 87
The Candle-Burner 88
A Curious Color Blindness..... 105
A Good Forgetter..... 106
Vacant Wonder 123
"Rejoice in the Finding of a Four-Leaf Clover"..... 124
"She Had Conquered Them"..... 141
"Make Time Your Friend"..... 142
"Along the Mountainous Journey of Life There are Three Paths—Physical, Mental and Spiritual".....159
"Perhaps the Doubter Is Approaching the Third Path".... 160
Temptations to a Country Girl..... 177
"They Both Found Time to Drop Their Hints"..... 178
"The Rich Relatives Responded Immediately and Generously to Her Absurd Requests"..... 195
A Choice of Strings..... 196
Truth and the Danger Signal..... 213
So Sensitive 214
Taking Chances 231

PAGE

"Childhood Is the Time When the Pleasure Garden Is Ours by Right of the King's Decree" 232
The Seasoning of Life. 249
Your Horoscope 267
Divorce 285
His Own Lookout 303
The G. A. H. 304
"There was no Room at the Inn" 321
"Easy Paths Lead Down" 322
Reverence and Respect 339
"In the First Glass Lies Coiled a Deadly Serpent" 340
"Wine Is a Mocker; Strong Drink Is Raging and Whosoever Is Deceived Thereby Is not Wise" 357
Self-Respect 358
Scattered Forces 375
The Road to Crime 376
Reformation of Criminals 385
The Forces of Evil Outwitted 387

YOUNG PEOPLE'S IDEAL PLEDGE.

(ALL SIGNERS SHOULD MEMORIZE.)

I Promise to Practice these Precepts:

DON'T'S

Don't forget that wealth of character is far above all other riches.
Don't fret.
Don't get angry.
Don't be vulgar in word or act.
Don't frown.
Don't withhold the kind word.
Don't fear.

FOR BOYS ESPECIALLY:

Don't swear; don't smoke cigarettes; don't use tobacco in any form, but so live and act as to become a manly man.

I WILL'S

I will not drink intoxicants.
I will not speak untruthfully.
I will not be selfish.
I will preserve my honor and integrity.
I will lead a Christian life.
I will give aid and sympathy whenever possible.
I will follow the Golden Rule principle in all respects to the best of my understanding.

Dated_____ Signed_____

_____

_____

_____

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_____

Witness (Father, Mother, Guardian or Sunday-school Teacher):

_____

"CONNECT ME WITH NO. ONE."

"Don't stay in the Under-World to turn into a black shadow. Climb up!"

—Page 23.

WIRE I.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

"TING-A-LING-A-LING!" goes the bell attached to the Red Telephone. And you take the receiver off the hook and listen—that is, if you are connected.

Reader, did you ever visit the Under-World? The world of shadows, I mean; of dark thoughts, and of news from the under side of life?

In the depths of the Under-World are many secrets which it is not given to mortals to know. But sometimes either in a dream or waking vision, one of these secrets is revealed, and we learn to see even old truths in such new and startling guise that life is never quite the same to us again. Such an experience has been mine.

It was once said of a dear old lady that she was so charitable in her judgments that she would find something good in Satan himself. Wishing to test the matter, someone questioned her on the subject.

Deliberately removing her spectacles, polishing and replacing them as if about to look through them at some new and interesting object, the sweet-natured old saint replied, with a smile, "Well, friend, I think we might all imitate Satan's perseverance!"

There is enterprise as well as perseverance in the world of darkness. Inventions of mortals are eagerly adopted there, whenever they can be made of use. It is well known that the busy, hurrying throngs who inhabit that realm are ever ready to offer suggestions. Indeed, that is their chief business. Before their plans can be successful, they must impress them on the minds of men.

In former times, when a message of this kind was to be delivered, a messenger had to be sent. Travel was almost the only means of communication.

No such primitive methods are relied upon now. Progress is everywhere, and that world, as well as our own, is liberally supplied with the latest inventions for making communication easy.

Far and wide through that realm are stretched wires which are kept continually red-hot with the messages flying over them in all directions. As they reach the atmosphere of earth these wires become invisible, but are none the less real. Down into the Under-World they extend, and while many are the branch offices, the "Central" controls them all; for in the very heart of blackness in that shadow-world has been placed The Red Telephone.

When I relate what befell me, you will understand why I give so much weight to this matter.

It happened one night when I was disturbed in my mind. I had been talking that evening with Joe Pynchem, a thoroughly mean man; just the kind of man you would not like for a neighbor. He was a building contractor of the typical Scrooge variety, and had succeeded in underbidding every builder in that part of the country, on the contract for the new church. Then, after securing the job, he proceeded to slight it in every possible way, using poor materials and employing careless workmen because he could get them cheap. I was one of those who protested. He put on a look of injured innocence at first, and blustered away regarding the difficulty of securing competent help. When he saw that his tricks were understood, and that his excuses did not deceive me in the least, he changed his tactics. With a look of shrewd cunning he explained,

"I'd like to make this a first-class job, but it wouldn't pay. Everybody nowadays has to look out for Number One."

Had this occurred before instead of after he had received the full benefit of the contract, he might not have been quite so frank. Queer sort of fellow, wasn't he? But I believe he did really think himself better off with his few extra dollars than he would have been with self-respect and the respect of the community. There are such people, and they are the ones, I find, who have been listening to one of the commonest messages sent over the wires of the Red Telephone.

That night I went to sleep feeling decidedly out of sorts. It al-

ways sets my teeth on edge and makes me irritable to talk with a man of Joe Pynchem's stamp.

It is a bad plan to go to sleep feeling cross. I don't advise anyone to follow my example in that respect, no matter what the provocation. There's no need of it, and no sense in it. However, that was just what I did on that particular occasion.

The result was, that instead of falling at once into a restful, refreshing slumber, I tossed about for an hour, and when sleep finally came it brought strange scenes and experiences with it. They were dreams, of course, but the worst of it was, the dreams were full of truth—and mighty unpleasant truth, some of it. I could not escape from the knowledge it brought me.

I found myself on a mountain, near the crater of a huge volcano. One of the strange things about it was that although the volcano was in full blast, pouring forth a column of flame, smoke, ashes and lava to the height of ten thousand feet or more, and burying whole villages in its ruinous shower, I was unhurt and not even much afraid. A man in a long traveling cloak was my guide. With him I felt safe, though I could not imagine how I had come or where I was going.

The noise of the volcano, like the mingling of a gigantic thunderstorm and rushing cataract of fire, sounded in my ears continuously. Huge stones were thrown by explosive force all around us, and still my guide led me to the very edge of the abyss.

It was not in the main crater, however, but a little to one side, sheltered by a rocky wall from the worst fury of the flaming mass. As we reached the edge, a door opened in this rocky partition and I looked down—down into unfathomable depths of blackness. Slowly my eyes grew accustomed to the darkness and I saw a moving object far below. Very small it looked at first, but as it rose higher and higher I saw that it was an elevator of the most approved make. Up it came till it reached the surface and stopped opposite where we were standing.

My guide turned and looked at me. "Come," he said. His face was serious, but so strong and kind that I felt I could trust him. I followed without a word, curious to see what would happen next.

A shadowy form, indistinct in the dim light, pulled a rope, and the elevator began to descend much more rapidly than it had risen. Faster and faster it sank, till we were whizzing downwards at terrific speed. But it was under control, and when it stopped, seemingly miles below, there was no sudden shock.

I stepped out into an open square, or court, where the only light to be seen was that shed by the flames of the volcano. We seemed to be in the depths of the earth, below where any miner or geologist had ever yet explored. At one side was the roaring column of volcanic fire; all else round was a strange subterranean city, paved with lava and strewn with debris.

No, it was not Pompeii, or any other buried city known to history. The people here were like those in the world I had left, except that they seemed more hurried and worried. On each face was a strained, suspicious look, as if every one believed himself surrounded not by friends, but by dangerous and uncompromising foes.

To my surprise, I soon recognized some of the faces in the hurrying throng. There were the identical people I had known in my home town. Yonder was Squire Screwem, with his spectacles, his wisp of hair over each ear, and the queer, buttoned-up expression of his mouth, just as he looked when trying to get an extra amount of work out of his unfortunate hired man, or refusing his still more unfortunate wife a new dress. A block away was Mrs. Showoff, in a silk gown and flashing with real or paste diamonds; on the opposite side of the street were Mr. and Mrs. Nevergive, looking more frigid and disagreeable than ever; Dr. Grabbit was just turning the corner with his usual nervous, quick tread, and Miss Wantall was chatting with an acquaintance, Miss Selfmore, about an expected trip to Europe, while Lawyer Takitall passed me with a crafty smile aimed at no one in particular—and there, yes, there ahead of me but looking in the other direction, for which I was thankful, was someone the back of whose head I instantly recognized as Joe Pynchem's.

I turned to my guide, thoroughly puzzled.

"What are all these people doing here?" I asked. "And why do they seem unable to recognize me? I know them all well, but not one

of them has spoken to me. Not that it is much loss," I added, laughing, "but I don't understand it."

"They are here in the Under-World," answered my guide, "because they are all listening continually to the messages sent to them over the Red Telephone. They do not *know* they are here. But all who listen and are influenced by such messages sooner or later sink to this level. They would not be really at home in the sunlight. So they leave their bodies either asleep or pursuing their usual activities in the earth world, while their souls—their real selves—are living down here in the abyss. Such people do not wait for misery until they die. They live in it, right along. They do not know what happiness is, because they think only of self. Discarding all kinship with the One who lived and died and rose again for others, they see not the joy they are losing. 'He that believeth not is condemned already.'"

"You spoke of the Red Telephone," I said. "What is that?"

"It is the means by which all the evil, selfish messages are communicated. Look! Can you not see its wires in every direction?"

Sure enough! Gleaming here and there were innumerable wires overhead, some of them so low that one was almost in danger of running into them; and whether from the firelight, the metal of which they were constructed or the nature of their work—whatever the cause—the wires were blood-red.

"Is there no way to stop the mischief done by the Red Telephone?" I asked.

"Yes. *You* may help to stop it, if you will. Everyone may help who loves the right. But you must not try to be known, or seen. That would spoil the endeavor. You must be willing to work without credit or praise, that the work may be wholly unselfish. You asked why these people did not recognize you. It is because you, not belonging here, are invisible to them. You are here as one of the few privileged guests who sometimes visit the Under-World to learn its problems and help its people."

"I am glad of that," I responded. "I should like to help, but it would be anything but pleasant to live here all the time! But tell me, what am I to do?"

"Your own heart will tell you," said my guide. "The first thing you are to do is to listen."

And I listened.

Through the roar of the volcano—through the hum of a busy city—through the sound of hurrying footsteps I could hear a metallic voice, saying the same thing over and over. Always the same; I could hear it, and though I could not see the one from whom the voice came, I knew it came over the Red Telephone. And the words were, "Look out for Number One! Look out for Number One!"

It grow monotonous, but the people did not seem to tire of it. They hurried along, pushing and crowding one another; indeed, they would have trampled their fellows under foot, if they could not have attained their objects without. Each carried a telephone receiver, holding it continuously to his ear, for it seemed that the wires were elastic and would lengthen or shorten as the need arose. Ever and always came the same cry, "Look out for Number One! Look out for Number One!" till I began to feel that Number One was an old acquaintance indeed!

"Will they always be like this?" I asked of my guide.

"No; they will either grow better or worse!" was the solemn reply. "Some of them will see the folly of it all, and will return to the purer air of earth, where love for their families or friends may lead them to higher things. Others will stay and listen to the Red Telephone until they become acclimated."

"What happens to them then?" I was curious to know.

"They lose their identity, as a result of thinking only of themselves. 'He who would save his life shall lose it.' They cease to be any relation to their higher selves, and become mere dismal black shadows, like those who call out the messages."

"Horrible!" I exclaimed with a shudder, for just then I caught a glimpse of a group of these shadow-creatures hurrying towards a grim old fortress to be seen looming up on the side of a steep hill. Indeed, the hill was so large that it might well have been called a mountain; but it did not lead to the upper air. It was a mountain under ground—a mountain within a mountain.

I am not, as a rule, afraid of a shadow, but *these* shadows were extraordinary. They looked the very personification of all that was evil. However, I caught but a glimpse of them at this time. It was well, for I could not have borne more that night. As it proved, indeed, on that occasion I was not even to see the Red Telephone. I had seen —and heard—quite enough of its *work,* however, for one brief visit; but I was destined to interfere with that work.

My guide led me into a tiny cottage which looked out of place in the large, smoky city. It had a telephone, too—not red, neither was it dark-colored like ordinary ones, but pure white, and looking as if seldom used.

The guide pointed to this telephone and beckoned me forward. "Speak to the people," he said. "Tell them the truth as it comes to you. Fear nothing, but speak."

Feeling that this was a strange errand, I still was conscious of a burning desire to obey. I wanted to help keep my old neighbors from turning into black shadows, if such a fate could be averted.

Stepping to the telephone, I rang the bell. "Whom shall I call up?" I said, turning to my guide.

"Call Number One," he replied, smiling. "They will all hear you, and all listen."

"Connect me with Number One, please," I told the Central.

In a moment I heard a confused babel of voices, as if the wires were tangled. Voices high, low, and of all kinds, joined in an eager, interested chorus of "Here is Number One. What do you want?"

"I want to tell you some news of great importance," I said, guided by a sudden illumination of thought. "I want to tell you, Number One, that you are making a great mistake. You are certainly missing the mark. You're not taking care of Number One at all. The fact is, you are letting Number One shrivel away and die,—that is, the *real* Number One,—the best part of yourself—living down here in the smoke and ashes. And you don't need to stay here another day. Don't you know you belong up in the sunshine? Why not go there?"

There was only a confused, troubled murmur in reply. But I knew they were still listening.

"The way to the world of light and air and joy," I went on, "is direct and easily found. Even if you can't have the use of the elevator, you have only to start on the path of Unselfishness, and *climb*!"

A chorus of dismayed groans met my ear.

" Yes, I know it's uphill," I continued persuasively, "but never you mind. It *pays*! When you get up there, you'll see. And if you really *want* to look out for Number One, that is positively the only way to do it that will bring you satisfaction.

"Don't stay here to turn into a black shadow. Climb up! Every step takes you nearer safety; nearer the delicious breezes of success, the fragrant roses of loving friendship, and the cool, clear river of life, where you can wade and bathe till you are free from the last touch of the smoke and grime, the shame and distress, of this dark underworld. Don't stay here any longer. Climb up and away! It is well worth your while. If you start on that upward path and keep on, it will surely lead you to the Table-Land of Divine Love. You can't afford to miss such a treat. *Look out for Number One*!"

And I hung up the receiver.

"Will they do it, do you suppose?" I asked the guide, as we turned to go.

"Some of them will," was the answer. And, sure enough, they *are* doing it.

People call this a selfish world. So it is; but over and under and through the selfishness is the heart's longing to be free from it; to love and be loved; to sacrifice and toil for others' happiness. The very person who is most strenuous in his determination to "look out for Number One" has his strong—not weak—point somewhere, that if followed will one day lead him forth from the Under-World.

I have known more than one grim, curt, iron-willed business man, the terror of a whole office full of employees, to actually keep business waiting while he petted and caressed a tiny child—and that child not his own.

I have known a farmer too selfish to give his wife proper facilities and suitable help in the home, to become a tireless and tender nurse when the overworked wife fell sick.

I have known the spoiled daughter of a wealthy family, after exacting all kinds of unreasonable sacrifices from her too-indulgent husband, to rouse herself in a time of misfortune, and become a true and unselfish helpmate.

I have known children who "wouldn't play" unless they could choose every game and have their own way throughout, to afterwards grow up thoughtful, gracious and considerate to all around them.

But there had to be a beginning. There had to be a *first time* when they turned a deaf ear to the lower self and began to listen to the divine call of love; to the voice of Christ or His messengers within the soul. The smallest kind act, followed by more and more of them, will surely work the change.

Everyone, however selfish by nature, can do this. And the more he does it, the sooner he will become transformed into the real, the nobler Number One. For don't forget that Number One *at his best* is well worth knowing.

Have you yet made the effort to find this supreme pleasure that is meant for you? Have you *made up your mind* to find it? You can, for help will not be denied. It is waiting to be poured forth abundantly. How it does transform our old acquaintance!

"That they may be One with Me, even as I, Father, am One with Thee."

Oh, fortunate and blessed Number One!

WIRE II.

THE OTHER FELLOW.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE tells a whimsical story of a minister whose numerous public duties began to weigh upon him so heavily that he decided to hire a double. So he found an Irishman who closely resembled himself, hired him to go about dressed in his (the minister's) clothes, and taught him four sentences, one or another of which, it was hoped, would apply in all cases where speech was expected. The plan worked well for a time, and the relieved minister found time to write his sermons, visit his parishioners and get acquainted with his own family, while Dennis filled his place in many a tiresome political or social gathering and no one was the wiser. But, alas! the time came when no one of the four sentences would fit. The unfortunate "double" became excited, lost his temper, and the result was disastrous.

Not every one of us is so fortunate—or unfortunate!—as to possess a double of exactly that kind. But we are nearly all a little fond of shirking our responsibilities—of putting the blame on "the other fellow." When we do this, we are listening to a cowardly message from the Red Telephone.

Usually, it will be found that our misfortunes can be traced to some defect in ourselves, that we could remedy if only we would look the matter squarely in the face. But how few of us like to do that! It is so much easier to blame the "other fellow!" All would run smoothly if only *he* would do right!

Hence one of the commonly heard messages of the Red Telephone is this:

"It is all his fault, not yours. You can't be expected to go out of your way to attend to that matter, when *he* does not. Let it go. Who cares? You might as well do as others do. It is no worse for you than for them."

And so the inclination is to indulge in the childish game of "Simon says Thumbs Up!" in many of the serious affairs of life, letting the "other fellow's" course of action rule us, instead of deciding and acting for ourselves. People are as imitative as a flock of sheep. They will follow a leader, right or wrong, until something rouses them to think for themselves.

Who has not noticed how often young people will forget the best of teachings in listening to the ridicule, sneers or taunts of a companion? "You don't dare!" is an argument that many times changes a wise resolve into a foolish one. The Red Telephone wires fairly ring with this and similar taunts. And if the hearer is *cowardly,* he will act on the spur of the moment, thinking to prove himself brave. What a mistake!

It is cowardly to "dare" do a wrong thing when the right course would take real moral courage. It is cowardly to "dare" do a foolish thing to avoid being laughed at by "the other fellows."

It is cowardly, and vulgar as well, for a girl to let herself be drawn into a silly flirtation, a course that cheapens her own womanly nature and makes her the toy of the moment, just because "the other girls do."

It is cowardly for a grocer to give short weight, put sand in his sugar or sell cheap substitutes for pure food, just because his competitors do.

It is cowardly for a lawyer, merchant or other business man to indulge in sharp practices because others in the same line of business have set the example.

It is cowardly for a woman to try to dress more extravagantly than her purse will permit, to keep pace with her neighbors. And here I am going to say something which will cause some eyes to open wide in astonishment—*it is cowardly to deny one's self or one's family the reasonable comforts of life* when they can be afforded. Some do go to this extreme just from the love of being considered "prudent."

Don't mind what the "other fellow" says, or thinks, in these matters that concern only yourself and those nearest and dearest.

Live so as to make the very most and highest of the life God has given you,—and let the tongues wag as they will.

Why bless you, if folks couldn't talk they would die—some of them. Let them talk and let *yourself* be free from care concerning what they say,—if you know you are acting from principle. Tastes differ. Yours is as apt to be right as your neighbor's. Live your own life—only so it be a brave, true, sensible one—and let the other fellow live his.

Consideration for the other fellow can be made either the bane or blessing of society. It all depends on the *kind* of consideration. Never be a slave to others' opinions, nor try to make them slaves to yours.

A flower has the right to unfold into just the variety of blossom for which Nature meant it. You would not expect a tulip to be a rose, or a hyacinth to be a pansy. It is the same with human beings. Each life has wonderful possibilities of growth, of beauty, of development. But each must unfold along the lines for which it was intended.

That is the reason that it is both cruel and fruitless for parents to insist on forcing one child into a wholly distasteful occupation because another child shows an aptitude for it.

There is no need of idleness, but surely in a world so full of work to be done it is the sensible course to avoid trying to fit square pegs into round holes. Let each live *his own* life, and not another's. Teach a child to love work, by all means; but don't try to turn a tulip into a rose.

The right kind of consideration has the double root of self-respect and respect for others. Its fruit will be many a gracious and unassuming act. It recognizes, first, that God has a plan—a loving, beneficent plan—for each individual life; second, that the plan must be worked out gradually, perfectly, with no interference from any human source, and with only such help as a wise and sympathetic friend can give. Life is full of hard lessons, and it is well for us that we cannot shirk them. Each lesson must be learned, each task done, as it comes, or we are forever the losers,

But no one can safely add to another's burden one straw beyond what belongs there. Do your work as well as you can and leave the "other fellow" free to do his in the way that he has found best adapted.

A child who has not an eager desire to help his parents is lacking in consideration. Plant the seed carefully, tenderly, and it will grow. Love will guide a young soul out of the under-world of selfishness and teach it the beauty and value of its own powers and the joy of usefulness. Remember the two roots; self-respect, and respect for others. Self-respect, if firm and solid, will prevent a young person from being led astray by wrong example or suggestion. Respect for others, if carefully cultivated, will make him as truly considerate of their rights and feelings as of his own.

It is worth a great deal to be able to mentally put yourself in the other fellow's place. Some have this quick, sympathetic insight by nature. Such are always ready to make allowances and to judge charitably. But they are few. Most of us have to *train* ourselves to think gently of those who act in a way that we cannot approve. The Red Telephone is always aglow with words of criticism for the "other fellow." The habit grows until often it dominates the whole nature.

Don't forget that however strange or unreasonable your neighbor may be, you cannot help him by harsh words or sneers. That would only drive him farther down into the under-world, and indeed, if persisted in, would drag you down with him. Give the "other fellow" a chance. He may be doing the best he knows how. Or if he is not, then perhaps he is doing the best he *feels*. Did you ever think of that? When a person *feels* ugly, ten to one he will *act* ugly. It does not help him a particle to stab him with a contemptuous thought—for thoughts *do* reach and hurt others even when not expressed in words.

Right here is where the principle of respect for others comes in.

But, you say, "How can I respect Smith? He does nothing but loaf, drink, swear and abuse his family. *Nobody* respects him. He—"

Ah, that is just the trouble. Nobody does respect him, not even

himself; and so the poor wretch, pushed into the very depths of the under-world by his utter hopelessness, loses all semblance of a man.

You will have to begin to treat such a one with respect and consideration *before* he has done anything to merit it. It is the only way, and we have the best authority for it. "While we were yet sinners, in due time Christ died for the ungodly." It is plainly a case where a man has listened to the Red Telephone so long that a very different message—perhaps many of them—must be sent him before there can be any change for the better.

Consideration for the "other fellow" will take into account his peculiar temptations, and while resolutely refusing to make those temptations your own, will try to inspire in the unfortunate one a new hope, new courage and new interests. *Find something, however small, to praise* about his family, his home or his own work when he does any. Awaken even a faint ray of self-respect in his soul, and you give it something to feed upon. You have made a good beginning, which can be followed up until the work is complete.

Then, too, there is many an instance where self-respect is *not* lost, and yet vexatious misunderstandings occur through lack of power to view things through the "other fellow's" eyes. It would be amusing if it were not sad, to see the utter contempt many well-meaning people—yes, even professing Christians—often show, towards those of different religious or political views from their own.

"I never did have no opinion of them Baptists, nohow," sniffs a dear old colored woman, herself the best of Methodists and ready to do her neighbor any kindness except that of according her the same freedom of religious belief she herself enjoys. Yet is she any more absurd than our forefathers, the Puritans, who came to the shores of America expressly to gain religious liberty, and then celebrated their success by turning around and persecuting the Quakers? Nobler souls than the Puritans it would be hard to find, but they certainly showed one weakness,—they could not be generous enough to accord the "other fellow" the same rights that they demanded for themselves. And when it comes to politics—need I give

instances? You already know countless ones. Families in discord, churches almost disrupted, neighbors at swords' points,—and all over a matter of mere opinion.

Use your God-given, glorious liberty, Number One, by all means; but in the name of common fairness and common sense, let Number Two have the same privilege! Give the "other fellow" a chance!

Sometimes it is not contempt, but only thoughtlessness, that prevents a right treatment of the "other fellow." You have probably met the man who spreads himself and his newspaper over as much space as possible in a crowded car; the woman who blocks the passage of a hurrying crowd or keeps a dozen people waiting while she chats with a friend; the invalid who "enjoys poor health" so much that a detailed description of symptoms is liberally dealt out to all friends; the person who takes up the valuable time of a busy man by long calls on church or charitable errands during his office hours; the schoolboy who chooses the sidewalk in preference to the vacant lot for his coasting or skating ground; the silly, vain girl who makes unreasonable demands upon her friends for the sake of testing their devotion; the child who habitually leaves its playthings or other belongings scattered about for mother to put away; the mother who expects all her children to be equally interested in the same tasks and the same amusements; the church member who expects his pastor to be at the disposal of the parish at all hours, regardless of home needs; the woman who wears an enormous hat at public gatherings where people wish to see as well as hear; and all the rest of the long, long list, of which these are only samples. It all comes from forgetting the rights of the "other fellow." Someone has defined a bore as "a person who insists upon talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself." That is quite annoying, to be sure; but there are apt to be two sides to the story. Once get two of this particular type of conversationalists together, and all onlookers may hold their breath as well as their tongues! It is a case where "Greek meets Greek."

Seriously, there are few cases in which the shadow-fiends are more in their element than in suggesting ways of either over-esti-

mating or of ignoring the importance of the "other fellow." Timid people, as I have shown, go to one extreme; bold or careless ones, to the other. But the fact is, there is an infallible rule that will enable us to steer clear of both dangers, rendering us proof against the messages of the Red Telephone along these lines. It is a rule which has well been called golden, and comes from the wisest lips that ever framed a message for guidance in human perplexity and need:

"As ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them."

Do not make the mistake of thinking that this will not apply in business. Some very successful business men and women have *proved* that the Golden Rule is pure gold in the business as well as the religious world. It adds to success instead of subtracting from it.

Make this rule yours in *thought* as well as in word and deed; and you will start an electric current of power that will flash around the world, bringing results compared with which Edison's and Elmer Gates' inventions are as child's play. And not the least of these results will be the wonderful discoveries you will make regarding the "other fellow." You will appreciate him as you never did before; yet you will avoid his mistakes, will know that you are free to follow your own plans, and the respect that you accord to others will bring a plentiful harvest in the form of their respect for you.

THE OTHER FELLOW.

"Treat such a one with respect and consideration."

—Page 30.

"The old fortress . . . grim and forbidding, in the flickering volcano light."

—Page 35.

WIRE III.

COMMON TRAPS.

ON MY second trip to the Under-World I had a nearer view of the shadow-creatures. My errand led me straight to the old fortress which I saw was their headquarters. Grim and forbidding it loomed up in the flickering light; for the volcano was more quiet this time at the moment of my arrival, and the flames shot up only to subside and leave the city in a twilight which might almost be called more gloomy than absolute darkness. A gigantic spider's web was stretched across the doorway of the huge old building.

"Has no one entered here lately?" I asked the guide, pausing as he brushed aside the web for us to pass through.

"Not in this door," he replied. "The shadow-creatures enter through the low arch you see yonder," pointing to an opening with an inscription over it in some foreign tongue. "But this other door is the visitors' entrance, and has not been used for a long time. Most people content themselves with a surface examination of the shadows' work; they do not look deeper."

"Then if the shadows go in through the low arch," I said, "where do they work after they are inside? Are any of them in there now?"

"Yes, indeed," was the answer. "The main office is half full of them now, and here come some more."

The shadows were faint because the light was so dim, and I could not see them plainly at the first glance. But I saw enough that was horrible in their snake-like movements to cause cold shivers to run down my spine, even while the perspiration stood in drops on my forehead. The sense of utter loathing which these creatures inspire is more than can be described.

"Do not fear them," said my guide, reassuringly. "They will

not be allowed to harm you, or even to see you. They have other business. Terrible business, too! Revolting beyond words, for any one to witness! But you can do little to stop it until you understand; hence I am going to let you see what this work is. Come with me."

I followed the guide up a narrow stair, my courage and my curiosity returning as I went. I had need of both, to carry me through this nightmare of experience. Even though I knew I was quite safe, I felt relieved as we left the shadow creatures behind for the time being. I felt that a weight was removed so that I could breathe more freely.

The stairway was a steep and winding one, ending at the very top of the building, in a small tower. Here we entered an odd little round-shaped room furnished in gray, with two windows overlooking the mountain side. But my guide did not go to the windows. Instead, he led me to a seat in front of a large gray curtain.

"These pictures that I must show you are not pleasant ones," he said, "but they are, alas! true to life. In fact they are *alive;* only what you see is a reflection of the real occurrences, exactly as in a mirror. We could see the real ones themselves from the window if it were not so dark. As it is, the reflection will answer quite as well. Now I will draw aside the curtain. Look!"

I gazed as my guide lifted the curtain. The picture was marvellously lifelike. A light shone from it—or through it, I could hardly tell which,—making the human figures look as if about to step from the canvas. Not even Delorme's painting of "The Blacksmith" could be called more realistic.

The picture showed a mother seated in a plainly but cozily furnished room with her two children playing by her side. The room was that of a country home, with few luxuries but much substantial comfort. The woman was sewing; both she and the little ones, a boy and a girl, were happy and healthy looking, and the picture would have been a pleasing one but for two ugly shadow-forms that lurked in one corner of the cottage room, unseen by its inmates, and apparently whispering together while pointing maliciously towards the children.

The picture suddenly faded, and another took its place.

This was a street scene in a great city at night. The youth and maiden who were the central figures were clearly the two children of the first scene, grown older. An open door of a saloon was near, into which the boy was being smilingly invited by a young man, while a flashily dressed woman approached the girl. What had become of the mother, I did not know, but the shadow creatures lurked in the corner.

The third picture was that of the interior of a dance hall. Flimsily dressed girls with painted faces were dancing, while the rude jests or meaning glances of their evil-looking companions seemed to cause in some the wildest merriment, though to a few of the younger and more innocent they brought evident distress and consternation. Here, as in the first and second pictures, the shadow fiends were plainly to be seen, and they looked particularly well pleased.

Next came a picture of a gambling den where the youth of the other pictures sat with flushed, excited face playing cards with several men, most of them much older. Glasses of some kind of liquor stood on the table, and it needed not the exultant look on the shadow faces to tell me that a dispute had arisen, perhaps to end only in murder and overwhelming disgrace.

The pictures followed one another in rapid succession. A drunken millionaire plunging madly along in his automobile and crushing the life out of a woman who could not get out of the path of the wild racer; a drunken husband locking his wife outdoors on a stormy winter night; a drunken father sending a bullet through the head of his fourteen-months-old baby; these were only samples of the frightful list. As for the sequels to the dance hall picture, they were found in the wretched, wild-eyed outcasts who sought oblivion by plunging from a bridge into the deep waters of the river; and in the madhouses full of shrieking victims; and in the Potter's Field. No words can describe the horrors of those pictures as the work of saloon, dance hall and gambling den was slowly unfolded from the seemingly trivial beginnings to the tragic end.

"Take me away!" I cried with a shudder, at last, turning to my guide. "I can look no longer. Let us leave this dreadful place. How can such things be?"

"Come, then," was the reply. "But be sure it is all true. The temptations are so insidious that the young do not realize where they are drifting. Let us go down and listen for a few moments to the kind of arguments used by the shadow fiends in the beginning, to persuade the young folks that these things are harmless."

I rose from my gray cushioned chair just as the curtain was allowed to fall on the scene of a heartbroken mother raving in a sudden and hopeless insanity over a murdered son, killed in a saloon,—and as I passed the window I saw the volcanic fires leap up with renewed fierceness till the country roundabout seemed indulging in a wild dance of fiendish glee at the sufferings of mortals. I would be glad indeed to forget that night; but I cannot. It is burned on my memory by a fire that is still lighting up those worst of all scenes in the Under-World.

I scarcely knew where I was going, but followed my guide below till a door was reached opening into a room broad at one end but quite narrow at the other. At the opposite end of the room, as we entered the door, was the one thing of supreme interest and importance in this world of strangeness,—for there, blazing with its own heat, and seldom free from use, was the Red Telephone.

The shadow creatures began to come in. This was more than I could endure, after the horrors I had already seen. I must have turned white with repugnance, for my guide, in pity, led me to a chair facing away from the telephone, where I could not see the messengers who came to it, though their words were quite distinct. The voices themselves were not unpleasant. They had been trained too carefully for their work, to express in tone the true nature of the speakers.

"Hello!" called one, a moment after ringing the bell. "Is that Harry Stevenson? Well, this is Guy Goodfellow. I want you to promise to come down to Carter's to-night. There'll be a lot of splendid fellows there that I want to introduce you to, and a jolly good time for everyone.

"What's that? You don't believe you can come?

"Why not? You never do go to Carter's? Oh, bosh! It's time you did, then. Why, man alive, there's no harm in it.

"You don't drink? That's all right; of course, you needn't if you don't want to. Just come down and see the fellows, that's all. We'll have a game or two of billiards, and go home early. Come, don't refuse."

"You'll come just for a little while? Yes? Good for you! I knew you were the right stuff. We'll have no end of fun, for we're going to start a club down there—just a social club, no harm in that, you know. We'll want you for one of the officers. Be sure to be on hand. All right; good-by."

"That is the *beginning,*" commented my guide, quietly, as the voice ceased. "Carter's is one of the traps of the Under-World, a saloon. Harry will go, intending to drink nothing but soda, and to go home early. But it will not stop there. Very soon he will take 'just one glass' of something, with the others, to be sociable, and then he will take more than one; the evenings will grow long until by degrees they stretch far into the night. Anxious, careworn parents, an ungovernable appetite, a ruined career, all await him as the result of that telephone message. Yes,—this is the beginning. The end—is such as you saw in the pictures upstairs!"

Another messenger had taken the first one's place. In a few minutes by a similar course of reasoning, a young man was persuaded to enter another of the Under-World's traps—a gambling den. He was assured there was "no harm in a social game of cards," and reminded that many reputable people played. But the trap was sprung, nevertheless.

The third message was in a foreign language, and I could not translate it. My guide kindly acted as interpreter, and I learned that this most fiendish of all plans was that of the "White Slave Trade" carried on notoriously in Philadelphia, and probably no less in other cities,—the enticing of young girls into dens of infamy from which there is no escape.

"Only young girls of from twelve to sixteen years," explained

my guide, "are desired. Older women know too much to be easily managed by the den keeper. The young girls are inveigled into these places on one pretense or another by paid agents of the 'White Slave Syndicate.' As a rule none of them can speak English. They are told that they must submit because such is the custom of the new country to which they have come. They are not allowed any privileges. They are very scantily supplied with clothing. They are not given anything in the line of wearing apparel in which they could appear in the street, even if the door of the den were not kept locked and bolted. They are not allowed even a small percentage on the profits of their own infamy. A more revolting, diabolical, devilish thing than the 'White Slave Trade' of the 'City of Brotherly Love' could not be conceived in the head of any devil incarnate even if that brain were kept on the rack for a thousand years. It is enough to make every decent, self-respecting man blush with shame that such a thing is possible under the Stars and Stripes."

One would think, surely, that in this visit I must have exhausted all the possibilities of the Under-World! But, no; there were other traps in reserve. This was winter. In the summer the shadow-fiends are no less busy, as perhaps we may see.

Only two more messages were to come, on this occasion.

"Hello, Jack!" called a voice at the 'phone. "Come around to the theater with me to-night. I've got an extra ticket for you. Just drop everything for once and come. I tell you it's a hot one—this vaudeville on Clarkson street. It'd be a shame to miss it. Lots of pretty girls—regular daisies. Music is the best ever, and the dancing and jokes are wide awake, you bet. You'll laugh fit to split your sides. Rob and Sam are coming, too, and we'll make a party of it. You be round the corner of Blake street, and I'll meet you there. Don't let on; the folks might kick. Gee! but we'll have a hot old time! You'll be there sure? All right, good-by."

My guide made no comment on this message. None was necessary, I knew what it meant—this cheap vaudeville performance, with its coarse jokes, indecent rather than humorous, and the costumes,

music, dancing, and all, of just the kind calculated to blunt the finer sensibilities and lower if not destroy the manliness of these bright, eager young fellows just starting in life. I was about to protest, when still another voice, a crafty, seductive one, was heard urging Miss Innocent to go that night to a dance hall, "just to see what it is like. There's no harm," the voice went on.

But suddenly there was a sound as of a rushing wind, and I turned, forgetting my dislike in my curiosity to see what was happening at the 'phone.

There seemed to be a momentary struggle between two shadows; then the newcomer succeeded in pushing the other aside and reaching the 'phone herself. For this shadow was—or had once been—a woman, or rather a young girl. There was little semblance of youth or beauty now!

"No! no! no!" she fairly shrieked, into the telephone. "Don't go! I went once, and it was once too often! Do they tell you there's no harm in it? There *is* harm—there is the blackness of horror and death in it! You never will come out the same girl that you were when you went in! There's ruin and death in the dance hall—I know it too well, for I was caught in that trap and the disgrace was more than I could bear and live! Take warning, take warning from me—for I am Mabel Wright!"

This startling message from the girl who took poison and ended her earthly life in a dance hall but a short time before, had a disturbing effect on the nerves of the shadows—if shadows can be said to have nerves. They flocked into the room from every direction, with threatening looks and gestures, toward the only one among them who had rebelled at the laws of the Under-World.

I had but one more glimpse of this one who called herself Mabel Wright. I could not be sure, the group of angry shadows surrounded her so closely, but I *thought* I saw a change pass over her; a change for the better, leaving her face less wretched and almost peaceful. But the sight rapidly faded from my view, for I suddenly awoke, and this, my second visit to the Under-World, was over.

WIRE IV.

THE "PREDIGESTED" SHADOW.

IT IS very curious how ingenious the shadow-folks are in varying their methods. They do not always invite their victims into their traps at once, but use indirect means to undermine the will and destroy force of character. Even a mother's affection for her child, when not tempered by common sense, can be made a help to their plans.

John F. Cowan has written an amusing burlesque showing to what extremes the fad for "predigested" food, mental and physical, can be carried. His "Predigested Tommy," in the Christian Endeavor World, is enough to provoke serious thought underneath the smiles that we cannot repress.

Now, be it understood, I am far from wishing to oppose the use of health foods. To condemn them as a whole, would be foolish in the extreme. They are, many of them, the result of careful, intelligent work and investigation, and are a blessing to thousands.

The same is true of mental and spiritual "health foods" as of the physical ones. We do *well* to adopt new methods of oiling life's machinery, making study interesting, simplifying work, and economizing energy on all planes of activity.

It is only when some over-anxious mother gets the idea that her child cannot thrive unless every meal, every lesson, every task and every sport is made easy for him—especially prepared,—predigested, as it were—when this happens, woe to the unfortunate child, and to the fond and foolish mother as well!

Life was not meant to be *all* ease, to any human being. *Some* things must be a little hard, or the body and mind, lacking exercise, cannot grow as they should; and when growth of any kind is stunted, there can be neither health nor happiness. Not even

"Nochew and Swallow's Self-Eating Foods" can secure such results!

In his story of "Predigested Tommy" Mr. Cowan represents Mrs. T. Anna Jenkins-Jones, formerly known as Tirza Ann, the daughter of Squire Toothaker, as having acquired some novel and, it must be confessed, rather extreme ideas since her marriage to a Boston banker. She comes to spend a summer at the Toothaker farm, bringing her young son with her.

"Old Mis' Toothaker had a steamin' dinner on the table, an' as soon as Tommy's mouth had been rinsed out with an auntyseptic pollution, they sot down.

"'Will Tommy have some fat ham, or lean?' asked his grandma; 'an' does he like his eggs turned, or fried on one side?'

"'Merciful Minerva, mother!' exclaimed her that was Tirza Ann Toothaker before she married a Boston banker. 'Tommy could no more survive ham an' eggs than he could walk to the North Pole. His stomach is weak, and he has never eaten anything but predigested foods. Here, Tommy; take these three chewless proteid tablets, and then I'll give you four spoonfuls of the peptonized pabulum.'

"'An' that's about all the boy gets to eat. It's 'lactated' this, an' 'peptonized' that, an' 'predigested' t'other. Mis' Toothaker was a-tellin' me t'other day that after Sam had 'peptonized pabulum' an' 'masticated maltstarch' ding-donged in his ears reg-lar three times a day, until he loathed the names, he asked Tirza Ann: 'What in the six nations does the boy get to do with his teeth? Don't he have to chew a lot of gum to give 'em exercise?'

"'Chew gum!' screamed Tirza Ann. 'Shades of science! Never! Such a waste of salivary secretions! Why, poor Tommy doesn't seem to have been born with his full share of salivary glands, anyway.'

"'Well,' growled Sam, 'I should think that any self-respectin' set of teeth or slavery glans would want to go out of business in disgust if they wa'n't never recognized or given nothin' to do. If I was a tooth, an' got snubbed that way every day, I'd change my

name to toe-nail. If you keep on feedin' that boy them chewless things, you'll soon have a new human specimen—a toothless, stomachless man to go along with them there horseless carriages an' wireless telegraphy.' ''

And one of Sam's friends adds, on hearing of the incident, "Such foolishness as turnin' down good meat an' eggs an' doughnuts for predigested stuff that eats itself, is heathenish!"

Of course, even while we laugh, we see that both sides were partly right and partly wrong. It is quite possible that plenty of good graham bread and butter, bread and milk, fresh fruit and vegetables such as abound on a farm, might have been even better for Tommy than the recommended meat and doughnuts. Only, who ever heard of a real *boy* that would submit tamely to being deprived of doughnuts? Mr. Cowan's "Tommy" must have been a spiritless creature, to make no protest! And we cannot help wondering how it was when it came to pie? A boy who does not long for pie must be a rare specimen indeed. But this one *was* a rare specimen, it seems.

It was much the same with Tommy's education. Finding that country air agrees with him, his mother decides to prolong the visit into the fall.

"I was dretfully in hopes Tommy's ma would send him to school," explains a kind-hearted, motherly neighbor, "for he would have to come a-past our house, an' I might slip some doughnuts an' chicken-pie an' real food into his dinner pail; that is, if he should have a pail to carry them predigested tablets in. I d'no but a bluin-box would do.

"But Tirza Ann sort of pussed up her lips like the string end of a puddin'-bag an' said, 'Poor Tommy's mind ain't equal to school tasks. History tires him. So I try to give it to him in interesting stories. Then we have games of cards, like authors, that we play together; there's a mathematical game, an' a geographical game, an' a grammatical game, an' a game about birds, an' Tommy n' I play 'em, an' he beats me an' has a splendid time, an' absorbs ever

so much knowledge without knowin' it, an' wearin' his poor mind out studyin'.'

"'I see,' says I; 'you didn't bring all the predigested stuff you feed Tommy in that box. But what's to strengthen Tommy's mind if he never rassles with the multiplication table or boundin' Chiny or conjugatin' "I love, you love, he or she loves?" I should think you'd be afraid he'd forgit that he has a memory, or any thinkin' powers, if you smuggle all his knowledge into him unbeknownst, without his usin' his faculties. How will he ever get any mental discipline?'

"'You cling to the old, exploded notion about forcin' mental development,' said Tirza Ann, as lofty as a church steeple. 'I prefer nature's way. Our modern theory is that the mind is like a rose in a garden. We give it air an' sunshine an' rain an' culture, shieldin' it from every unkind influence, an' lettin' it bask in the sun, an' grow naturally an' happily.'

"'Well,' says I, 'you may make a Daniel Webster out of Tommy, for all of me, by predigested education, but I s'pose you'll let him go to the Sunday school, anyway. There's Mehetabel Crow's class of boys that's just about his size, an' she's an A1 teacher.'

"'Why, I might,' says she, pussin' up her lips about half-way. 'I could go with poor Tommy myself, an' guard him against anything unpleasant or hard. They don't require them to memorize verses, do they? or sit up straight? Tommy's Sunday school teacher at home gives him picture cards to color with a box of pencils. He absorbs Bible knowledge in that way.'"

"So does a sponge absorb soap-suds," growled Jonathan; "but it never grows to be a man."

That is true. Still, Jonathan, you were mistaken in altogether despising the picture cards. *For a brief period,* while Tommy is small, they are all right as far as they go. Because,—don't you see?—if the colored pencils and the old memorizing methods had been *combined,* Tommy would have had both the pleasantly stimulated interest and the harder mental exercise bringing sturdy

growth, and the one would have helped the other, like bread and jam!

As it was, Tommy's Sunday school experience in the country was not altogether fortunate. Tirza Ann's Boston ideas on religious training are quite different from Mehetabel Crow's.

"Hasn't he been taught what sin is?" asks the teacher, in astonishment.

"I prefer him not to know there is such a dreadful word. With him, things are either beautiful or unlovely. I try to induce him to do or say nothing that is not beautiful, because unlovely things are unpleasant. I believe that if I can make him happy he will be good. So I want every hour of his precious life to be sunny and joyous, and thus develop his character in a direction opposite to that indicated in the word you would have drawn from him, but the meaning of which I assure you he does not know."

"What, doesn't know there is a hell," gasped Mehetabel, "or sin, or a dying Savior?"

"I could no more bear to have him know of such a horrible tragedy as I used to hear and sing about than to shock him with pictures of fire and brimstone."

"But how are you going to give him a sense of duty?"

"I don't want him to know the meaning of the word. I try to find out what he likes, and direct his activities into that channel. Tommy has an artistic temperament that abhors discords and is depressed by hardships, and I try to surround him constantly by an atmosphere of brightness and gladness. If, in this Sunday school, the old, crude theories of duty and temptation and sin are still taught, I must beg—"

"I can tell you straight, your Tommy won't get no predigested Sunday school teachin' here," said Mehetabel, setting her jaws together till she looked like the picture of her father, Colonel Crow, leadin' the charge at Seven Oaks. "This ain't no satin-lined religious incubator," she went on, "for raisin' boys with shoe-strings for backbones; an', what's more, if you want to keep up your ostrich game of hidin' Tommy's head in the sand to prevent him knowin'

about sin an' a Savior, you'd best not stay for preachin' this mornin', for Elder Hewitt is goin' to preach on regeneration.''

The story does not state whether they stayed or not. Probably not.

The weakness in this mother's position was not in giving the child a love for beauty, but in failing to see that there is a grand, rugged, substantial beauty in *duty itself*, bravely done. She was not awake to the need and value of *courage* in a boy growing up to meet a man's responsibilities.

> ''I slept, and dreamed that life was beauty,
> I woke, and found that life was duty,
> Was my dream, then, a shadowy lie?
> Toil on, sad heart, courageously,
> And thou shalt find thy dream to be
> A noonday light and truth to thee.''

What wonder that a boy knowing nothing of this, and never allowed to exert himself, or to feel the joy of conquest over difficulties, found life inexpressibly dull? Each summer it was worse than the last.

'' 'Poor, dear, tired Tommy,' as Sam Toothaker said, 'seemed to grow more spindlin' in his shanks, and more languid in his motions, and more bored in his looks.'

'' 'Somebody ought to pick him up an' shake him until that gold eyeglass gets lost,' Jerushy indignantly declared. 'I wonder would he drop dead if his ma was to say some day, ''Tommy, you must do this or that.'' '

''She always said, 'Tommy, dear, don't you feel as though you would like to do so and so?' She predigested every act so that he couldn't even bear to pick out a necktie for himself. 'Tommy, dear,' she said, 'don't cloud one moment of your sweet life trying to make up your mind. If we take the whole box home, it may make itself up after awhile without an effort.'

'' 'Never in this world,' said the clerk to the men in the store after his city customers were gone. 'The trouble is there ain't

nothin' to make up. What little mind the feller had has gone dry for want of milkin'.'

"'Talkin' about bringin' an ottomobile down here,' spoke up one of the store loungers. 'His ma wouldn't let him, for the same reason she wouldn't let him join the Christian Endeavor society—the pledge had an oughter in it, an' she didn't want her poor, dear Tommy to think that he ought to do anything that might not be congenial to his tastes.'"

It was the same with sports. Athletics such as the other boys enjoyed were far too rough for this daintily bred youngster. "'I never could bear the thought of my poor, dear Tommy taking such robust, vulgar exercise. Really, it is too strenuous. If you think he needs exercise, I will get a set of parlor croquet, or something easy. I will put him in shoulder-braces to straighten him up.'

"'I s'pose,' said Sam rather tartly, 'that as Tommy's been brought up on the predigested plan, he'll have to have predigested sports, too. I s'pose that's the fashion of bringin' up boys in the city nowadays. You don't dast tell 'em what's good fer 'em, as dad did me; but you ask 'em, soft an' pretty, "What would you like, my dear?" You don't put any responsibility on their shoulders, or set up no laws an' say, "You must live up to them or take the consequences," but you honey 'em, an' baby 'em, an' do things for 'em, an' what are the poor, measly, predigested things goin' to be good for? Who's goin' to run the farms an' shops, an' fight the country's battles? You can't do it with predigested men. How long would Grant have been takin' Richmond an' savin' the country with an army of predigested Tommies?'"

It is unnecessary to follow Tommy through his predigested college course of "electives" which he was pulled through by his various tutors, to the time when at twenty-four he was ready to marry and settle down. "But if Tommy was ready for marriage, the young lady was not. His food had been predigested; his knowledge had been predigested; his religion (?) had been predigested, and now he must have a predigested wife, and Mrs. T. Anna Jenkins-

Jones had brought the girl down to the Corners to put her through the process while they were 'summering.'

"'You know, Mabel dear, that Tommy can't bear to be called to meals when he is smoking. It's best to know that beforehand. He has a lovely disposition, but if you cross him he is likely to be somewhat taciturn the rest of the day.' So, from morning to night, it was, 'Tommy likes this, and Tommy doesn't like that. You can do anything with Tommy this way, but you can't manage him at all that way. Tommy has this peculiarity, and Tommy has that dislike. Tommy has to be studied. Tommy has never been used to any other way but that.'

"'The predigester is runnin' full time, seven days in the week,' said Sam, 'an' I feel sorry for the poor girl. But if you start a boy on the predigested plan, I reckon it's pretty hard to switch him off this side of heaven. Tommy will get his wife well predigested, an' mebbe pretty much everything else, until his last call comes. I'm afeard he will have a tough job with the Judgment Day. I hain't heard of no way of predigestin' it that I would want to trust, an' I'm afeard that none of the twelve kinds of fruits on the tree of life will agree with Tommy, for the Bible doesn't say they're predigested. But no boy of mine shall ever get started on this predigested route through life. Here, Sally Ann; take them overshoes and ear-tabs right off that youngster. If he can't stand the weather unpredigested, let him stamp his feet an' rub his ears. No more predigested boys on this farm. One predigested Tommy is enough for a hull continent.'"

And we are inclined to heartily agree with him.

Yes, the "predigested" shadow-fiend at the Red Telephone is ready enough to suggest this method to over-indulgent mothers, and why?

Because a young man "with a shoe-string for a backbone" is more easily led into the gilded traps of sin than one who has some resisting power. That is why. The shadow-fiends are not content with merely making a man weak; they have a purpose in doing so.

The Under-World is full of shadows that were once the children of affectionate but shortsighted mothers.

Girls, too, have need of resisting power. They must have strength of physique, force of character, power to decide quickly and rightly, else they are pitiable failures at the time when life makes its serious demands upon them. They should not be left in ignorance of their own natures and responsibilities; neither should they be left to pick up their education where and when chance may direct, merely because regular household tasks, and hard, systematic study are distasteful to them, or because the mothers dread their own task of guiding the unfolding nature aright.

The bees have no "predigested" foods, perhaps, but they have one custom aside from their industry from which human beings may gain a valuable hint. It is well known that in every hive the "queen bee" is stronger, larger, superior in every way to the rest. This is mainly because while still an infant in the wonderful little bee-cradle, she is fed on "royal jelly," which has a slightly bitter taste. The baby princesses may or may not like the food; it is to be hoped that they do; but in any case it makes them strong and beautiful.

This "royal jelly" is made the basis for a bright idea in that equally royal book for girls, "Wings and Fetters," by Florence Morse Kingsley—a book which should be in every home and Sunday school library. This idea is that difficulties, well met, are themselves the "royal jelly" that makes all the difference between the common, selfish, undisciplined human life and the exceptionally strong and beautiful souls whom it is a delight and privilege to know. The story not only charms the reader, but inspires and strengthens every good tendency. It shows parents what good care and thorough education will do for a girl; and shows the girl reader how important it is to learn to meet the hard things of life, whatever they may be, with sweet, unflinching resolution, determined to be equal to every test that may come to try her womanly skill and self-control. Such books leave a wholesome taste in the mouth,

THE PREDIGESTED SHADOW.

"It is better to be strong than have an 'easy' life."

—Page 53.

THE BIRTHDAY BOX.

"He can drop as many pennies as he is years old."

—Page 58.

and their charms never cloy upon one as do the impossible adventures of impossible heroines.

Yes, it is better to be strong than to have an "easy" life. No soul is excused by its Creator from the responsibility of learning the difference between right and wrong, and choosing the right, not only when it is easy and beautiful, but in the face of ugly difficulties and real self-denial. Each conquest makes the soul stronger. Glorious victory! when we can say with Paul, "I have fought the good fight; I have kept the faith."

WIRE V.

MR. WYSE AND HIS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

"HELLO, Central!" comes the voice over the wire. "Connect me with Sunday school No. 7743. Call up the superintendent. Yes, I want the superintendent—Mr. O. B. Wyse.

"Is that Mr. Wyse?

"Well, this is The Vacation-maker that is talking. I wanted to suggest, Mr. Wyse, that you close your Sunday school during July and August.

"You don't think it a good plan?

"Why not? Ever so many churches close during the summer months. It gives the folks a chance to rest. This town is growing and ought to adopt city customs.

"People ought not to have to go to church and Sunday school in such hot weather. What's the use? They only sleep through the sermon, and the children are restless.

"Close the church, too, for those months, and you will be doing the best thing for its members. I spoke to the pastor about it and he promised to confer with the deacons and let me know.

"Everybody needs a vacation in the summer. If you let the children stay outdoors instead of being cooped up in the stifling little church they will be a great deal better off.

"Don't you know 'the groves were God's first temples?'

"Worship is only one of many duties. It is well to be diligent at proper seasons, but a little relaxation is good for all.

"What's that, Mr. Wyse? You can't decide without a vote of the Sunday school?

"Well, but you can certainly urge the adoption of the plan. They will do what you advise, if you put it to them in the right way.

"Did you say you didn't like the idea?

"You think the children will take more harm running wild than they could in Sunday school for an hour a week?

"Don't be so strict with the poor little things. They will grow up to hate the church if they are penned up in it every Sunday the year round.

"Then there are the teachers, too. Would you keep them confined in the church building for a whole hour every week, this weather? How can they be expected to do the children any good when they are tired out themselves?

"Let me urge you to try this vacation plan, Mr. Wyse. You'll thank me for suggesting it, yet.

"Promise me that you'll think about it, anyway.

"Remember, 'The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath.'

"You will think about it? That's good. I knew you were the sensible kind.

"But don't think *too much.* You might decide to keep going, after all. Talk with the other Sunday school officers and teachers about it.

"Above all, ask the children themselves if they would like it. Ten to one they will say yes. It will be a continual picnic for them. Just what they want.

"Well, that's all. I must talk to other Sunday school superintendents. I think I'll call up Mr. Young and Mr. Green, next. I'm sure they will be glad to listen to my plan. You'd better decide to close, Mr. Wyse. Don't forget to speak of it to the other officers. Good-by."

Mr. Wyse considers the matter. *Would* it be better to give the Sunday school a vacation?

"There are some very good arguments in favor of the idea," he muses.

"Suppose we try it for once. Then, in the fall—But hold on! Where would the children be in the fall?

"That's the trouble. They would have formed the habit of

staying away. It would be hard to get them together again after they had stopped coming.

"That isn't the worst of it, either. Where would the children be in the *summer?*

"Some of them in carefully guarded homes, no doubt. The girls might not take much harm; and yet—they might. Girls can drift, as well as boys.

"Many of the little ones, both boys and girls, would spend that sacred hour in the wildest play, thinking no harm could come of it since they were not required to attend church. The older ones would gather in circles of their own, the girls gossiping on each other's piazzas, the boys lounging around the street corners, off on fishing expeditions, or even learning to drink or to smoke cigarettes. Every one of them would be learning to think of Sunday as a day belonging to God *in cold weather,* perhaps, but not the year round! What kind of teaching would *that* be?

"No, I don't like it. I am sure that neither teachers nor scholars would suffer one-tenth as much from the heat during that one short hour, as they would by breaking up the habit of attending.

"The Sunday school is a place where every child who is rightly trained *loves* to come. I see happy faces every Sunday, in whatever corner of the room I happen to look. It is a privilege to them to be there. Why should we teach them to think it a hardship?

"Rather than close the school, I will invite visitors, arrange for special music, have an illustrated talk and object lessons, get the young ladies to decorate the room with flowers, and do everything I can to make the Sunday school hours during July and August the most delightful times of the whole year for teachers and scholars alike. There might be a suitable recitation or two by some of the children before or after the study of the lesson. Nearly all children like to speak pieces, and those who do not will enjoy gathering flowers and ferns on Saturdays to decorate both church and Sunday school room. The groves were, indeed, God's first temples, but that is no reason that they should be the *only* temples! Let the children have their picnics during the week, their Sunday school on

the Sabbath, and be happy in *both*. The beauty of woods and fields is God's handiwork, and we may bring that beauty to do Him honor, not use it to insult and disobey Him.

"The Sabbath is for man." but what *is* man? He is soul as well as body.

"If man were deprived of the holy influences of the Sabbath, he would lose the most precious things of life. He would be not more than half *alive*. A week that is all week-days would be very monotonous.

"No, the children shall not be robbed of their privilege of attending Sunday school. They may not realize how much it means to them, but as time passes it makes all the difference between years of happiness and years of misery, to them and their parents alike,—this habit of the orderly, peaceful Sabbath. It is as much a duty to form this habit among our young people as to provide them with food. What right have we, indeed, to merely feed the body, and starve the soul?

"My mind is made up. The Sunday school shall not only remain open during July and August, but it shall be the most cheerful place to be found in this whole village."

Thus reasons Mr. Wyse. And he carries out his plans to the benefit of all concerned, for his school is the marvel of the whole county, and people go from a distance to visit it and study its methods.

The Sunday school room can indeed be made the most cheerful place in town. Pictures, flowers and music should be unstinted and the best that can be obtained. Some exceptionally fine pictures could be *loaned* from time to time from the homes of the congregation. Restless little minds can be kept interested, restless little hands and feet kept from mischief by giving them something to do. Much can be learned from the kindergarten, as to methods helpful in the Sunday school primary department. Everything should be made as concrete as possible. Actual objects should be often used to illustrate the lesson. The songs should be frequent, and the little ones soon learn to take pride in committing a Bible verse

to memory, to recite each Sunday. Marching and motion songs are excellent where room will permit.

For the older children, also, there are ways of making this hour the pleasantest in the week. The Sunday school library should be supplied with bright, interesting books, a long list, *from which every trashy one has been carefully weeded out.* The lesson itself, presented simply and forcibly, will hold the interest of many, without elaborate devices; but the over-active ones should be given little tasks about the room; taking the collection, passing song-books, keeping the separate class records, etc. Library books and papers should not be given out until the close. In teaching the lesson care should be taken to blend the story and question methods, that there may be some variety. A good leader for the singing is a great help. The children will like to have a "birthday box," in which, whenever one of them has a birthday, he can drop as many pennies the next Sunday as he is years old. They enjoy earning the money themselves, and knowing it is to be used for some good purpose. And with all the new ideas, don't fail to keep the *best* of the old ones. Let the children learn some of the most helpful Bible passages by heart. It is hardly necessary to carry this practice to the extent of memorizing verses parrot-like by the hundred, without thought of their meaning; but surely the child who grows up without having memorized so much as the Twenty-third Psalm, is to be pitied, for as time passes the beautiful words will reveal more and more of their comforting significance to the growing mind. So with other sweet and powerful passages. Between the ages of nine and fourteen memorizing is easy, and a moderate amount of it is to be approved.

Nothing can quite take the place of the Sunday school picnic and the Christmas festival. Let people smile if they will, at the motives which cause the Sunday school membership to be the largest at picnic season and just before Christmas. Does anyone deny that there was a time in his own life when these occasions were hours of the most supreme happiness? And are there any sweeter memories than such innocent festivities can bring?

One movement of recent growth is doing a great deal to keep up an active general interest in the Sunday school. This movement takes form in the young people's societies and "unions," including the Epworth League, and the Christian Endeavor Society, with its Junior branch, which is to be found in nearly all denominations. In these the children and young people are trained in practical methods of church and Sunday school work, and learn to love the work and all its associations. If any are inclined to prefer outside attractions, even the straying ones can seldom resist the delightful plans for social work and recreation now furnished by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. This publishing house has numerous inexpensive books and helps most valuable to Sunday school workers; and those who have once tried preparing their young people's and children's entertainments from "Eighty Pleasant Evenings" and "Good Times with the Juniors" will not readily go back to cards, dancing, or vulgar "kissing games," for the list of better things is too long and interesting.

Make everything connected with the Sunday school as bright and attractive as you possibly can. It will richly repay any church to do this. Religion is the happiest thing in life, and if you resemble Mr. Wyse, you will find it the strongest and most irresistible force as well, and no children in your community will be deprived of its teachings and its help because of any suggestion coming over the wires of the Red Telephone.

WIRE VI.

THE NORTHEAST MAN.

YOU have probably met him. Every one has—this man who affects you like a northeast wind in November. Chilly, gloomy, depressing,—why, if a smile or a sunbeam sees him coming it beats a hasty retreat, and you don't blame it. You feel like doing the same thing yourself.

Perhaps the Northeast Man is a church member. If so, he may even pride himself upon the superior amount and quality of the religion that he possesses. Religion? Bless you, he hasn't learned its alphabet. But he thinks he has. Oh, yes, he thinks he is much farther advanced on the road to glory than the man who smiles in a jovial way at sinner and saint alike, and gives to each the hearty hand-clasp of a brother. That the sun shines alike on "just and unjust" is a fact too abstruse for the half-frozen intellect and still colder heart of the Northeast Man to understand.

This personage can never, by any possibility, see the bright side of any subject. To him there is no bright side. He looks for trouble, expecting to find it—and find it he does. He invites it, in fact,—and it responds to the invitation by coming often and staying long.

Neither can the Northeast Man see any good in his neighbor. Bad traits he can find, in plenty, but never a good one even by accident. Every one is trying to cheat him, or take some unfair advantage of him,—so he thinks,—and according to a well-tested mental law, it is a fact that his very suspicions cause all the trickiness within miles of him to be drawn in his direction as iron to a magnet. And somehow you can't feel so very sorry for him when he *does* get cheated. He drives away sympathy and friendliness by his utter failure to exhibit either of those qualities himself.

The chief trouble with the Northeast Man is that he has been

listening to the gloomiest of shadow-messages over the Red Telephone.

"You can't be too careful about trusting folks," comes the voice over the wire. "There's a sight of meanness on earth, and it's best to watch for it all the time. Did you know that spool of thread you bought for your wife was a yard short of what it ought to be? Well, it is. You just measure it and you'll see. And the man who sold you that last ton of coal cheated you, too. It wasn't what he represented. There was slate in it. You might have known it.

"Don't you think of letting your children go to the Sunday school picnic. They'd better be out in the strawberry patch, picking the fruit for market. You'll need to keep them close at work, now school has closed, or they'll be in mischief half the time. What do folks want of a picnic, anyhow? It's all nonsense. Work is all the picnic *you* ever have. Why can't the children enjoy staying at home?

"No, you needn't expect your potatoes will amount to anything. You never *did* have any luck with them. Ground is so poor, they won't do well,—in fact nothing does, on your place. It's a good-for-nothing old hole, anyhow. Whatever possessed you to buy it, when you might just as well have had Squire Bassett's, over at the Corners?

"What's all this talk about Frank Willett wanting to marry your eldest daughter, Grace? He shan't have her. If you have any sense, you'll send him about his business in short order. You remember the old feud with the Willett family that started ten years ago? Don't you give in. You don't want your daughter making any connections with those Willetts. Put a stop to it right off.

"This is going to be a poor year for crops. The late spring frosts killed 'most everything, and it's been too wet and too dry, by turns, ever since.

"Then there's the danger of war. I tell you, what with Japan having everything her own way across the water, and the strikes and trusts on this side, there's no telling how soon we may have war ourselves, either civil or uncivil. Nothing is safe, these times.

"There's been a great deal of sickness the past winter, and if you'll notice, you don't feel first-rate yourself, do you? Like as not you're going to be laid up for weeks. If you don't find yourself sick in bed before many days, I shall be surprised. And your wife is never well, and the children don't seem to have no strength or go-ahead in 'em. Does seem as if folks couldn't stand much nowadays.

"The new doctor doesn't amount to shucks. You might as well die without his help as with it, I say. He has a lot of new-fangled notions that nobody ever tried here. Don't you trust him to prescribe for any of *your* folks.

"What do you suppose any one can see in the new minister that makes 'em go so crazy over him? He preaches as if he meant to overturn all the time-honored customs, even the congregation's habit of sleeping in church. He's altogether *too* earnest. And he's stirred up the young folks so that they want to be up to something all the time. Why can't he let things go on in the old way?

" 'Tain't no use preaching against the saloon, the way he does. Liquor always has been sold, and always will be sold. No use making a time about it. You can't stop folks from drinking.

"Did you say that Mr. Enterprise wanted you to subscribe towards the new fountain? Well, don't you do it. You can't be bothered with such schemes. What's the good of a fountain, anyway? Besides, you can't afford it.

"What's that? They want your Bessie and Julia to join the choir, do they? There's another of their foolish notions, wantin' a choir. Why ain't congregational singin' good enough for them? Don't you let your girls join. There ain't no sense in it.

"Did you say Harry wants to go fishing next Saturday, 'just this once?' Well, tell him he can't. He's needed to home. There's hoeing to be done, and weeding, too. Nobody but a worthless vagabond would want to go off an' sit for hours in the hot sun and maybe not catch more than two or three measley little trout. Your children are the most discontented, ungrateful set of young ones ever seen. Why can't they be satisfied at home?

"What's that you are saying? Your wife wants to get up a little birthday party for May? Bother birthday parties! Don't you consent. It'll be an expense, and you can't have the whole place chased over by a gang of crazy youngsters. Your own five are enough to have trapesing around. Let May have a present of a new brown gingham dress, and be satisfied. It's all the celebration she needs. No, she can't have a new doll. Where's the rag doll she had given her a year ago last Christmas? That's enough, and more than enough. May isn't a baby any more. She's old enough to make herself useful.

"Your wife thinks she would like to go to the family reunion in August? Well, I never could see the use in family reunions. What do you care for a lot of relations you only see once a year? Half of them only criticize or make fun of you, anyhow. Relations are the most unsympathetic folks alive. They wouldn't care if your house and barn were to burn down some night. Probably they *will* burn down, too. You've had pretty near every other sort of trouble, and now it's about time for a fire. That harum-scarum boy of yours is so careless he is sure to drop matches around where they have no business to be.

"Is that Bessie practicing on the piano? Awful extravagant of her Uncle Will to make her a present of a piano. If her Aunt Elinor didn't give her music lessons without any charge, you could stop her incessant drumming on it, but as it is, I suppose you can't very well object. So the child has talent, has she? and a 'sweet voice,' they say? Sweet fiddlesticks! If she could scrub as well as she can sing, there might be some sense in it. As for me, I hate music. Can't tell one tune from another, and neither can you.

"Say, what was that about Harry wanting to earn money for a printing press? You'd better not allow it. He fusses too much with machinery and spends too much time around the village newspaper office, as it is. The farm work has always been good enough for you, and it ought to be good enough for him. He don't seem to have any ambition about farming, or take the least bit of interest in it. I wonder why?"

There is a great deal more talk over the 'phone, from the same source; but you and I, reader, need not listen to it, for which let us be thankful. Was there ever a more unreasonable, unlovable, unchristlike man in all your list of acquaintances than the one who thus shuts off the current of joy and hope from every life that he can reach and influence? Yet, poor fellow! perhaps he is to be pitied, after all. Pitied and blamed as well; for no one is *forced* to listen to the Red Telephone for a single moment, if the truth were known.

But he *chooses* to listen. Very well; we cannot deny him the privilege (!) but we *can* avoid him as much as possible, and we do —and so does everyone else. For these miserable words that he has been hearing are the very ones that are forever being heard from his own lips, together with more of the same kind.

No, he certainly is not pleasant to have around, and a church or town afflicted with his presence is in need of sympathy. His family most of all!

Let us look for a moment at the results of such a life as this one. First of all, perhaps, we notice the effect on the man's own personal appearance. He looks like a near relation of Mr. Lugubrious Blue. His face is at least three inches longer than it ought to be; his eyebrows are raised in perpetual protest; the corners of his mouth droop until you are afraid they will meet in the middle underneath, if they keep on! He will never need a scarecrow if he will only stay in his cornfield himself. But, as even the corn has ears, we should hate to think of what it must endure when the Northeast Man gets to talking. His voice is midway between a whine and a snarl. The only comfortable way to listen to him is to first plug up both your ears with a liberal supply of cotton.

Next to his personal appearance, you notice the effect on his health. No one can possibly fret all the time and keep well. He has rheumatism, indigestion, lives in mortal fear of sunstroke in summer or a draft in winter, is seldom without a cold, and is the first to know it when there is an epidemic of grippe or fever. No one has ever yet been able to cook food to his notion except his

patient, long suffering wife, and even she hears much grumbling and never a word of praise. Yes, if one really wishes to *invite* chronic dyspepsia and a host of other bodily ills, there is no surer way than to form the habit of grumbling.

Then, the effect on his business can hardly be estimated. It stands to reason that his crops fail, for as Elizabeth Towne wisely says, it takes the best of seed potatoes, good soil *and thinking to match,* to produce a fine potato crop. Mean or depressed thoughts will charge the air with a subtle poison in which nothing can thrive.

Such a man will get the worst of many a bargain, for he does not inspire good will, but instead, draws out all the hidden meanness in even the best of his neighbors. Success cannot live in the same atmosphere with a chronic grumbler. It moves on, to find a more congenial resting place.

A church full of Northeast Men would be hard to imagine—in fact it would be an impossibility. No church could live a year, made up of such constituents. It would freeze out the most enthusiastic of ministers, and not even a Christian Endeavor Society straight from a Welsh revival could warm the church into life.

The political party who has this man as a member would be tolerably certain of defeat if he took any very active interest in politics.

But usually he contents himself with a few dark predictions, and whichever side wins, he knows the country is on the verge of ruin. Hence as a citizen, his influence is confined to a general habit of wet-blanketing any attempt at reform or progress, and the Village Improvement Society, if it is wise, gives him a wide berth.

His family suffers most of all. Every day is a day of faultfinding, of repression, of discouragement for them. Even sunshiny little May, the baby of the household, steals softly away into the farthest corner, with a shadow on her dimpled face, when father comes in. The older children have all their natural ability stifled and even the most innocent recreation denied them. What wonder if they become restless and seek amusement in some secret and doubtful form? The eldest daughter sees her dearest hopes crushed, and either rebels and

openly breaks with the family or else settles down into a hopeless, spiritless drudge like her mother. Over all the household, which might be such a joyous and loving one, hangs the black cloud of this man's blighting presence.

And the remedy? It is easily found. Once let the Northeast Man *realize* where he is drifting, and to what voices he is giving heed,—let him *desire with all his heart* to be free from the habit of grumbling, and he *can* be free. Let him resolutely shake off his shadow-advisers. Let him begin listening, instead, to the voice of Him who said "These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and *that your joy might be full.*" Let him realize that this new life of joy is actually intended for *him,* just as much as for anybody, and that it can begin now, on earth, this very moment.

Then, every time a shadow-thought intrudes itself, let him drive it away by affirming resolutely, "The life of joy is *for me.* I am Christ's, and no harm can come to me or mine."

Deep, slow breathing of pure outdoor air, and *thinking the one word "Joy" with every breath,* is an excellent exercise for driving away the blues. And hunting for something to praise a dozen times a day, is better still.

If the Northeast Man would print in large letters the sign

"NO GROWLS ADMITTED!
NOT EVEN ON BUSINESS!"

and would hang it up where he could see it every day, the growls would be so surprised that they would stop coming, in sheer amazement. They would seek another mind, more open to receive them.

And the Northeast Man's face would gradually assume pleasanter proportions, at least an inch shorter and as much broader; the corners of his mouth would begin to turn up instead of down; his health would improve; crops and business would begin to show signs of success; friends would multiply and his church and family would be a blessing and delight to him, as he would be to them. And then, we should have to stop calling him the "Northeast Man." He would be justly entitled to a new name, "The Man with the Southern Exposure."

WIRE VII.

THE SUICIDE.

ON MY next visit to the Under-World I saw a long procession of shadows, not walking or marching in orderly array, but rushing, tumbling, hurrying with frantic speed down a steep precipice on the roughest side of the entrance to this realm of darkness. Some of them had crowded on to a long toboggan and were sliding down ahead of the rest. Others followed in rapid succession, each intent only on his own early arrival. The expression of fear, agony and despair on the shadow faces was always to be seen, no matter what mode of descent had been chosen.

"Who are these who seem in such frantic haste?" I asked my guide.

"They are the people who imagined—foolish things! that by getting rid of their physical bodies they could get rid of life and its troubles and problems. So they have taken one way or another of breaking loose from the earth life, thinking they would henceforth be free, or asleep in a peaceful slumber that knows no waking. On earth they are said to have committed suicide. But as to the expected peace or freedom—does this look like it?"

It certainly did not. No sooner had the shadows reached the foot of the mountain than the burden which each had been carrying suddenly expanded to nearly twice its former size. Such strange burdens as some of them bore!

One carried a broken ladder, which my guide said was the "Ladder of Fame." Another wore on his shoulders a large and apparently very heavy yoke, with something hanging from each end, I could not see what; but the yoke, my guide told me, meant Labor. A shadow who had been a student carried an immense armful of books and a package of much-corrected examination papers. He had thrown himself over the edge of the precipice because he had failed

in his examinations. Another staggered under the weight of something which at times looked like a legal document written on stone or some unyielding material, and at other times took the likeness of a house. I learned that it was a mortgage from which he had been unable to free his home. One woman carried a huge, irregular bundle marked "Social Ambitions." Another clasped a broken, jagged thing which looked like an overgrown heart. This was "Disappointed Love." And there were the shattered fragments of great fortunes, there were fruitless longings, political hopes, dishonored names, by the hundred. Oh, it was a motley array. The great majority of them, it was plain, had come through one or another of the shadow-creatures' traps. Human despair does not reach the point of suicide, as a rule, until the brain is wild from dissipation. But oh, there were so many of them.

Yet even as I looked the crowd separated, and I saw these strange burden-bearers look wildly around as a great silence fell upon the valley. A great silence, and a great light. From overhead streamed a pure, clear light growing every moment brighter, and making the poor shadows look black indeed as they vainly tried to escape the searching rays.

Suddenly in the midst of the light appeared innumerable *eyes*, looking forth from the rocks, the trees, everywhere in the valley round about. Solemn, piercing eyes they were, and the faces to which they belonged shone forth with a certain quiet intensity causing them at first to appear like a part of the light itself. And so, in a sense, they were; creatures of light, but gathered for a purpose in the world of darkness.

"Who are these?" I asked my guide.

"They are the guardian angels of the poor creatures who thus madly rushed out of life in spite of their warning words," answered my guide sadly. "They are here, for what purpose I cannot tell; for they are not cruel, and would never come merely to reproach the sufferers; and yet, how can they help them? It is one of the mysteries of the Under-World. I do not yet understand. But there is One who does."

THE NORTHEAST MAN.

"He affects you like a northeast wind in November. Chilly, gloomy, depressing,—no sunshine in his religion."

—Page 60.

THE SUICIDE.

"She had all but scrambled over when he caught her by her garments."

—Page 72.

Each suicide, struggling vainly to escape, was held as in a trance by those keen yet gentle eyes. Each shadow soul stood as if transfixed, while not one, but many spirits of light gathered near until that soul was completely surrounded. Though great was the multitude of lately-arrived shadows, the white-clad messengers of light were many times more numerous. Calm, clear voices began to be heard, discussing each individual case in all its pitiful misery.

"Yes, the burden is the same," said one of them, sorrowfully, "the same in kind, as before, but heavier, and must be borne for many, many thousands of years! Oh, the pity of it'!'

"But this soul is permitted at certain times to warn others," said another gentle voice. "Perhaps, if faithful to its trust, there may be a lightening of the load." "That is not in our hands," replied another solemnly, "but the Judge will decide. The final trial is yet to come." And then, slowly, the light faded away, and the shadows were left alone with their misery. Was it to be forever?

The impressive sight of those hosts of eyes gazing at the rash victims of a deluded hope, reminded me of the wise words spoken by one of the grandest characters in all George Macdonald's books—Robert Falconer. Macdonald thus gives the story of a would-be suicide:

"By the Mall we came into Whitehall, and so to Westminster Bridge. Falconer had changed his mind, and would cross at once. The present bridge was not then finished, and the old bridge alongside of it was still in use for pedestrians. We went upon it to reach the other side. Its centre rose high above the other, for the line of the new bridge ran like a chord across the arc of the old. Through chance gaps in the boarding between, we looked down on the new portion, which was as yet used by carriages alone. The moon had, throughout the evening, alternately shone in brilliance from amidst a lake of blue sky, and been overwhelmed in billowy heaps of wind-tormented clouds. As we stood on the apex of the bridge, looking at the night, the dark river, and the mass of human effort about us, the clouds gathered and closed and tumbled upon her in crowded layers. The wind howled through the arches beneath, swept along

the boarded fences, and whistled in their holes. The gaslights blew hither and thither, and were perplexed to live at all.

"We were standing at a spot where some shorter pieces had been used in the boarding; and, although I could not see over them, Falconer, whose head rose more than half a foot above mine, was looking on the other bridge below. Suddenly he grasped the top with his great hands, and his huge frame was over it in an instant. I was on the top of the boarding the same moment, and saw him prostrate some twelve feet below. He was up the next instant, and running with huge paces diagonally towards the Surrey side. He had seen the figure of a woman come flying along from the Westminster side, without bonnet or shawl. When she came under the spot where we stood, she had turned across at an obtuse angle towards the other side of the bridge, and Falconer, convinced that she meant to throw herself into the river, went over as I have related. She had all but scrambled over the fence,—for there was no parapet yet,—by the help of the great beam that ran along to support it, when he caught her by her garments. So poor and thin were those garments, that if she had not been poor and thin too, she would have dropped from them into the darkness below. He took her in his arms, lifted her down upon the bridge, and stood as if protecting her from a pursuing death. I had managed to find an easier mode of descent and now stood a little away from them.

"'Poor girl! poor girl!' he said, as if to himself; 'was this the only way left?'

"Then he spoke tenderly to her. What he said I could not hear, —I only heard the tone.

"'Oh sir!' she cried, in piteous entreaty, 'do let me go. Why should a wretched creature like me be forced to live? It's no good to you, sir. Do let me go.'

"'Come here,' he said, drawing her close to the fence. 'Stand up again on the beam. Look down.'

"She obeyed in a kind of mechanical way. But as he talked and she kept looking down on the dark mystery beneath, flowing past

with every now and then a dull, vengeful glitter,—continuous, forceful, slow,—he felt her shudder in his clasping arm.

"'Look,' he said, 'how it crawls along,—black and slimy! how silent and yet how fierce! Is that a nice place to go to down there? Would there be any rest there, do you think, tumbled about among filth and creeping things, and slugs that feed on the dead; among drowned women like yourself drifting by, and murdered men, and strangled babies? Is that the door by which you would like to go out of the world?'

"'It's no worse,' she faltered,—'not so bad as what I should leave behind.'

"'If this were the only way out of it, I would not keep you from it. I would say, "Poor thing! there is no help; she must go." But there is another way.'

"'There is no other way, sir,—if you knew all,' she said.

"'Tell me, then.'

"'I cannot. I dare not. Please,—I would rather go.'

"She looked, from the mere glimpses I could get of her, somewhere about five and twenty, making due allowance for the wear of suffering so evident even in those glimpses. I think she might have been beautiful if the waste of her history could have been restored. That she had at least some advantages of education was evident from both her tone and her speech. But oh, the wild eyes, and the tortured lips, drawn back from the teeth with an agony of hopelessness, as she struggled anew, perhaps mistrusting them, to escape from the great arms that held her!

"'But the river cannot drown *you*,' Falconer said. 'It can only stop your breath. It cannot stop your thinking. You will go on thinking, thinking, all the same. Drowning people remember in a moment all their past lives. All their evil deeds come up before them, as if they were doing them all over again. So they plunge back into the past and all its misery. While their bodies are drowning their souls are coming more and more awake.'

"'That is dreadful,' she murmured, with her great eyes fixed on his, and growing steadier in their regard. She had ceased to

struggle, so he had slackened his hold on her, and she was leaning back against the fence.

"'And then,' he went on, 'what if, instead of closing your eyes, as you expected, and going to sleep, and forgetting everything, you should find them come open all at once, in the midst of a multitude of eyes, all round about you, all looking at you, all thinking about you, all judging you? What if you should hear, not a tumult of voices and noises, from which you could hope to hide, but a solemn company talking about you,—every word clear and plain, piercing your heart with what you could not deny,—and you standing naked and shivering in the midst of them?'

"'It is too dreadful,' she cried, making a movement as if the very horror of the idea had a fascination to draw her towards the realization of it. 'But,' she added, yielding to Falconer's renewed grasp, 'they wouldn't be so hard upon me there. They would not be so cruel as men are here.'"

Cruel indeed seems the world, to those who have fallen out of harmony with its better side. Yet the worst cruelty is from within, not from without; for few things are harder to endure than the self-reproach of a soul that has thrown away its opportunities.

"Find peace in oblivion," urges the voice over the Red Telephone, to many a tortured, perplexed child of earth. "Do not stay longer in the midst of your troubles. Leave this world of sorrow and sink into a peaceful sleep that will last forever!"

"Peaceful sleep;" indeed! Horrible mockery! *The body is no more the real self than is the clothing it wears.* Can one find peace or unconsciousness by throwing off a mere *garment?*

But the voice over the wire goes on, taunting the irresolute listener with cowardice.

"You are afraid," it sneers. "How foolish to hesitate. One little step—one moment, and it will be over—all this torture and heartache. You have only to summon all your resolution. Come, be brave. Take the step and be free!"

The tempted one still hesitates.

"It would be sweet to rest—to forget this wild fever called life,

and escape from its cares," goes on the persuasive voice at the Red Telephone. "Think how much better to slumber than to hear the words of scorn—to see your enemies triumph over you,—to know that life is one long disgrace! Come, be resolved. One step, and peace is yours! It is the only way. Religion is a mockery, friendship a sham. There is no other way but this!"

And so, if this voice is heeded, the wretched one makes the plunge, fires the fatal shot, drinks the deadly potion—and is the promised peace found?

No,—a thousand times *no!* Whatever the trouble was from which the soul was trying to escape, be sure that exactly the same trouble continues with him, only in a worse and tenfold more hopeless form!

Let the would-be suicide remember that life is eternal. Nothing can ever stop it. The utmost that can be done is to change its form. And if the body be forcibly cast off, the life still goes on with the same problems, the same perplexities, the same trouble and disgrace —not a new trouble instead of the old, remember—but the *same one*, only heavier!

Many would gladly run any risk for the sake of shifting the scene of their trial—changing the conditions,—getting a fresh start, even in a world of woe. This longing for a fresh start is one that can be completely gratified, but not by suicide. Never by any possibility can the sufferer escape from his burden by thus bidding farewell to the flesh. He may, indeed, be permitted to look back and see the body that was once his, now resting as peacefully as *he* had hoped to rest,—having no more feeling nor consciousness than clay. But how does that help *him?*

The true helper of one so tempted will remind him of this truth. No one of us can escape from our life-problems. They are what we grow by. We have them to solve, either with or without the help of the body. It will be no easier without it, but harder, just as it is harder to build a house without the proper tools. No, dear friends, do not deceive yourself. Listen not for one instant to the shadow-message that bids you destroy your life. *Life cannot be destroyed.* But

it *can* be made a more desperate, horrible tragedy than you have yet dreamed of, and it will be, if you take that step, the irretrievable step, of suicide.

Does the shadow-voice tell you there is no other "way out?" That is a two-fold lie. First, suicide as we have seen, is *not* a "way out." It is a way deeper in. Second, there IS a way out. However hopeless your life may look to you,—however cruel the world may be—there is a way that will make you more than conqueror over it all. Countless thousands have tried this way and not one has ever found it fail. It is the way that leads out of darkness into light—out of sickness into health—out of cruelty into a world full of friends! Out of misery into joy; out of despair into the glad knowledge that is above and beyond all hope because it is *certainty;* out of the very prison-cell into your Father's house, which includes the whole glad, free earth as well as the heavens above it!

Yes, the way is *sure.* You have only to test it and you will know. And it is not far to seek.

Turn a deaf ear to the thought of suicide, and listen instead to the voice of the One who said,

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life. No man cometh unto the Father but by Me." And "Him that cometh to Me I will in nowise cast out."

Did you think that your life was of less value than that of the very birds of the air? that God had forgotten you, just because the problem was hard? Listen: "Ye are of more value than many sparrows." "The very hairs of your head are all numbered."

Have you found life unexpectedly sad? Has some terrible, crushing trouble come to you, one that makes your soul shrink from it in fear? You think you could not bear it alone? Then do not try, for there is no need. It is all known to a true and sympathizing Friend. Trust Him to bring good and *only* good, out of it for you.

Be assured that no trouble can be too desperate for Christ to cure. He comes into a life and whispers, "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world!" And because the world with all its cruelty *has* been overcome, there is victory and peace for every suffering, sin-

ning, struggling soul. Escape from every kind of bondage is here. The escape comes from *within,* not from without. Christ *in you* the hope of *glory!*" Of glory, not shame! Of victory, not defeat! Everything worth having in this world and the next—friends, health, success, happiness,—all still await you if you listen to Christ's "Fear not," and take up your life again bravely, knowing all its woes are to be changed into joy. It is the way of LIFE, not death, that brings peace and freedom.

WIRE VIII.

THE DIFFERENCE.

TWO MEN struggled in the water. With one, it was a struggle for life. With the other, it was a struggle for death. Crazed by delirium tremens, a Brooklyn man went to the East Twenty-fourth street pier, New York City, where his strange actions attracted the attention of many. After calmly disrobing on the pier in view of hundreds of passers-by, he arranged his clothing in a neat pile on the dock, and jumped into the river. The boatswain of a United States training ship was not far away, playing ball with a number of his shipmates, on shore. Seeing the would-be suicide, he dived after him. The Brooklyn man resented the efforts of his rescuer, and grabbed him tightly around the neck as soon as he came within reach; and for ten minutes the two fought fiercely. The sailor finally conquered, succeeding in bringing the lunatic to the pier, where it required six men to hold him until the ambulance arrived to take him to the hospital.

Now, how did all this come abut? Clearly, through acquiring an appetite for liquor, which abnormal craving was allowed to grow stronger and stronger until it exceeded the strength of the victim himself.

But nearly all young men have similar temptations. How is it that some yield, while others, scorning to be led into such traps, grow into a noble and vigorous manhood, a credit to all connected with them?

Just this makes the difference; the habits of thought as to the nature and value of the Self. Some are forewarned and, valuing themselves, they heed the warning; others laugh at all words of caution and go on, saying, "Let me have a good time while I can. A fellow can only be young once. Make the most of your chances for

a jolly life, I say. What's the use of being so particular and straight-laced? Life is short anyhow. What's the difference?''

Red Telephone words, every one of them! We can easily recognize their sound. Fatal error, to think ''life is short!'' We have seen that it is eternal; and the highset present enjoyment of it never comes to the careless.

The thousands of suicides and other revolting crimes committed each year because of drink alone, far outnumber the horrors of war. And they are but the natural harvest from the thought-seed sown in early life; from the wrong views taken of what really constitutes life and makes it worth living.

One of the first mistakes of all is when young people leave the sheltered country home and go with eager assurance to work in the city, ignorant of its dangers. Even then they are safe if they have been rightly trained, have learned to value themselves truly, instead of holding themselves cheap, and are willing to seek advice from those whose principles are tried and proved. As we shall see, the risks to the total stranger in a great city are many and serious ones. But this chapter deals rather with the earlier life, the home surroundings; the things that make the greatest difference in preparing for so severe a test.

First of all, the ambition of the young man or woman coming to the city may be a right or wrong one. For what reason is the change to be made? Is it for the better educational facilities, the opportunities to learn and to work, to succeed and to open the way to success for others, in the highest and truest sense? If so, it is well worth while. Or is it simply to ''see the world,'' to have ''the time of one's life,'' or to escape drudgery and find an ''easy place'' to work? If this is the case, let the experiences of thousands speak for the fact that city business men have very little use for clerks or others seeking an ''easy job.'' Such are likely to have their eyes opened with a promptness that will astonish them. It is the seekers for the ''easy'' job that will be most certain to have to accept either particularly hard, disagreeable and ill-paid work, or else no work at all.

Competition in the great cities is so keen that employers choose

carefully from among the many applicants for a position. They will choose the best-appearing and best-equipped; those most likely to do the work quickly, thoroughly and well.

Many young people fail to realize that their personal appearance and manners are really a part, and a most important part, of their equipment.

A young man was called to serve on a jury. He had not the faintest idea that he was making himself ridiculous, but when he had sauntered to his place among the other would-be jurors he tilted back his chair comfortably, arranged himself in a lounging position, inserted a wad of chewing-gum in his mouth—if indeed, it had been removed at all since entering the court-room—and was ready to be questioned. During his examination by the lawyer he kept his careless, disrespectful attitude, and the chewing-gum was in full evidence whether the testimony was or not. Probably the lawyer concluded that he was not full-witted; certainly his appearance would justify such a belief. In any event, he was "excused," in short order, to his manifest dismay, and his place filled by a man who at least knew how to *look* intelligent and alert.

"What, do you object to anything so harmless as chewing-gum? That's being too particular," I fancy I hear from some protesting young voice. "And why shouldn't a man sit in a comfortable position, leaning back if he wants to, and walk as he pleases? What difference does it make?"

It makes the difference between success and failure, for one thing, and the difference between self-respect and self-contempt for another thing—and that is all the difference in the world.

The body is God's temple. Is it too much to expect it to be kept not only clean and pure, but noble and dignified, upright and graceful in appearance? Do we not *owe* it to our Creator to thus respect his work?

The only feeling which the lounging, gum-chewing juror would awaken in you, sensible reader, would be that of an amused, half-contemptuous pity. But don't despise the poor fellow. He will

learn—he will learn. Experience is a stern teacher and does not excuse her pupils from any of the lessons of life.

All habits, however seemingly harmless, which cause the living temple of God to appear at a disadvantage, are shunned by the self-respecting—*even when they are alone.* Only those who have noticed the shuffling, uncertain step of the drunkard, the filthy, continual spitting of the tobacco-chewer, or the vacant stare of the victim of opium can realize how utterly and hopelessly do all coarse physical habits unfit one for any important or desirable work. And by coarse physical habits I mean not only the large vices, but the small ones; in fact, habits not called vices at all can easily spring from the same root—an utter failure to recognize that soul, mind and body are created by the same loving hand, and, are to be guarded, respected and built into the noble likeness of the Divine One who walked the earth clothed in flesh, indeed, but so glorifying and dignifying that fleshly covering by the beauty of the Spirit within, that the great artists of the ages have found their crowning inspiration in trying to picture the matchless face.

I have said that the body is not the real self. It is something which belongs to the man; it is not the man himself. Yet who does not think it wise for a man to take the best possible care of his belongings—his house, his barn, his tools or farm implements, his carriage or automobile?

We certainly ought to treat the body with no less consideration. It is the most valuable tool that we have except the mind. Yet how many people, especially in our American cities, live in such a hurry that they forget health and appearance alike in the wild rush for riches! Even when such a man starts in life with right physical habits, he slips little by little into careless ones, not realizing the fact. In cities—yes, and in country places too. A good story is told of a "bronco buster" who sat at a public dining table somewhere in the West, and whose table etiquette was—well, something that would surprise you. A "tenderfoot" seated at the same table was so amazed that he gazed perforce until his open mouth and eyes attracted Mr. B. B.'s attention, just at a moment when he was in the

act of shoveling into his mouth a particularly enormous load on the end of a steel case knife. He stopped short. "Say, tenderfoot," he shouted, with an emphasizing thump of his big fist on the table, "I want you t'understand that I've got *manners*. But I haint got time t'use 'em."

That is the trouble with most of us. In our common, everyday physical habits, we *know* better than we *do*. And as long as we must admit this, we have still victories before us; victories to win over the lower self, that the higher Self may shine forth.

Do you know, there are few theories more mischief-working than the time-honored "worm-of-the-dust" idea? Where man ever got such a foolish and unfortunate notion of his own true nature it is hard to conceive. One thing is certain,—Christ taught the very opposite. To Him, human life was grandly sacred; was linked with the divine. So inseparable is man from God that he "cannot live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

You and I, then, dear reader, are *not* "worms of the dust." We are children of the King of Kings, and as heirs to all princely attributes let us shake off the mean thoughts of ourselves that would lead to careless living. One member of a royal family, you know, must not stoop to anything which he would not admire in another member.

The first help to this working out of the higher nature is to realize that we possess it; or rather, that we ARE this higher Self, and that all appearances to the contrary are only shadows—those shadows that we bring into our lives by listening to the Red Telephone. As Elizabeth Towne says, we *are* grace and beauty and usefulness; the trouble is that like the "bronco-buster," "we don't allow ourselves time to *use* what we are; we use what the shadow-imps are!" It is a singular fact that in eating, as in many other acts of daily life, most people seem to think it a waste of energy to consider either health or appearance. "It is such a trifling matter," they will say, "What's the difference?"

The difference is that in thus literally "forgetting ourselves" we cease to *feel* princely, and sink in thought, word and deed to the

level of our Red Telephone adviser, as long as we reason as he does.

The fact is, the waste of energy occurs not in doing things gracefully and well, but in doing them carelessly.

"Any action without art," says Mrs. Towne, "is brutality, is crudity; is a *waste of energy*. Such action is a libel on the 'world I AM.'

"Why, do you know that if one of us owned a fodder chopper, which puffed and blew, hitched, halted, and—yes—slobbered, wasting as much fodder and energy in proportion as most of our human eating machines do every meal (except when we have visitors!) we would straightway relegate that fodder mill to the junk heap! If your sewing machine or your typewriter rattled and clicked and clashed, you would straightway put some of 'what I AM' into it—you would give it a little *attention* until it ran smoothly.

"Well, then, be as kind to yourself—and your neighbor.

"*Express* in this twice-or-thrice-a-day activity, what you ARE. 'Practice concentration' three times a day.

"If you will do this, and do it faithfully, until you have acquired the *art* of eating, in place of the old slovenly or hurried habit we learned as savages perhaps; if you will put *yourself* into your eating, it will revolutionize for you your entire world of doing. You may get up from the table and hurry and worry as you please until the next meal; but if you will just faithfully practice when you *are* at meals you will find yourself gradually coming to work more quietly, intelligently, cheerfully, gracefully between meals."

She is right. The same principle applies as well not only at mealtimes, but in working hours; it applies to the motions and attitudes when walking, sitting or standing; to the daily "quiet time," whether it be an hour or only five minutes, when the soul—the higher, real Self, remember—enjoys its little talk with its Divine Source and listens for the friendly Voice to speak thoughts of courage, of hope, of inspiration; to the thorough, perfect relaxing of every muscle in the time when we let God rest us and make us strong for the duties of a new day; to the daily bath and dressing, however plain and simple the attire; to the habit of speech perhaps

most of all! But to *begin* with mealtimes opens the way to all the rest, and makes the rest easier.

There is no better way of guarding against the Red Telephone messages than to thus *try to put the higher Self into every act*, however trifling. It requires thought, at first, but it pays! It pays in success and in pure enjoyment, every day of one's life. Such a habit once formed, one will never think of asking "What's the difference?" He will *know*.

WIRE IX.

THE CANDLE-BURNER.

"I SEE you are a candle-burner," I remarked to a friend whom I met in the street one afternoon.

"Why, what can you mean?" she responded, in surprise. "We have no candles in the house. We always burn electric light, the same as our neighbors. Please explain."

I laughed a little, then grew serious, for I did not like the dark circles around the pleasant blue eyes that looked into mine.

"I mean the card parties," I explained. "I see they are growing quite popular with you. They are very enjoyable, I suppose; but isn't it a little like 'burning life's candle at both ends?'"

"Oh, I hardly think so," she laughed, a slight flush coming on her face nevertheless. "It *is* a little exciting, to be sure, but one must have some recreation, don't you think so?"

"Indeed I do," I replied heartily. "Recreation is as necessary a part of life as work itself. But it must *be* recreation—re-creation of the vigor and interest of life—to be of any real benefit. Do you feel stronger, or weaker, after one of these evenings at cards?"

She hesitated, and the flush deepened.

"Well, to tell the truth, I usually have a headache all the next day," she admitted. "We are apt to stay late, and—yes, I suppose it tires me more than it rests me. But then, what can one do? All our set belong to the card club, now. It would never do for me to withdraw; one might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, you know!"

And still smiling, she passed on, while I listened to the echo of the Red Telephone in the receding voice.

In six months this beautiful woman was in a sanitarium, being treated for nervous prostration, while her husband and three child-

ren, the youngest not yet two years old, were sadly missing the home sunshine that only the wife and mother can make. She was fond of society, and with her the popular game of "bridge" proved a bridge from the land of health to that of prolonged invalidism. Card parties were the fascinating bait with which her favorite shadow-adviser prepared the trap for her unwary feet. It is so with countless women in society to-day. They, as well as men, become victims to the foolish little pieces of pasteboard, with their red and black spots—the colors most affected in the Under-World!

Students, too, are apt to "burn the candle at both ends." Over-study has won many an honor at the cost of health. Examinations have been passed with credit, only to find brain and body a combined wreck after the strain was over.

Our modern school system is such that it is not uncommon to find this sad waste of life's forces even among growing children. Dickens' "Paul Dombey" was a type of many thousands who are their parents' pride to-day only to find the vital forces burned out to-morrow long before maturity is reached. And yet even these cases, numerous as they are, do not compare in sadness with those where youthful vice or unchildlike social ambition have been nurtured by wrong companionship or poisonous reading. There is a certain class of juvenile fiction quite as unwholesome for a young mind to feed upon as the worst French novel is to the adult. Such are so many chances to gain false views of life, and learn to demand feverish excitement. Racing, gambling and a wild, roving life come to have strong charms for such an ill-nourished mind. The shadow-messages are plentiful, suggesting these things instead of healthful amusement, cheerful work and reasonable, moderate hours of study. Fortunate indeed is the boy of twelve whose home is of the right sort to furnish him with his central influences and highest ideals. Interested physical activity, both of work and play, are of the greatest value to a growing child. The physical must keep pace with the mental development, or sooner or later both will suffer. With work, play and study happily blended, there will be no distaste for the highest and most sacred things of life; religion is to

THE DIFFERENCE.

"Two men struggled in the water. With one it was a struggle for life. With the other, it was a struggle for death."

—Page 78.

THE CANDLE-BURNER.

"The society queen or butterfly."

—Page 85.

a thoroughly healthy nature what the sun is to the flower. Let the Sunday-school and the Christian Endeavor Society supplement the home and school life with all the bright, vital influences that can be brought to bear, and let the home be in thorough sympathy with them. That household which makes it a point to hold at least one Sunday-School or Christian Endeavor social each year, adds a memory to the young lives that cannot fail to make them stronger and better in the years to come.

In striking contrast with such bright, simple, wholesome recreation, good for young and old alike, is the too prevalent habit of striving to outdo one's neighbors in lavish and showy entertaining of a "fashionable" kind. Never was there a surer way to "burn the candle at both ends" than by this woeful travesty on the grace of hospitality. In country and city alike, we find this craze for fashionable luncheons, teas, dinners, balls and parties, where extremes of dress and everything else fairly run riot. Cards and dancing are so overdone that one might suppose they would become very monotonous. But where fashion rules with an iron hand, there is little call for originality. At one time in my home town the custom of "afternoon tea" was so popular and at the same time so vapid and unutterably dull as to suggest to my mind a whimsical bit of verse, which amused some of my friends and provoked others, according to their varying temperaments, so much that I give the verses to you as expressing one view, at least, of how a typical "afternoon tea" may be regarded:

MRS. PINKELITE'S AFTERNOON TEA.

"The event of the season"; you surely were there?
No? Then you have missed an experience rare.
'Twas in the beginning of June,
And the very first families all will agree
That the meadow-lark sang, "Come to tea! come to tea!"
As 'twere but its usual tune.
All nature, in truth, seemed to hasten in glee,
To extol Mrs. Pinkelite's afternoon tea.

'Twas very exclusive—'twas very select—
Mrs. Pinkelite's happiness would have been wrecked
If with common humanity shared,
But she smilingly welcomed the guests, one by one,
Well knowing, whatever she chose to have done,
To criticise, none would have dared.
For thinking is seldom quite proper, you see,
One does not need brains at an afternoon tea.

It chanced that a mirror, both huge and antique,
In the hallway loomed up, in position oblique,
Reflecting each fair, passing face,
And the tale runs, that on a past century day,
This mirror, enchanted by goblin or fay,
Revealed what we seldom can trace.
For when can we safely let Fancy run free
At theater, ball-room, or afternoon tea?

'Twas said that whoe'er should be seen in this glass
When the century's changes should over it pass,
Would appear in a marvelous guise;
Or, rather, would shine in his character true,
A startling sight, often, of dubious hue
To observing and wondering eyes.
But surely one would not have thought this could be,
At dear Mrs. Pinkelite's afternoon tea!

Yet, friends, I declare—be it known to you all,
That as sure as each guest crossed the Pinkelite hall,
Past the glass long bewitched by the elf,
That mirror showed forth in a twinkling—a trice,
Reflecting in form both grotesque and precise,
His mental—not physical—self.
What a curious spectacle this proved to be,
You shall learn, as I picture that afternoon tea.

First was young Mr. Foply, with eye-glass and cane,
He appeared as a peacock, complacently vain,
Puffed up with ridiculous pride.
There was more than one chattering, jovial monkey,

And once and again came a lumbering donkey,
With parrots and magpies beside.
Oh, the strangest of tableaus, on land or on sea,
Met the onlooker's gaze at that afternoon tea!

In silken attire, through the quick-shifting scenes
Two ladies most charming—society queens
Who'd rather wield sceptres than brooms,
Who beguiled with French novels the long summer hours,
Were great yellow butterflies—"*so* fond of flowers,"
But fonder of Paris costumes.
Their wings fluttered languidly, gorgeous to see,
As they floated about at the afternoon tea.

A man who says "No!" to the plea for reforms,
Towards missions and charities freezes, not warms,
Appeared as a white polar bear,
While a girl who excelled in society dance,
As an overgrown hop-toad peeped forth, quite by chance,
From the depths of the mirror so rare.
And these were a few of the sights one could see
At our friend Mrs. Pinkelite's afternoon tea.

Toward the last, was a group whose polite name is swine,
Who always are ready to lunch or to dine,
They came for refreshments, in sooth:
A frolicsome kitten—a dear little goose—
A viper in broadcloth—but what is the use?
One scarce would believe half the truth.
Oh, I certainly hope they'll excuse you and me,
When next they are giving an afternoon tea!

But I cannot say that they did. Some of them were ingenious enough to give the entertainment another name, but it was not long before I found myself at what proved to be nothing more nor less than a veritable "afternoon tea"! The fondness for "the cup that cheers" grew apace. One "tea" followed another in rapid succession, each absurdly like the one before it. These occasions continued to multiply, and to attract a greater number each time. The attendance on the prayer-meeting, meanwhile, I am sorry to say, grew

in precisely the other direction. Did you never notice that this is usually the case—that where afternoon teas flourish, prayer-meetings do not?

The only way out of the difficulty seemed to be to serve tea at the regular weekly prayer-meeting, and this plan no one quite had the courage to carry to completion. It is a pity it was not tried! Surely the tea-lovers would have been there in full force! But nobody dared to do it.

The "Afternoon tea" custom, when it does finally begin to pall, is followed, usually, by a series of evening parties lasting far into the night. Depend upon it, these fashionable dissipations of mind and body cannot long continue without sad consequences to the higher nature. No community or church given to them can be strong and mighty in good works nor a beacon light in pure faith, until there has been a change. Thank God, the change often comes; a wave of true, sincere feeling and sacred purpose sweeps over such a community and shows us the real beauty and power of the souls set free from their follies. Then, and not till then, do we learn—as I did, dear reader—that such views as those given in my "Mrs. Pinkelite's Afternoon Tea" are not after all, quite just to humanity. The poem pictures life truly as far as it goes; but it does not go far enough to find the pearls. There is a noble side to every nature. When we see only the monkey or the parrot or the polar bear in a human being, we see part way, but not all the way. The true view will see the weakness as something temporary, and the hidden strength as something yet to appear, surely to appear, in God's good time. Every human soul, however undeveloped, is a priceless treasure, and one touch of the Christ brings the treasure into manifestation.

This chapter must not close without mention of one other way in which well-meaning people "burn the candle at both ends"; that is, by overwork.

Dear, burdened housewife—for you, and those like you, are the words, "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment." It is a positive duty to take needed rest. Yes, I know the work is

piled mountain high, and there are few to relieve or supplement the one busy pair of hands. I know how the tasks accumulate, and how afraid you are of falling behind. But would not the plainer meal, the less trimmed garments, the neglected scouring or scrubbing once in a while give you a chance to do what is still more important? *You* are worth even more to God and your family than is your work. When you leave one day's work but partly done, that you may enjoy a rare outing, an hour's nap or a beautiful new book or bit of music, you may be strengthening soul, mind and body in a way that accomplishes far more for your dear ones than you realize. Food for the soul, beauty to refresh the mind, and rest for the tired body are life's prime necessities. Never let any merely routine cares stand in the way of these greater needs.

Over the Red Telephone may be heard, many times, the words, "Rest is for idlers, not for you. Make brisk use of every moment. You cannot afford to take a day off, or even an hour, when there is so much to be done. Keep busy! Work! work! work! Go on, no matter if you *are* tired enough to drop. It's a great virtue to be industrious. You must set your children a good example. Never let them see you idle or at rest. If you sit down for a moment, be sure to occupy yourself with some sewing or mending. Scorn to lie down in the daytime! People never ought to do that unless they are sick. Work! work! work! Keep everlastingly at it! That's the way to be a good wife and mother and have an irreproachable home."

Poor, unfortunate, deluded listener! She obeys, and each year sees her growing more bent, careworn and nervous, but she will not give up. It is slow suicide. Perhaps her husband and children are even proud of her obstinacy—her "industry" and never once think of raising their voices in protest against the wrong that is being done; or if they do, their protest is a feeble and half-hearted one. They are so used to seeing mother always at work that no other way would seem natural or possible.

Those who listen to this kind of Red Telephone message are like travelers along a flower-strewn path who seek only the hard, jagged

rocks, closing their eyes to the blossoms along the wayside. They toil painfully onward, thinking dreariness a virtue. But in reality they are unfair to their friends as well as to themselves; and to God most of all. Is it not wrong, yes, actually *selfish*, to deprive those who love us of the pleasure of ever seeing us when we are rested and at our best?

The Friend who loves us like no other friend said, "I came that ye might have *life*, and that ye might have it more abundantly." Do not disappoint Him by "burning the candle at both ends." Into the "life more abundant," O ambitious one, O weary one, you can enter *now*, and find strength as well as peace. "The life is more than meat, and the body than raiment."

WIRE X.

A CURIOUS COLOR BLINDNESS.

SMOKED or blue spectacles will impart a cloudy tinge to everything in sight, even on the most sunshiny day. "Rose-colored glasses," on the other hand, cause all objects to assume the pink glow of early morning. But it is of still different color transformations that I wish to speak now.

There are men in the world who can see nothing that does not assume the color of coin or of greenbacks. Things floating in their range of vision either take on a silvery, coppery, or golden hue, or appear like so much dirty green paper, or else they are quite invisible. Curious, isn't it?

The engineer of a railroad train has to pass an examination to make sure he can tell a red signal from a green one—to make sure he is not color-blind. The lives of his passengers may depend on his freedom from this defect. But as yet, the engineers of a state or nation or great business enterprise are not required to prove that they are free from the peculiar kind of color-blindness which permits its victim to see nothing but money.

A modern novel has for its hero an architect who is educated abroad by a wealthy relative and afterwards thrown on his own resources in the great, bustling city of Chicago. His real talent and his pure and lofty ideals of art are all made subservient to the passion for money, and he is swept into corrupt and dishonest practices by his business associates. Only the terrible shock of seeing a building of his own design in flames, and scores of human lives lost because of the building's flimsy construction—his own fault—opens his eyes to the gravity of his error in thus selling his honor for worldly gain. Urged to the fullest reparation by a stung conscience and a true and courageous wife, he testifies to the truth in court, accepts the ruin of his fortunes and ends his days in obscurity.

But could anything again blind him, do you suppose, to the weight of his responsibility? Would those dying shrieks of men, women and children perishing because of his greed, be ever out of his ears?

When such a cure is wrought, those who have been moneyblind are not likely to have a relapse. But, alas! it is then too late to repair the terrible mischief done.

The first message over the Red Telephone in the direction of this thirst for gold—this root of all evil—can hardly be told from those thoughts which fill a man's mind with a laudable ambition for success.

"It is for the girl you love," comes the first whisper. "Show her that you can be worthy of her; that you can succeed in your chosen work as well as any man! Be resolved that you will conquer all obstacles and win in the race, for her sake!"

Doesn't seem to be anything wrong about that—does there?

Ah, but *how* does he intend to win?

The voice over the wire goes on, and grows louder and clearer, saying,

"Get money. Get it honestly, if you can, but get money. Only men of large means are respected. You can do as well as others. Make success your first object. Time enough for fine distinctions between right and wrong, after you have made your pile. Go in and win!"

And as he listens, the great feverish unrest seizes him—the world's thirst for gain—and like a tiger's thirst for blood, it dominates his whole nature. He grows sharp and alert, keen-sighted to an abnormal extent where a dollar or a thousand dollars can be made—his skill at driving a bargain, his instinct of what will and what will not prove a paying investment, grows until his countenance takes on the unmistakable look of a shrewd, keen business man, to whom worldly gain is everything. He seems a magnet to which money is drawn. His very features remind you of an animated dollar sign, and whenever a large transaction, involving great sums of money, is to be managed, people instinctively *know* that he will

be one of those chosen. He and money understand each other so well!

This is all the result of a natural law. The man I have been describing has made up his mind to be rich. He regards that as his supreme object in life. He *concentrates* on money.

Yes, such a man will succeed, at least for a time. *Any* supreme object, followed in confidence and with intense desire, to the exclusion of all else, will certainly be attained. But what is it worth after it *is* attained?

A wealthy bank president and his son, with the connivance of the assistant cashier, used the funds of depositors in private speculation. The ventures proved unsuccessful. An outraged public sentiment condemns this bank president for the theft, resulting as it did in the total loss of vast sums of money. His wife and daughters were prostrated by the disgraceful discovery; his friends shrank from him appalled; and business and social ruin overtook him as it nearly always does those who forget the rights of others in their eagerness to add to their own stores.

Another instance I might mention, where the small savings of many persons were swept away by a similar course of dishonest speculation on the part of a bank official who was supposed to be the soul of honor. In this case the guilty one committed suicide; thus adding one more disgrace to the list of his many errors, and placing it out of his power to make amends. And the list of such tragedies is a long and constantly increasing one.

Even without breaking any law on the statute books, the fierce thirst for gold leads to many a dastardly and heartless act. Shelley has well described it when he says:

"Commerce has set the mark of selfishness,
The signet of its all-enslaving power
Upon a shining ore, and called it gold;
Before whose image bow the vulgar great,
The vainly rich, the miserable proud,
The mob of peasants, nobles, priests, and kings,
And with blind feelings reverence the power

That grinds them to the dust of misery.
But in the temple of their hireling hearts
Gold is a living god, and rules in scorn
All earthly things but virtue."

The wealth of a Croesus, gained by methods that starve the soul, can bring with it only the ashes of a bitter disappointment. There is no satisfaction in such riches. Look about you and you will see countless proofs of what I say. Men who have piled up their millions and lost the power of loving or being loved! who cannot keep peace in their own families! who cannot enjoy a beautiful poem, a glowing sunset or a bird-song with even the faintest thrill of that delight which comes to one who has kept his soul in harmony with nature's God!

Depend upon it, riches won at the sacrifice of the higher realities of life, are barren of all joy, and the years of such a rich man are spent in bitterness, with nothing to look forward to—nothing to delight in—nothing to love. He has, in fact, fallen into the most hopeless poverty in all that makes life worth living. The poorest mechanic is more fortunate than he!

What, then, is to be done with this message of the Red Telephone urging that we strive to attain wealth? Shall we deliberately refuse to listen? Must we struggle along with privations, debts, lack of means to educate our children or make our homes pleasant and inviting to our friends? Must we crush the impulse of hospitality, deny ourselves all broadening culture, all refining pleasures, make our lives a continual series of repressions?

God forbid! And when one is willing to let Him decide the question, God *does* forbid. We have no grinding, medieval tyrant for our Heavenly Father!

No. One truth is worth emphasizing right here. It is this; *God does not approve of poverty.*

If we had a God that reluctantly doled out His blessings in small measure, fearful lest there should be too much, what kind of world would it be? Instead of myriads of green leaves, the trees would be scantily clad. Instead of millions of buttercups, the dots of gold in the meadows would be few and far between. Stars would be a

rarity. Roses would grow with but two or three blossoms on each bush. The ocean would be subject to periods of drought—times when there was not enough water to go around!

No, our God is a God of overflowing abundance. He is wealth itself and the Source of wealth.

Hence it cannot be wrong to desire wealth. To do so is to obey the impulse given us by the Creator of treasures untold. It is to be *like* Him, to love abundance.

The desire for wealth does not become wrong until *we* become wrong; until we begin mentally to try to *separate the wealth from its Source.* This is the moment when we cut ourselves off from the true Supply—we choke up the channel by which God's blessed abundance can reach us and give us joy. After we have thus placed ourselves out of harmony with the true riches, we can have only their *shadow.* Only the pitiful *imitation* of wealth, offered us by the Shadow-creatures, can be ours. Does this seem plain?

Understand, it is no abstract, poetic substitute for wealth, which God offers. It is actual prosperity in "basket and store," in dollars and cents. He knows our material needs and has amply, *generously* provided for them. It is *we,* not God nor unkind fate, that cut off the supply whenever it has ceased to be abundantly manifest. It is our own habit of thought that decides the matter.

Which do you really believe in, for yourself, wealth or poverty? Which do you desire? Which do you *expect?*

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Think poverty and you will attract poverty. Think wealth and you will attract wealth. The law is sure in its workings. Thought is the magnet that works unceasingly, drawing into visible manifestation the thing mentally pictured. However good or however bad a man may be, his environment continues to form itself out of his thoughts.

By "thinking" I do not, of course, mean idly dreaming or weakly *wishing,* but with no real expectation. A wish is but the shadow of a desire. You must *believe* in your good—believe in it with all your heart and soul. You must *expect* it. You must *know* it is for you. You must think of it confidently as already yours, in the Eternal Storehouse; and then you will *work* effectively and happily

along the lines that you expect it to come. For "faith without works is dead," so dead that it cannot rightly be called faith at all!

Don't you see that if you think of God as the Source of all wealth, and think of yourself as the child of God, that you will gradually come to realize that your life is a *part* of the great, overflowing abundance—that God never intended it otherwise?

One who thus *knows* himself to be at one with all wealth, cannot possibly remain poor. His riches grow as if from a magic root planted within his own soul. And his fortune will bless both the world and himself. Instead of being "color-blind" to all but money, he will have a strong, keen vision ever expanding, to see all the glories of God's wondrous universe. Opportunities, friends, success, will be drawn to him like magic. He loves all of God's creation; he partakes of the nature of the King of the land and the sea, and all treasures are his by right of inheritance. He makes of himself a free channel for the wealth of the universe. He enjoys all, and uses what he needs. The world calls him rich, or "well off," and so he is, but whether his private fortune is counted by millions or only by thousands, he has an active and honest interest in the welfare of others, and for himself he has *enough*. There is no pinching, no repression, no unsatisfied longing. He is the "child of a King," and can go where and do what he pleases *because his pleasure and God's pleasure are the same.*

God is waiting to bless every child of His creation in this generous, abundant measure, "pressed down and running over." Come into the divine storehouse, O ye who would know what riches are! Be sure that wealth will never be withheld from him who has the clear vision to see that Love is the greatest wealth of all, and includes all; for God is Love. To one who has clearly seen this, all fear of poverty is removed; for "perfect love casteth out fear."

To be miserly is to choke up the channel of the Divine supply. Keep this channel free at *both ends*—the receiving end, which is the end of faith, and the giving end, which is the end of works and of love for humanity.

If you do this you will not be afflicted with the "color-blindness" herein described.

WIRE XI.

A GOOD FORGETTER.

"I ENVY that woman," said a lady of my acquaintance, laughing.

"Why?" I asked.

"Because she is such a good forgetter."

"Well," I mused, "that *might* be a talent well worth possessing; to be able to forget at will! But why not cultivate it? That is, if you think your friend would be willing to impart her secret. We have classes and books for memory culture; why not start a class of study in the art of forgetting?"

"Excellent!" she cried, with enthusiasm. "I believe I will—even if it is only a class of one."

"It will be a class of two, at least," I said, "if you will count me in. I know of no art better worth study. We will each think it over, devise the best plans we can and compare notes when next we meet."

"Agreed!" she responded, blithely. And so the class in "forgetting as a fine art" was started.

Shall I tell you something of the result, and how discomfited a certain shadow-messenger was at the deaf ears which his telephone call was unfortunate enough to meet?

The trouble with a great many people, I find, is that they have the wrong kind of memory. They remember all the slights, real or fancied; all the dismal tales of woe told them by their neighbors; all the symptoms of illness that they have ever suffered, down to the minutest finger-ache; all the unkind things ever said or done to them or to their friends; and all the ghastly horrors in the newspapers, from a murder trial to a great fire. They revel in such things; they cannot seem to remember anything else. Their memories are "built that way."

But then, come to think of it, *who builds* our memories?

Why, *we* do. Each thought that we invite and entertain makes its own path in the mysterious bundle of brain-cells, and wears the path deeper and deeper every time it comes. Thoughts like to travel over well-worn, beaten paths, the same as people do.

Consequently, the same kind of thought travels the same road until it is easier to make room for that thought than to push it aside. Here we find the reason that habits are so hard to shake off. The rut has been formed, and it requires a great deal of independence to break out of it.

I once knew a man who had a remarkable memory for genealogy. No matter how numerous and far-spreading were the branches of a friend's "family tree," he could tell to a certainty just whose third or fourth cousin married some other relative's nephew's wife's sister, and how many children they had; just who was the grandfather of every acquaintance, and usually, much in the way of detail in which it would have puzzled the grandfathers themselves to find any use or significance.

Still, tiresome though it might be, this particular hobby was a harmless one. If only people would be satisfied with remembering relatives instead of woes, no one could find any reasonable fault with such a memory. But the pet grievances and criticisms were, alas! as numerous as the family "branches," if indeed, they did not rival the very leaves in number.

When I first began to study the art of forgetting, I was surprised to see what a strong hold certain unpleasant and useless truck had obtained on my recollection. Again and again did some malicious shadow-fiend persist in pouring into my ears the same tedious story of my neighbors' defects or, worse yet, of their real or supposed criticisms of my own shortcomings. Every unpleasant occurrence was recalled and magnified.

If you listen *once* to such messages, you will find them crowding in at the most inopportune times. Give the shadow-fiend of memory an inch, and he will take an ell. I have found it so, and the experience of others is sadly like my own.

"There goes John Smith," says the voice over the wire, "he is the one whose brother was arrested for burglary."

"But he was acquitted; there was no evidence to convict him," urges the better thought that is never far away.

"Oh, well, that may be," goes on the shadow-messenger, meaningly, "but it is one thing to go free and quite another thing to prove himself beyond all suspicion. There are still folks enough who think he did it. There was always something queer about those Smiths."

And so the tiny seeds of distrust and coldness are sown, although the unfortunate Smith and his whole family may be quite as worthy of esteem as the one who listens to the message.

At another time, the voice says, over the wire:

"So Squire Nelson's oldest boy is sick and can't go back to college. Well, what do you care? Serves them right. They always were a supercilious, disagreeable set—those Nelsons. Besides, don't you remember how mean Squire Nelson's father was to your uncle Joe, about that south tract of timber? Haven't you heard about it, time and time again?

"What's that? You had forgotten the old feud? Well, I wonder at your lack of spirit! Listen and I will tell you once more how it happened."

And the quarrel of twenty years' standing is rehashed and dished up for the enjoyment (?) of the listening one, until he quite abandons his neighborly intention of making kind inquiry after the sick son of his fellow-townsman.

Again comes the shadow-voice:

"No, of course she didn't invite you. It wasn't an oversight either. She asked all your most intimate friends, and purposely left you out. That was because she didn't like something you said. Oh, yes, I know it was three years or more ago, but you must remember to be very cool and dignified when you meet her. You surely wouldn't let her suppose that you have *forgotten?*"

These are only samples. The "stock in trade" of this kind of shadow-counsellor is unlimited.

And the result?

Well, one of two things is sure to happen. Either the listener who dwells in such an atmosphere of dismal memories is made positively sick—physically, mentally and morally sick—thereby, or else he or she goes about unloading this needless and revolting burden, *ad libitum, ad nauseum,* into the more or less sympathizing ears of friends, until in very self-defense, they rebel and refuse to heed. What else can they do? One really cannot have one's entire treasure-house of memory clogged with tales of woe that might, could, would or should possibly have happened, at a time so long ago that the only decent way to treat such recollection is to bury it deep amid the fossils and underlying strata of a bygone age!

Put such memories where they belong—so far down in the Under-World that the only way they can come to light is in mining for coal or something else good to burn! That is the only fit use to make of them. Burn them up—drown them in the sea—bury them in ashes—anything except *remember* them!

But here comes the difficulty. We will suppose you belong to the sensible class who resolve, "I *will not* let my thoughts dwell on these unpleasant and unworthy recollections." And you are very determined indeed, to banish such memories. Yet, with all your wise resolves, the thoughts *will* keep coming. For awhile it seems impossible to drive them away. The waters of Lethe still elude you. The *will* to forget, does not seem sufficient in itself. How can it be strengthened and made effectual?

Here is the secret. Two things cannot occupy the same space at the same time. Conquer by displacing. When the shadow-memories come, don't bother to shake your fist at them and tell them to clear out—just hang up the receiver of the Red Telephone and *listen with all your might to something else.*

Turn the attention *instantly* to some active, definite thought of good. It is the safe way—the successful way—the Bible way. Listen:

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever

A CURIOUS COLOR BLINDNESS.

"What is it worth after it is attained?"

—Page 97.

A GOOD FORGETTER.

"The Bible way."

—Page 104.

things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on *these* things!"

Do this habitually, and you will be able to forget everything that is not worth remembering. You will be a "good forgetter" because you will have a memory of the right kind, filled with treasures, and not clogged with rubbish and poison.

Try it and see. When I tried to forget by main force, I failed. But when I tried the Bible way of forgetting the bad by remembering the good, I could almost fancy I heard a smothered shriek of rage as my shadow-counsellor dropped the receiver in despair and fled. He was conquered. And he knows better—does this memory shadow—than to attempt any more of his tricks with me. Thanks to this plan of Paul's no dismal, resentful tales of woe need hope to find a permanent lodging place in my memory. There isn't room—not a chink nor a corner!

"But how do you manage to remember what you really *wish* to remember?" asks someone. "Even for the good things, one may have a naturally poor memory. What is the best way to strengthen it?"

I am not in favor of the elaborate devices sometimes employed in memory culture. They help for a short time, and are ingenious, but soon prove cumbersome and ultimately they are apt to confuse the memory rather than develop it. The student finds it harder to remember the various "links in the chain," or the "figure alphabet," for instance, than to remember the thing itself. Such devices are more curious than useful.

There are two simple methods of helping to impress a fact on the memory. One is the "eye method" and the other the "ear method." To those who find it easier to take impressions through the eye, it is helpful to have a habit of writing down brief notes, perhaps mere catch words, of what is to be studied and remembered; while to those who have the "ear memory," the habit of repeating or affirming aloud will prove more of an aid. But whichever method is preferred, the real and only necessity is to focus *all* the attention, for the time, upon the one thing to be remembered. The *magic of concentration* carries with it such powers, even aside from an im-

proved memory, that it must be considered by itself; but let me say here that the greatest secret of a perfect memory is a perfect interest. *Be interested* in what you would remember. For the moment, at least, give your *whole* thought to it, as if there were nothing else in the world. If you do this, you will remember it. Did you never notice that a child remembers everything with ease until it reaches the point where a sense of compulsion is made to take the place of the free, spontaneous interest with which every object or fact is examined? A little child is a walking interrogation point. Its questions are often enough to drive older people nearly frantic, but these questions spring from an eager interest, and the answers to them are remembered. You will have no trouble in remembering what thoroughly interests you.

Be interested, then, in whatsoever things appeal most *to you* as being in the highest sense true, lovely, just and pure, and do not be afraid to let your mind dwell on them often and long. So shall you enter into the kingdom of harmony with God and all good; that beloved, is the kingdom of heaven. You carry this kingdom with you even now. Enter fully and fearlessly into its delights, and your memory shall prove to you a source of ever-increasing joy. The dismal things will fade quickly from your recollection. You will find that you have a new and blessed power—the power to forgive readily. How many have to struggle long and hard with their resentment! No offense is really forgiven until it is forgotten; and the easiest and most effectual way to forgive an injury is therefore to forget that it ever existed.

Keep a list, if you will, of kindnesses, benefits, things worth recording; and may it be a long one!

In all things *not* worth memory-space, may you be that most fortunate person—a good forgetter!

WIRE XII.

PRESERVED AIR.

IF YOU ever tried living in a steam-heated flat, perhaps you already know what "preserved air" is. It is air simmered down, boiled, stewed and canned. It is anything but fresh air.

Some persons there are who have such an aversion to air in its uncanned state that they wish to deprive not only themselves but everyone else as well, from ever having a whiff of the luxury. They want all their air preserved. And if they could they would bottle it up by the quantity, keep it over from one season to the next and live on it. But, unfortunately—or fortunately—for them, it cannot be done. One who tries too long the experiment of living on preserved air is inconveniently apt to die with consumption, or some other disease, all the while listening to the suggestions of the Red Telephone adviser who cautions them against "taking cold," and warns them that the air must be carefully excluded, or they will be in danger!

You remember the "Northeast Man" described in a former chapter? Well, if you will notice, you will find that in nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of a thousand, and probably in the thousandth case too, the Northeast Man is a *poor breather*. And if possible, the Northeast Woman is still worse!

A thoroughly happy, sunshiny religion does not combine well with "preserved air." True, there are a few blessed, saintly "shut-ins" who keep their thoughts and lives sweet and wholesome even though they cannot often enjoy to the full, a sight and breath of "God's out-of-doors." But they are the exception that proves the rule. To achieve their saintliness under such conditions requires a far greater degree of spiritual development than is found in ordinary well-meaning Christians. And I think that even in these exceptional cases, it will usually be found that the preference of the in-

valid is to have the room aired as thoroughly and frequently as possible. If a room must be a prison, it need not be made a stuffy one!

Yes, there is a close and vital connection between a healthy religious life and the full breathing of plenty of fresh air. Body, mind and soul are so linked together that one cannot possibly be neglected without unfortunate results to the other two.

Often a schoolroom full of children will be transformed from a Bedlam of restless, noisy mischief-makers or stupidly sullen and cross youngsters, into a class of bright, wide-awake, orderly and obedient scholars—just by throwing open the windows and putting the children through a few simple gymnastics, causing them to breathe deeply and regularly of the fresh air that has been let into the room. Many a wise teacher has thus proved that a roomful of pure air is worth a ton of scolding and "keeping after school." And men and women are but "children of a larger growth" in being more or less affected mentally and spiritually by their physical surroundings, however sincere may be their efforts to live aright, independently of such surroundings.

A church, of all places, should be well aired. Especially is this true of small churches. If there is a brief interval between two meetings, as in Sunday-school and morning service, both to be held in the same room, the second meeting, whichever it may be, will be greatly improved by airing the room thoroughly while the people are moving about. It wakes up the sleepy ones, helps the singing, and brightens the whole service, making it far more impressive for good on young and old alike. There is perhaps no place where the shadow-fiend likes better to work in his "preserved air" nonsense than in a church. And there is no place where he oftener succeeds —more's the pity! There are few things worse to breathe than the air in such churches—except, indeed, the tobacco-poisoned atmosphere polluted by smokers!

If you have been fortunate enough to read "Vivilore," by Dr. Mary R. Melendy, you are aware what a vital matter a breath of fresh air is to the health. Marion Harland's plan of taking ten

slow, deep breaths of outdoor air *ten times daily*—making one hundred such breaths in all—is one that commends itself to every sensible person, being easily tried and a far better tonic than most nostrums.

Then, too, there is a practical gain in combining the deep breathing with certain stated mental exercises called "affirmations." Because body and mind are so quick to affect each other it is not difficult to see why this habit is helpful; but the *extent* of its helpfulness is truly surprising.

To "affirm" a thing is literally to "make it firm." What you desire may be at present invisible, and yet exist; it may be intangible, but none the less real. Everything exists in the world of thought *before* it comes into the world of visible things.

Remembering this, when you have a desire, try to realize that the thing desired already exists for you. *Your faith* in that thing, and in God's intention to give it or its equivalent to you, is the lever that will *lift your desire out of the invisible into the visible.* This is no far-fetched theory; it is a scientific fact, proved in thousands of cases. Thought—confident, faith-inspired thought—is a lever sufficient to move a world.

There is no human need that cannot be met in this way. Affirmation is the prayer of faith; it lays hold of the Source of all good, and brings the whole being into a vital and realized connection with that Source.

Here are some affirmations easily memorized for use on waking in the morning. They conflict with no creed, and thousands have been helped by them:

"My Father, Thou hast given me, Thy child, *strength* for to-day.

"Thou hast given me *health.*

"Thou hast given me *peace.*

"Thou hast *provided for all my needs.*

"Thou hast given me *love and goodwill to all mankind.*

"I will praise Thee all the day long for Thy loving kindness and tender mercy.

"My Father, I love Thee."

You may not feel every one of these statements to be true, at first; but their truth will dawn and grow upon you, and even as you breathe long, delicious breaths of the fresh morning air, reviving your body, so, at the same time, these first waking thoughts will revive mind and soul, until you are literally "*transformed* by the renewing of your mind." You will feel, and be, a new creature.

At night, also, there are many affirmations which help to bring the sweetest and most restful sleep. But I like best the Rev. C. R. Kingsley's version of "Now I Lay Me" which no one need ever outgrow. It is as follows:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,
Let me rest beneath Thy care,
Let me wake, Thy life to share."

The youngest child, the most learned philosopher, the busiest merchant, farmer or housewife, the greatest statesman, can use this prayer and be helped by the beauty, simplicity and grandeur of it.

There is no better remedy for insomnia than deep breathing combined with trustful prayer. Trustful—not agonizing. Just talking to God as you would to a dear and very close Friend who understands you perfectly. After a little talk of this kind, begin breathing gently, evenly, slowly, as you would while sleeping; and if the air in the room is pure, you will almost invariably be asleep before you can count twenty such breaths.

One more suggestion as to combined breathing and thinking may not be amiss, for here is something the busiest person can do:

Go into the open air if for not more than five minutes. Breathe deeply, and while doing so, make the following statements either mentally or aloud:

"The full, perfectly rounded life is *for me*.

"God fills my body with health and strength.

"God fills my mind with knowledge and wisdom.

"God fills my heart with love and purity.

"God fills my affairs with prosperity and delight."

The oftener you use such affirmations the better. If anyone asks,

still incredulously, how I can *prove* that they help, my reply to that person is, *You* are the one to prove it. Others have proved it for themselves; but the only person who can prove it to you is yourself. Try it and see.

"O taste and see that the Lord is good. Blessed is the man that trusteth in Him."

"Prove me now, herewith, saith the Lord of Hosts, if I will not open you the windows of Heaven and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it!"

Make your claims upon the Lord's goodness in the *present tense.* Don't keep pushing them off, in your thoughts, to the future, not even the *near* future. "*Now* is the proper and accepted time."

Yes, the windows of Heaven are open, and when you find that the blessing overflows—as it certainly will if you give it a *chance* —see that it runs over into other lives that need it.

Do you know that the Fresh Air Work of the Christian Endeavor societies is doing a wonderful amount of good in the slums of the city? It seems a trifling thing to do, perhaps, to send a party of half-starved, half-stifled children, sick babies and tired mothers into the country for a day—or even for two weeks—but it has saved many a life, and has given a new and sweet sense of human kindness and of the goodness of God, to many almost despairing parents.

Of course, it is only a glimpse of better things that can be given to the slum-dwellers in so brief a time. It is only a link in the chain of love; but every link counts.

Students of child-life have usually relied much on the children's games and amusements as indications of their mode of life. This index is generally a true one. But it is a fact that there is a pitiful number of New York's slum children who do not know what play means. Miss Alice Chadwick, in "Eighty Good Times Out of Doors" proves herself a close student of this phase of child life. In speaking of these children she says:

"If they play games at all, they portray in their play only the life they see. 'Craps,' 'pitch and toss,' 'matching pennies,' and a queer kind of game in which some one must be 'hit mid der brick'

which is tied to a string—these are fair samples. I never saw the girls play games, so-called, but once; and then the children had been taught to play by their mission teacher. They played 'ring' games with much spirit. But, once worked up to the playing pitch, the youngsters recalled games they had learned in the distant fatherland —many curious games they were, too, in so far as they demonstrated either the antiquity of the game—dating back to the time when the human family dwelt in a single cave—or the stranger coincidence of the children of all the different nations spontaneously evolving the same game in later generations. But the words would shock you, no less than the gory suggestiveness of the gestures. The mission games had been adapted by the youngsters to the life of their homes. Instead of singing 'This is the way we go to church, go to church!' they had it, 'This is the way we fetch the beer, fetch the beer!' etc.

"But, you will say, the greater is the need to teach them something better. Well, the general experience is that it cannot be done in the space of two weeks—much less in one day. For that reason, the country amusements most useful are swings, balls and skipping ropes.

"You will understand that the first sensation of a slum child in the country is vacant wonder. They had always thought that apples, milk, etc., came from the factory. Grass was not to be walked on, flowers were not to be plucked. As soon as they understand that they are free they rush and shout like little savages—and it is notable that their first instinct is to tear down the bushes in eagerness to get the flowers before somebody else can get them —the struggle for bread in another form! The third stage is a realization of strangeness. Like anxious little dogs in a strange house, they run from corner to corner, touching, speculating—half distrusting. After this they may be fed; and then—the swings and balls and bean-bags, perhaps; but their tendency is to roam, and to eat often. They will play their own games, without any materials, under the leadership of their 'teachers,' when they cannot be induced to play by their hostesses. At the Fresh Air Homes the case is not widely different, and there is the strange fact that homesickness has

to be overcome before the child is happy. You will find that, almost without exception, it is the 'second-week' children who heartily enjoy themselves in the grounds of the Home. At these places, of course, there are croquet balls to be knocked about, and space for familiar indoor amusements on wet days. In many of the Homes, the children are taught a little house-work as well—a thing that has been the redemption of many a squalid 'home' in the city."

Although the heat of summer is the time for most of the excursions given, yet in the fall are opportunities that have their own charm. A Chicago paper takes note of a "nutting party" that is worth recording as a sample:

"Imagine a hundred children grouped in the dinginess of one of the city depots awaiting the train which is to take them to the nutting grounds. It is only a ten-mile ride, but the youngsters are as eager about it as though they were going a thousand. They group about their coach and besiege their escort with a hundred and one questions. Some of them have never been nutting, and never have set eyes on a hickory nut tree, a hazel nut bush or a walnut tree. They have seen the nuts themselves, for every town merchant has them for sale during the winter, but knowledge of the trees has never come to them.

"Once on the edge of the forest the members of the nutting party were told to arm themselves for the attack. Bags and baskets were supposed to be enough in the way of weapons, but some of the youngsters grabbed hoes, others had spades and others rakes. They were told that hazelnuts were to be founds, and maybe butternuts, and perhaps hickory nuts, and that there were at least two walnut trees to be despoiled if anyone discovered them in the forest depths.

"The boys and girls gave a great shout and plunged into the woods. Grand old woods they are, cresting the great ridge over which early French and English travelers crossed to reach Lake Michigan or to work their way back to the fort at St. Louis. But it is many a year since Frenchman, Englishman or Indian moved under these whispering trees. The forest has been left alone to the squirrels, stray cattle and the children that come to gather nuts.

Up, then, through the shimmering leaves rang the call of children's voices and shouts as nut treasures were discovered. Many a little tooth was injured that day by attempting to crack the nuts in the mouth before they were dry.

"During four hours the children had the forest to themselves. They discovered squirrels' stores, but would not disturb them, else the little fellows would be without their winter's food. They found several abandoned birds' nests and a hornets' cone. As for nuts, they secured two bushels, which, after all, is not much to distribute among a hundred children.

"'Let's give them to the children that couldn't come,' said one of the boys.

"'The children in the hospitals?' asked another. 'Yes. We can take them home, dry them, and then crack them for the children that are getting well.'

"The suggestion was accepted by every child present, and the nuts came into the city that evening to be dried on a tin-roofed building where despoilers could not get at them. Later, when the cool of the year was on, the children visited three of the private hospitals in the city—not all the children of the nutting party, but a committee representing them—and they found a dozen convalescent children to whom the fresh nuts from the forest were a treat. They distributed them among the little ones with great impartiality, and then returned to their comrades with a report of what they had done. Everybody was satisfied, and the nutting party is to be repeated next year."

These and many other practical hints for "Fresh Air Work," together with numerous outdoor games, are to be found gathered in my book "Eighty Good Times Out of Doors." If those readers fortunate enough to be living in the country will but give a little thought to the priceless blessings that are theirs to share with the city-stifled lives, there will be a healthy reaction from the desire for "preserved air," and the shadow-fiend who makes that hobby his specialty will have to go out of business. May the Giver of pure air and sunshine hasten the day!

WIRE XIII.

"LUCK."

MORE people are superstitious than are willing to admit the fact. From bygone ages to modern times, both high and low, rich and poor, educated and ignorant, have yielded to some curious vein of fancy that leads them to expect "luck" or success more readily if certain whimsical conditions are complied with. Who has not, at some time, felt the power of one or another of the odd ideas that seem to have such a firm hold on the mind of man? Laugh it off as we will, declare it nonsense as we know it to be, still there is the tendency to put an unreasoning half-belief in it.

Do we not all know those who are nervous with fear if salt is spilled; who would go without a meal rather than be one of thirteen at table; who never begin any important work on a Friday; who are careful to take their first sight of the new moon over their right shoulder instead of the left; who rejoice in the finding of a four-leaved clover?

These and many other similar superstitions are common enough even in our own day, while in former times it was firmly believed that to make an image of wax, clay or butter representing an enemy would give the maker of the image a singular power to do that enemy harm.

Sometimes it is true, even among the most superstitious of people, we find a healthy tendency to counteract the blind awe of supposed fate with a certain droll but shrewd common sense. Among our brothers of the dusky race, it is a general belief that there is great good fortune in the wearing of charms, among them a rabbit's foot being a special favorite. But sometimes a doubt arises as to the perfect efficacy of the charm.

"Pete," said Sambo, "do you think it am lucky to hab a rabbit's foot?"

"Dat depends," replied Pete. "If de rest ob de rabbit am hitched onto it, an' he am young, an' fat, an' tender, I sure do!"

Wise Pete! But there are plenty of people with many times his educational advantages who are still pinning their confidence to a rabbit's foot without the rabbit; or to something equally foolish, as many a rice-besprinkled, old-shoe-pelted bride and groom know to their sorrow!

"There's luck in odd numbers," suggests the shadow-voice of superstition, over the wire of the Red Telephone. And so the listener fusses and worries and either buys more than he needs of something or perhaps actually throws something away, in order to make sure of his "odd number!"

Amusing as we find the prevalent notions of "luck" and of what brings it, if we study the history of such superstitions we find that they have not been without their tragic side. Many innocent persons, some even in our boasted land of the free, have been tortured and put to a cruel death on the assumption that they were witches, and worked spells destructive of their neighbors' health, peace of mind or prosperity of fortune.

Our word "witch" is derived from the Dutch *witchelon,* meaning neighing or whinnying like a horse, also to foretell; and the Germans, as Tacitus informs us, used to divine and foretell things to come by the neighing of their horses. We find here a possible source of the custom of fastening horse-shoes to doors to insure safety and good fortune.

The belief that witches could not only afflict people with diseases but could transfer the disease from one person to another at will, probably arose from instances either of contagion or of mental suggestion. Fear, and especially the expectation of disease, can create and develop almost any ailment known. A threat made to a nervous or sensitive person is often quite enough to secure the co-operation of the victim's own fears in bringing about the calamity threatened. The witch who told a neighbor in anger, that he should "never get his Sunday's meat to the fore by his work," was not entitled to all the blame for the fulfilment of her threat. He did fall into extreme

poverty, because, as men would say now, he "lost his grip." He allowed himself to become depressed by the dismal suggestion, and doubtful of his own powers; which state of mind is anything but conducive to success.

Scotland in and about the sixteenth century was a famous place for witches, and King James displayed such zeal in persecuting them that through what has been well called his "imprudent fears" the evil grew apace. Thicker and faster came the accusations and few who were accused escaped death. Some of them, it is true, had done nothing more offensive than to heal the sick, but it made no difference. Suspicion and credulity ran wild. The people did not understand one another, hence each thought the other "possessed." Among the crimes attributed to one Patrick Lawrie was that of "curing an *incurable* disease!"

Like a wave of prairie fire, the insane fear of witches swept over all Europe. About the year 1515, five hundred persons were executed at Geneva under the character of "Protestant witches". In Lorraine, the learned inquisitor, Remigius, boasts that he put to death nine hundred persons in fifteen years. As many were banished from that country, so that whole towns, in fact, were on the point of becoming desolate. In 1524, a thousand persons were executed in one year at Como, in Italy, and about 100 every year for several years. The case of the "amber witch" in Germany, one of the early and remarkable trials, reads like a romance, but no doubt had a basis in fact, for it is characteristic of the craze, that a young girl's discovery of a vein of amber near the sea should lead to her apprehension as a witch.

In the beginning of the seventeenth century the persecution of witches broke out in France with a fury that was hardly conceivable, and multitudes were burnt in that land of the impetuous. It was in France and Germany about this time, I think, that *lycanthropy* became a common superstition. This was the idea that a human being could by sorcery transform himself into the shape of a wolf, and make havoc among the flocks.

Protestants and Catholics vied with each other in the severity

of their persecutions of the accused. In England alone, largely as a result of the edict of Adrian VI, it is computed that no less than thirty thousand victims perished at the stake, on the charge of witchcraft.

Such being the excitement in Europe, it is not so very surprising that when the little circle of foolish girls and women in our own Salem, Mass. began to act strangely, exhibiting signs of being "bewitched," and accusing various persons of casting a spell over them, no one thought of disputing them. The execution of eight persons at once for the crime held in such abhorrence was one of the final expressions, in our own land, of a superstition that had cursed humanity for thousands of years. After that, the decline of the excitement was rapid. Although in many a farmhouse on churning day, if the butter would not come, some unpopular old woman was still more than half suspected of invisibly getting into the churn and bewitching the milk, yet the persecution of witches was over. No longer were the thumbscrews, the "boot," the "witch-gag" and the stake, in demand for that purpose. The reaction had come.

Big and black as was the shadow-messenger who took delight in suggesting this frightful persecution of supposed witches, he has been conquered by the light of Truth. His message is heard no longer over the Red Telephone. The world has outgrown it.

Not yet, however, has it outgrown its childish fondness for ascribing its good or ill success to "luck". "Blind chance," "fate," a dozen different names have been given to this modern successor of witchcraft, but it is the same superstition in a new dress. Only the more tolerant spirit of the age prevents it from assuming so rabid and murderous a form; and indeed, the belief in "luck" has had no small share in creating strikes and other serious difficulties between labor and capital.

It is the people who believe in "luck" who are apt to be envious and bitter towards those whose success has been larger than their own. The man who indulges such a feeling is thereby adding to his own misfortunes every hour that he so feels. An ounce of *pluck* is worth a ton of such "luck"!

President Roosevelt, when on a southern tour, delivered an address to some of his old Rough Riders at San Antonio, Texas. Speaking of the Rough Riders' regiment, he said:

"In a sense we can claim that that regiment was a typical American body. The men composing it were raised chiefly in the Southwest, but some from the North, some from the East, so that we had the Northerner and the Southerner, the Easterner and the Westerner in that regiment, and almost every religious body of any size in the United States was represented in our ranks.

"It has always seemed to me that one of the greatest lessons taught by the Civil War was the lesson of brotherhood. This government is emphatically a government by the people, for the people, of the people. (Applause.)

"Now, besides applauding that sentiment, let us live up to it. It has two sides. In the first place it applies in a dozen different directions. To judge from some of the talk you occasionally hear, a man cannot be a square man if he is rich. Remember always that you listen at your peril to any man who would seek to inflame you against your fellow citizen because he is better off.

"Again, as in the Civil War, come back to considerations about your bunkie. You did not care whether he was a banker or a bricklayer. If he was a good banker, he was all right; if he was a good fellow, if he did his duty in camp, if he did not straggle on the march, if he did not drop his share of the joint plunder on the march, and then expect you to share yours with him at the end of the day. You wanted him to carry his part; and, if he did it, you were for him.

"Now apply that in civil life. If a rich man does not do his duty, cinch him, and I will help you just as far as I can. But don't cinch him because he is a rich man. If you do, you are a mighty mean creature; you are not a good American. Give him a perfectly fair show. If he is a poor man, and does his duty, help him; stand him up. If he whines about it, and says he ought to be carried, you may as well make up your mind to drop him then and there.

"Every man of us stumbles at times. Every man of us at times

needs a helping hand stretched out to him, and shame to any man who will not stretch out that helping hand to his brother if that brother needs it. But, if the brother lies down, you can do very little in carrying him. You can help him up, but he must walk for himself. The only way in which you can ever really help a man is to help him to help himself."

"Luck" is a plant that grows from the seed. And the seed sown is the kind of thoughts we entertain; ideas about ourselves, about God, about our work, and about the rest of the world.

Thoughts can be chosen. If we think ourselves weak and inferior, we invite failure; because then the work that we do will not be our best, and will be surpassed in value by that of others.

If we think instead, "I can do this work better than it has ever been done before—and I *will*," the seed will grow and bear fruit in results to ourselves and others.

"But what right have I," perhaps someone will say, "to think my own powers so much better than those of my fellow men? Is not that being conceited?"

It would be, if we left God out of our reckoning. But if we say, "This work that I do is the task set me *just now* by my Heavenly Father. He would not have trusted me with it if He had not also given me the power to accomplish it well. I can and will do it as unto Him," such a thought firmly held and worked out will not only bring skill and power to do that particular work well, but it will lead to a higher and more desirable kind of work. God's promotions are always just. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much." Putting *thought* into work brings a sure harvest.

If by "luck" is meant *success*, it is then within the reach of all, and equally so. Some may seem to have more to overcome than others; but after all, it is a man's own spirit—his own inner nature—that makes his environment. Robert Fulton, Elmer Gates and others of the most successful men who ever lived, had to contend against more than common obstacles.

God Himself is the Infinite Success. His law is always perfect,

VACANT WONDER.

"The first sensation of a slum child in the country is vacant wonder."

—Page 114.

"Rejoice in the finding of a four-leaf clover."

—Page 117.

always beneficent. To the man living in harmony with God's law, success is sure. It may not be immediately seen, but it is working out, as the flower is growing from a seed. In patience God waits many days for the seed to sprout, become rooted, push its stem upward to the light of day, put forth leaves, and blossoms. Should man be less patient with his own growing success, even while it is beneath the surface?

But you must *plant* your success, before it can grow. How is this done?

First of all by having the right thought about God and yourself. Say confidently, many times a day, in the recesses of your own mind, "God loves me, and wants me to succeed. I am His child and heir; a joint heir with Christ. Therefore *success is mine.* I will *believe* in my success and work for it unfalteringly; but it shall be a success that will bless and not curse others."

When you have done this you have *planted* your "luck" and it will grow. It cannot do otherwise, for it partakes of the nature of the Divine Success, based on love and beneficence to all.

But you must keep your "luck" watered, and you must keep the weeds from choking it. Water it from the fountain of life,—of the Life More Abundant, which Christ came to bring. Have *faith* in this Life, and in your own relation to it. Therein lies your power. It can never fail you—this water of life; and it is offered you freely "without money and without price." Draw on it daily, by prayer and communion with the Perfect One.

How to get rid of the weeds? Is that the next problem?

What *are* the weeds likely to choke the growth of success?

They are the words of the shadow-messenger. Over the Red Telephone wires are coming such thoughts as these:

"It isn't fair, the way things are divided in this world. Why should your neighbor have everything that heart could wish, while *you* have to do without? You need not flatter yourself it will ever be different. Some are born lucky. Its no use fighting against fate; you may as well settle down first as last, and make up your mind to have ill luck all your days.

"Look at old Ben Sherwood. He's just such another ill-fated wretch. Never had a bit of success that something didn't happen to overturn it. I tell you it's all a matter of luck. You aren't the fortunate kind. No use trying to be anybody, or do anything, hemmed in on all sides as you are."

And so on, until, if you keep listening, you will in time grow into a veritable Northeast Man—and then, indeed, you will have to plant your crop of success all over again before it can grow!

Or perhaps the voice over the wire takes a different turn. Maybe the shadow-adviser cunningly suggests bitter unrest instead of stagnation. Perhaps he says:

"Why don't you do something to show those rich folks that you won't be trifled with,—that you are as good as they are any day? Get up a strike. Stir up an opposition. If you don't they'll think they can impose on you. What makes you stand such insults? They have no right to expect you to slave for them, day in and day out, while they live in ease and luxury. If *they* ever had anything to contend with, such as you have, see how they would take it! They wouldn't stand it a day. Why don't you show them what's what? They are your enemies. All rich people are. What good are they, anyhow? The world would be better off without them—the mean, overbearing aristocrats! The only thing they deserve from you is hate,—fierce, unyielding hate! Down with the tyrants!"

Whichever arguments are admitted to the mind, the tender little plant Success is most effectually killed. And then you think you are "down on your luck."

Yes, that is just it. You have *crushed* your "luck" by falling down on it! Better get up, plant a new crop, and try again.

Every human being controls his own "luck". No matter how discouraging the outlook may be, success grows if not choked from *within.*

The following definition by Max O'Rell, is worth noting:

"Luck means rising at six o'clock in the morning, living on a dollar a day if you earn two, minding your own business, and not meddling with other people's. Luck means the appointments you

have never failed to keep, the trains you have never failed to catch. Luck means trusting in God and your own resources."

Never forget that God loves you and wants you to succeed. Not all the hampering conditions and tyrant capitalists in creation can prevent if you will shut your ears to the Red Telephone and keep a firm hold of your cheery, intelligent, active faith, with love to God and all mankind as your daily working principle. The *whole world* wants such a man to succeed—and he will!

WIRE XIV.

THE TWIN SHADOW IMPS.

AMONG the shadow-creatures of the Under-World, perhaps none are more active than two ugly little imps who delight in setting the affairs of painstaking, kind-hearted Christian people all awry. It is strange how such good, benevolent folk can bring themselves to listen, but they do. And so, with the best of intentions, people let their lives be weakened and made largely ineffective through the advice of these twin shadow-imps—Hurry and Worry.

"You'll have to be quick if you catch the early train for business," says the imp of Hurry, over the wire. "You can't wait for family prayers this morning, nor for even the briefest substitute for them. Of course, you could give just a moment's thought to the subject, perhaps at the breakfast table, without losing your train, but it isn't worth while when the time is so short. Better let it go. Besides, you must hurry and read your morning paper."

The result is that the man goes to his day's work *unprepared* for its various tests and irritations. Everything goes wrong. The world seems out of joint, because *he* is out of harmony with his Divine Source; he has let his spiritual food for the day be crowded out of his life; and let me assure you that spiritual hunger is quite as uncomfortable a thing, if neglected, as physical hunger.

"No, don't stop to talk with old Mrs. Smith," says the same voice again, to a woman out making calls. "If you don't hurry you won't get through your list this afternoon. You can't bother with the poor old soul just now. Another time will do as well. To-day you are in a hurry!"

And so a brisk nod and smile is all the notice accorded the wistful one longing for a sympathetic listener and friendly chat. The kindness is omitted for lack of time. Perhaps that talk and *not* the

ceremonious calls, would be carrying out the real plan of the Father for that day, and delivering His message aright. But she is in a hurry! And the opportunity to speak comfort to that soul, an opportunity which may never come again, is lost.

"Now hurry, hurry," comes the voice to one doing a delicate piece of work. "You can't be all day about it. There's too much to be done. Make haste and finish that, and take up the other work that you ought to be doing already. Dear, dear! You are dreadfully behind with your work. If you would only hurry!"

Imperfect work and overwrought nerves are the certain results of heeding this message, but they are not the only results. There is actually *less* accomplished in the same length of time by one in a furious hurry, than by one who gives to each piece of work his calm, undivided attention, proceeding as expeditiously as may be, but without the *feeling* of hurry, which so distracts and confuses.

Then we hear another voice strike in—a voice so similar to the other that we almost mistake its identity at first. But no, this is not Hurry; it is his twin brother.

"Clara went to school this morning without her rubbers," it says. "How thoughtless of her! It is raining, and she will be certain to catch cold. There are so many people sick now. I shouldn't be surprised if she comes down with pneumonia. And I wonder what is keeping Maggie so long on that errand. She has been long enough to go to the grocery and back three times over. She's probably met someone she knows and stopped to talk. You might have known it would be like this when you hired so young a girl. These half-grown girls are so careless you can't trust them out of your sight."

And so, from morning till night, the voice is heard. Now it is the business man, now the farmer, now the housewife—all have the same habit of listening to the shadow imps of Hurry and Worry.

Perhaps the worst form of worry comes to the earnest Christian worker—the reformer, let us say,—who has high ideals of right living and expects everyone to come up to those ideals. Nobody does in the least as the reformer expects. It is not in human nature

for people to see the same things from the same point of view. Hence the disappointment is a keen one, and constantly recurring—to those who do not understand.

The woman who tries to make over her husband, her children, her church associates, her friends, to suit her own notions of what they ought to be like, is making a mistake. *It is not the work* of any human being to be the conscience for another. God has supplied each one of His children with a conscience that must work individually, otherwise it would not get enough exercise. All make mistakes, all are imperfect beings gradually learning and growing nearer to what God intends them to be. Some are growing in the light of one particular ray of Truth, some in another. Let your friends do their own growing. "Fret not thyself because of evil doers." They are learning.

That was a wise saying of Robert Louis Stevenson's on this subject:

"There is an idea abroad among moral people that they should make their neighbors good. One person I have to make good; myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more nearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy—if I may."

Talmage expressed a similar valuable truth when he said, "You have one person to manage,—yourself."

Reader, if you are a reformer, do not misunderstand me. I am not asking you to abate one jot of zeal or enthusiasm. Sow your seed, give your message faithfully and *gladly* wherever there is opportunity, and await in patience the result which may come many years after you have ceased to look for it. It may even come soon. But if not, don't feel that you have failed because you cannot *make* the world see, as yet, from your beloved mountain-top. It cannot, because it is not yet there.

If, for instance, you have been on the heights, and have caught a glimpse of our own nation as it will be when it shakes itself free from the ravages of the liquor traffic—the *licensed* liquor traffic, more shame to the government that permits it and the voters who choose our law-makers!—if you have had that vision of purity and

freedom, believe in it; cling to it. Don't blame others because it is not theirs. They will yet see the beauty of the vision if it makes *your life* beautiful. Keep your ideal and work towards it as long as you live, or until it is an accomplished fact. It will be, some day. God cares about that and every other good work, but don't forget that He cares infinitely *more* about the worker. This is why the enforced resting-times come.

Hurry and Worry are never far apart. The dear, conscientious little woman who tries to do too much is a victim to both these counsellors; and a sad time she has of it until she learns to *let go* of the Red Telephone receiver and of all her burdens and listen in perfect stillness to the One who said:

"Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you."

An excellent plan tried by one woman, to rid herself of an intense hurry habit that she saw must be cured, was to place a chair close by while she was about her kitchen work. The moment she caught herself hurrying, she at once made herself stop in the midst of whatever she was doing, drop into that chair and remain perfectly still till the flutter had passed. In this way she *trained* herself to work calmly and quietly. At first she had to stop perhaps three or four times before she could finish washing the dishes; but in a few weeks the flurries almost completely disappeared. She had conquered them.

The result was the restoration of health and temper, and the warding off of what might soon have been insanity, if she had not thus taken herself in hand. Further, she found, quite to her surprise, that she accomplished more work in the same length of time *without* the hurry than with it.

It is the old problem of Martha and Mary over again. There are many Marthas to-day, and to them the Lord Jesus Christ speaks the same loving remonstrance as to Martha of old. It *was* a loving, not a harsh reproof; but He meant it. The work to be done, be it great or small, is not to be hurried and worried over; it is not to be placed *first,* above the needs of the soul—the real Self.

Shall we be afraid to trust our work, and its outcome, to the One who assigns it to us?

"As thy day, so shall thy strength be." Christ does not forget that we need strength, and time, too, in which to do our accustomed material tasks. It is *we* who forget to take the time and strength that He offers us!

The quiet moments spent alone with Christ in the stillness, not even praying, but listening to His voice, are the best investments of time ever made. They yield a rich return.

People who have fallen into the hurry habit say "I haven't time to breathe!" Well, perhaps not. A steam-engine hasn't time to get up steam! A builder hasn't time to collect his tools! A mason hasn't time to mix his mortar, and plaster! The electric car hasn't time to connect itself with the power-house!

Is it time that is lacking, or is it the intelligence to *use* the time given us to the best advantage, remembering to provide first of all, for the power and force needed to work with?

Whatever the work may be, the very first requisite to its successful accomplishment is spiritual energy; that power and force, without which no work could be other than a dismal failure whether on a physical or a mental plane. For, be it known, life starts in the realm of the spiritual and works out into the material. All energy that lives, is soul-energy first of all, before it can manifest itself in physical form.

"No time to breathe?" Well, better *take* time, then. The very plants have more sense than some human beings. As Prentice Mulford says:

"The lily has intelligence enough to start itself out of the seed when put in the ground and called upon by the sun to do so, as a man or woman has the same intelligence (or should have) to go out in the sun on a pleasant day, and absorb the life and power sent in by the sun. Those who do not, who remain five-sixths of the time indoors, are, as a result, weak and bleached like potato-vines growing in a cellar. The lily has also sense enough to grow in the sun. If you put it in a room, it will grow toward that part of the room where

the light enters. That is simply because it wants the light; it knows it needs it, and it goes after what it needs, because it knows, or rather feels, that the light is good for it. We go after food for precisely the same reason, only we call our action the result of intelligence. The plant's action we call instinct. A man goes to the fire to warm himself because he feels the fire to be good for him. It is pleasant to feel it on a cold day. A cat lies in the sun for the same reason. But the man calls his feeling 'intelligence,' and the cat's or plant's feeling 'instinct.' Where's the difference? Where the lily gets ahead of us with its limited life and intelligence is, that it does not concern itself or worry about the morrow. It toils not. It takes of water, air, sunshine, and whatever of the elements are in these, just what it needs for the minute, the hour, or the day, just so much and no more. It doesn't go to work laying up an extra supply of water or air or sunshine for to-morrow, fearing it may be out of these supplies, as we toil and spin in laying up extra dollars against the poverty we fear. If it did, it would use up all its force in heaping up these extra supplies, and would never become a perfect lily to outshine Solomon in all his glory.

"The robes of a lily, a rose, or any blossom are in beauty, fine texture, and delicacy beyond any thing that human art can produce. It is a living beauty while it does live. Our fine laces and silks are relatively of a dead beauty. They commence decaying or fading just as soon as finished. Up to its highest blossoming point the lily's beauty is always increasing. A cloth that would shine with a lustre to-morrow more vividly than to-day, and that would show similar variations of texture, would be eagerly sought for, even though it lasted but a fortnight, and the extravagant people, who really keep the mills going and the money in circulation, and pay the best for the best things, would have it. If the lily, with its limited intelligence, worried and fretted for fear the sun might not shine to-morrow, or that there might be no water, or money in the house, or potatoes in the cellar, it would surely become a cast-down, forlorn-looking flower. It would expend the strength in worrying that it needs for gathering and assimilating to itself the elements it requires

to become a lily. If any degree of mind or intelligence so worries and takes on itself burdens beyond the needs of the day, it will cut itself off from the power of attracting to itself what it does really need for the growth, the health, the strength, and the prosperity of to-day. I mean here just what I say, and that in no metaphorical, allegorical, or figurative sense. I mean, that as the lily's limited intelligence, or mind force if you please, when not burdened or taxed about something that concerns to-morrow draws to itself the elements that it needs for to-day, exactly so would human minds unburdened with woe or anxiety attract to themselves all that was needed for the hour. The needs of the hour are the only real needs. You need your breakfast in the morning; you do not need to-morrow morning's breakfast. Yet nine out of ten among us are directly or indirectly worrying in some way about to-morrow morning's breakfast, and so subtracting from ourselves more or less of the strength necessary to enjoy, digest, and assimilate this morning's breakfast.

"Exactly as the unburdened, unfretted, unworried lily attracts power to grow and clothe itself with beauty from the elements about it, exactly so does the unworried, unfretted human mind attract to itself a thousand times more of what is necessary to carry out its plans."

Do you see, then, *why* there is no more practical advice in the world for the busy, twentieth century hustler, then the words beginning, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow?" Christ was not talking to those who had no plans or duties; he was talking to those who *had,* and His law took into account exactly their needs, and yours and mine to-day. The Savior of men, when He walked the earth, was not only divine; He was also human, and He *understood.*

By taking time to keep up our supply of spiritual energy, we provide ourselves with the electric power needed for serene, effective, rapid work. Connect yourself with the Divine Power-House and *keep* in connection with it! You will find the religion of Jesus Christ the most vitally practical force in the world to-day. Don't try to get along a single hour without it; and don't think for a moment that it has nothing to do with the daily tasks of the home, office,

field or store. It has everything to do with them. We rob ourselves and God too, when we try to perform material tasks without the spiritual energy gained in the stillness. Hurry and worry are dangerous foes to progress; we must fortify ourselves against both. There is great need, for Americans especially, to dismiss these twin shadows from their lives, and to say with Whittier,

"Dear Lord and Father of mankind,
Forgive our feverish ways,
Reclothe us in our rightful mind;
In purer lives thy service find,
In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,
Beside the Syrian sea,
The gracious calling of the Lord,
Let us, like them, without a word,
Rise up and follow thee.

Oh, Sabbath rest by Galilee!
Oh, calm of hills above,
Where Jesus knelt to share with thee
The silence of eternity,
Interpreted by love!

Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease:
Take from our souls the strain and stress;
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace."

WIRE XV.

"PURITANIC NOTIONS."

IF THERE is anything for which the shadow-creatures have a supreme distaste, it is a sensitive conscience. I have heard their taunts and sneers at "puritanic notions" so many times that I am firmly convinced of this. They do not like "particular" people.

Just here I cannot help thinking of a good joke on the shadows. Their inconsistency is amusing at times, and one of the times is when, in spite of their dislike for the "particular" folks, they still show a sneaking desire for their patronage. A whiskey advertisement, for instance, is worded like this:

"A Particular Whiskey
For Particular People!"

Now, in the first place, "particular people" cannot be induced to touch whiskey at all, and if they could, why should the shadows take so much pains to interest those whose "particular" ways are so offensive to them? To ridicule a man one moment and solicit his trade the next, is surely not the shrewdest of business tactics!

But I suppose the shadows never thought of that. Their keenness has weak spots where stupidity has dulled its edge. But let us examine their way of preventing people from becoming "particular" at all. In this they are more successful.

A false notion of independence causes many young people to feel that the church would hamper their freedom; that the religion of Christ would make them slaves to burdensome rules and restraints.

This idea, suggested to their minds by messages from the Red Telephone, is very prevalent among young folks who have not been fortunate in their home training and associations; and is not unknown even among those reared in Christian homes. To these, the

shadow-fiends present their most brilliant devices, traps laid in connection with school companions, and here they are most ingenious. One of these traps already mentioned is the habit of indiscriminate theatre-going.

Few things are more blunting to the moral sense. Not that the drama is to be condemned merely because it *is* drama; there are exceptional plays which do one good to see, exactly as there are works of fiction as invigorating to the higher nature as any sermon. But the stage is, as a rule, given up to the portrayal of the worst and weakest side of human nature, and it makes unworthiness attractive. This leads to wholly false and unfortunate views of life; it cannot do otherwise.

When the Red Telephone transmits the taunt, as it often does, that Christians who object to the theatre are narrow and "puritanic" in their ideas, there is an answer from the stage itself, perhaps more effectual than it could be coming from any other source. Israel Zangwill, a noted play-writer, familiar with the modern theatre in all its phases, says in the *Cosmopolitan*:

"Vulgarity does not reside in verbalisms, but in the whole texture of a song or a scene; and so till the public itself shudders over a low idea as a classical scholar over a false quantity no censorship on earth will refine the stage.

"Not that the vaudeville house is at all inferior to the best theatres; a vain of appalling vulgarity runs through most of our musical plays and farcical comedies, which, in the language of George Eliot, must be steadily debasing the moral currency. I do not now refer even to that element of vulgarity which is all a censor looks out for. Sex is not the whole life, nor the whole of vulgarity.

"But the cynical ideas which are accepted as the current coin of comedy, the low ideals which are supposed to animate everybody, the sordid acceptance of pecuniary standards, the universal mendacity ascribed to mankind in a fix, the mutual deception of spouses —this pervasive wink, this sniggering acquiescence in a human nature infinitely below the best standards of our race—all this, presented steadily year in, year out, in a thousand theatres, must be

perpetually corroding and undermining all the ideals for which the churches are fighting. Little wonder the Puritan reads Defoe's distich as,

"'Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
The devil always builds a theatre there.'

"It is indeed somewhat perplexing to consider that both churches and theatres cater to the very same population, and that by some extraordinary transmogrification the person who aspires to all that is noble and true so long as he is sitting in a pew becomes a contented smirker over the sins and weakness of humanity the moment he is placed in a stall.

"But the Puritan may at least be congratulated on his consistency; his narrowness is less noxious than Mr. Worldlyman's broadness."

From this it appears that the intelligent among the very class who spend their lives in closest relation to the stage, understand well that its work as a whole is lowering instead of helpful to the community. They understand it better than the theatre-going church-members who let themselves be deceived or flattered by the Red Telephone compliments on their "broadness."

Another subject on which it is safe for church-members to be "puritanic" is that of card-playing. We have seen that in the excitement of the game many "burn the candle at both ends," thus injuring themselves, but there is another aspect to the problem. What is the effect on others?

A card-playing Christian may be a model of self-control; may resist absolutely the temptation to late hours and excitement, and keep his playing within the bounds of reason. It will be an extremely difficult feat, so difficult as to make the attempt a task instead of a means of relaxation; it will make the player appear unsocial, and be the means of breaking up many a party just as the interest is keenest; but it *might*, thus laboriously, be done.

The trouble is that this method of procedure would be so unusual, so almost unheard-of, that very few would have the courage to attempt it.

Consequently to play cards at all is to be ranked with those who allow such feverish, exciting worldly amusements to dominate their lives. A Christian who is given to card-playing is not regarded by the world at large as being more than half in earnest in his religious professions. This may be unjust, but it is true. And the church whose members are known to be fond of this amusement loses the influence that it might otherwise have with the general community. It does not stand as high even in the estimation of thoroughly worldly people, as that church whose members do not play cards. This also may seem unjust, but is true. A student of the subject, in writing for a daily paper commented on the fact that if a church once yields to a popular craze for card parties it loses its standing with the masses and cannot easily regain its hold on the souls of men; that it is weakened and hampered in its spiritual work by such a recognized concession to the ways of the world.

Now, in all that I have said you will observe that I make no attack on card playing as morally wrong in and of itself; I merely state its effects on the individual, the church and the community. It does not seem, all things considered, that an amusement so manifestly unfortunate in its effects would prove worth adopting, after the test of a thoughtful examination, by those who care more to be right than to gratify a personal fancy.

Many are the arguments heard from the Red Telephone to justify card playing. That of itself is enough to arouse suspicion that it is a good thing to avoid.

The shadow creatures will tell you that it is "a harmless way of passing time," a "good way to get acquainted," "so thoroughly social," a "fine rest for the mind after a hard day's work," and to crown all, that "Mr. B. and Mr. S., both church members, approve and join in it."

No way of passing time is harmless that literally "*kills* time." Is not that just what card playing does? What harm, pray, has Time ever done you, that you should feel so murderously inclined? Better make Time your friend than kill him. You may need him before you are much older!

A "good way to get acquainted?" What a stupid idea! You can no more get an insight into a neighbor's real tastes and interests through a game of cards than you could by studying the multiplication table with him. It is a distinctly *un*social employment. Ten minutes of pleasant, straightforward conversation would divulge what you had in common ten times more effectually than would two hours of whist, euchre or "bridge."

A "rest for the mind?" If rest means *inactivity*, I am afraid the card player who thus rests his brains during the game would hardly be in demand as a partner. Who wants to be a failure, even at a game?

If, on the other hand, "rest" means in this case merely a refreshing change of occupation, there are few things more thoroughly monotonous than cards. You can get more variety out of any one of a hundred better diversions. Reading or music, for instance, if you are a farmer; or tennis, croquet, or gardening, if you are a clerk. The recreation is best chosen from among those widely different from the daily work.

Another matter in which our Red Telephone adviser is anxious that people shall not be "too particular" is the method of spending the Sabbath.

The popular Sunday excursions, Sunday ball games, Sunday theatre going and all the varied rush for diversion to be observed in our great cities proves how far the American people have departed from the Puritan ideal. Would it not be better if we were as a nation to adopt *more* "puritanic notions" on this subject, instead of less?

"The Sabbath belongs to man," but *man belongs to God.* Christ taught this in every act of His life, as well as in words.

Therefore in keeping the Sabbath as peculiarly God's day, we do not hamper and restrain ourselves; if we look at the matter rightly we are more free on that day than on any other. Free to drink of the water of life, that we may have "life more abundant;" free to worship the Source of all good, and realize our privilege in having access to the Source; free to express our joy and praise and love to God, and free to learn of Him the secrets of a still deeper joy which is to be ours in the days to come.

"She had conquered them."

—Page 131.

"MAKE TIME YOUR FRIEND."

—Page 139.

If we have thus come into our freedom, we can worship God with equal delight in church or in the open air. But worship we must, or the day's golden opportunity is lost. Better by far the "puritanic notions" on Sabbath keeping than the wild rush for a supposed freedom that has in it a fatal lack. The "freedom" offered by the Red Telephone is like the "breadth of mind" urged by the same source. It fails to satisfy, because it is not free enough nor broad enough to include the Source of all life and joy.

A glimpse of the dance halls and beer gardens in our great cities would convince anyone that there are plenty of listeners to the Red Telephone's protest against "puritanic notions." At first sight the people who throng these resorts would appear jovial and care-free, but a second look would bring a very different impression. Many a laugh rings out that is more like the shriek of insanity than the ripple of pure pleasure. Many a bright eye is flashing with the wild light of a frenzy which borders on despair. Many a rosy cheek is flushed with the poison of alcohol, or with the hectic glow of consumption brought on by dissipation; or else the tint is borrowed from the rouge-pot, to conceal the sickly pallor which is beneath.

Such, dear reader, is the "freedom" that comes from abandoning all the "puritanic notions" of our God-fearing ancestors. Is the change an improvement? Your own soul gives the answer.

Better never to drink any beverage stronger than "Adam's ale," fresh from the spring or well; better never to dance even the staidest of "square dances;" better never to touch a playing card or novel; better never to walk even in a neighboring grove on Sunday; better never to attend any entertainment that could not be given in a church building; all these seemingly extreme restrictions added together would not hamper the real life one-tenth as much as the shadow fiends would do, could they have their way! The very voice that urges the unsuspecting to shake off the "chains" of "puritanic notions" and be less "particular," will lure them into a trap from which they can only emerge bruised and scarred and dragging after them at every painful step the heavy iron chains of sin. Which is the real bondage?

No one has greater cause to value the habit of following conscience even at a seeming sacrifice, than young women in their relations with their men friends.

A carefully bred girl, the darling of her parents, went away from the village home to pursue her art studies in a large town. She had a room-mate, also a student. She had, furthermore, a friend, a bright, sensible young fellow who had known her from childhood. He often spent an evening with her and her girl "chum." Together, the three had many innocent, merry times, and the simple little feasts and chats were growing more and more pleasant, when they were interrupted. The other girl was called away by pressing home needs, and was obliged to be absent for some time.

This broke up the gay evenings; for the young lady of whom I am telling you was too well bred not to know that she must not receive her friend in her room alone, even though he did seem "almost like a brother."

He argued the matter, at first jestingly, then almost angrily, accusing her of "ridiculous, puritanic notions." Sorely was she tempted to yield, but her better self triumphed—and so did his. He respected and admired her all the more for her firm sense of womanly propriety —as all true men do in every such case. When the room-mate came back, as she did sooner than was expected, they had a little celebration that you and I, dear reader, would have delighted to witness. But before the evening ended the fun changed to a sweet earnest as the friend, now become the most ardent of lovers, found a moment to plead his cause and to whisper, "I should never have found out that I wanted you for my wife, dear, if it had not been for your 'puritanic notions.' Somehow, a fellow can be capital friends with a girl who is not particular about little things; but in choosing a *wife* he wants the Puritan, every time!"

That is human nature, strange as it may seem. There is something in the healthy soul that responds to the "puritanic notions," more than to the Bohemian carelessness and supposed freedom. God has planned it so; and His plan leads to right thinking and right living, which is the truest freedom and the greatest joy.

WIRE XVI.

THE WRONG SHINE.

DID YOU ever watch the headlight of an electric car from the time when it first appeared as a tiny, bright gleam in the distance to the moment when it condescended to stop at your crossing with a luminous, dazzling glow? Did you ever do this and then find, to your chagrin and annoyance, that it was the wrong car?

Something like the same feeling of disappointment, only intensified, comes over you when watching the career of a clever acquaintance with the greatest interest, only to find that his brilliance has the wrong shine—that he is not going your way, but is traveling, instead, straight towards the Under-World.

You could enjoy his wit and cleverness to your heart's content, if you and he were both headed in the same direction for the whole length of the journey. But if not, it is a mere waste of time to cultivate the friendship farther; it would soon come to the parting of the ways.

Many and many a time is this experience met by young people in their school and college friendships; yes, and by men and women advanced in life as well.

It is always sad,—always hard to bear, even when the acquaintance is one who does little more than please the fancy, instead of deeply satisfying the heart. We do not like to have our pet "bridge of fancies" swept away. The glitter of its rainbow hues is so enticing that it is hard to realize that it is the "wrong shine."

The messenger at the Red Telephone is artful enough to make use of some very plausible arguments in this connection.

"It would be a mean act to desert a friend," he says. "*You* would not be so treacherous and cowardly, I am sure. Be loyal to your friends. What if they do some things which you have been taught to think wrong? Perhaps they are right, and you may be

over-particular. At any rate, it would be cowardly to desert them when they may be in need of someone to stand by them. Don't go back on your friends!"

The listener hesitates, yields, perhaps, to the specious reasoning, and from very fear of being thought disloyal to the old companions, does that which only helps to give them an added push in the direction of the Under-World. Is this being loyal to a friend?

The true friend will strongly oppose the course of one who is about to fling himself headlong over the brink of a precipice. How weak it would be to yield and even to be dragged over with him, only the victims of such foolishness can tell. Yet how many slip over the brink of sin's precipice without daring to turn back because to do so would be to end a so-called friendship! The experience is as sad as it is common. Like the silly moth caught by the brightness of the lamp, it is only an instance of the "wrong shine."

This weakness, unfortunate as it is in its results, is not wholly evil at the start. It is a good trait *perverted*—this matter of loyalty run wild. Let us go back to the root of it all, and try to get a new start, and one that will result in good rather than in evil.

It is not wrong to love our friends, and stand by them in their hour of need. But it is important to realize *who are* our friends. No one who would drag a man down, however insidiously, can be counted that man's true friend. It is doubly important, then, to form only helpful associations. Helpful, not so much in the sense of business or social advantage, but in the higher sense. A genuine friend should call out the best and highest in one's whole nature; should stimulate us to do our best and to strive continually to make that "best" only the stepping-stone to something better still. This the right kind of friend always does, either consciously or unconsciously, by his mere presence. The truth of this is illumined by Plato's definition of the wise man as one ever wanting to be with him who is better than himself; and when Kingsley was asked what was the secret of his strong joyous life, he replied simply, "I had a friend."

You can tell whether you have chosen your friends wisely or ill,—whether their lives have the right or the wrong "shine," by testing

yourself, as to the fruits of the friendship; for every friendship has, and must have, its fruits, good or evil, in the individual life. Countless attractions come to us from the Under-World—the lower plane of life's activities and thoughts. A man may feel a strong liking for what his own conscience tells him to be unworthy his attention. He may have drifted unconsciously into a set whose companionship can influence him only for evil. He knows his mistake, if he tests himself honestly, by observing the feebler will, the dulled conscience, the lowering of the moral and religious tone of his entire life.

Sometimes the Red Telephone adviser will defend such friendships by saying, "But, you know, even Christ received sinners, and ate with them. He had no Pharisaic exclusiveness, and neither should His followers."

The comparison, coming from such lips and with such an object, borders on blasphemy. All depends on the purpose for which sinners are received. Christ never joined in their sin; he went to lift them out of their sin, and *never for a moment* did He compromise with or endorse the evil.

"If men are honest with themselves," says Hugh Black, "they will admit that they join the company of sinners, for the relish they have for the sin. We must first obey the moral command to come out from among them and be separate, before it is possible for us to meet them like Christ. * * * If we have gone wrong here, and have admitted into the sanctuary of our lives influences that make for evil, we must break away from them at all costs. The sweeter and truer relationships of our life should arm us for the struggle, the prayers of a mother, the sorrow of true friends. This is the fear, countless times, in the hearts of the folks at home when their boy leaves them to win his way in the city, the deadly fear lest he should fall into evil habits, and into the clutches of evil men. They know that there are men whose touch, whose words, whose very look is contamination. To give them entrance into our lives is to submit ourselves to the contagion of sin.

"Friends should be chosen by a higher principle of selection than any worldly one, of pleasure, or usefulness, or by weak submission to

the evil influences of our lot. They should be chosen for character, for goodness, for truth and trustworthiness, because they have sympathy with us in our best thoughts and holiest aspirations, because they have community of mind in the things of the soul. All other connections are fleeting and imperfect from the nature of the case. A relationship based on the physical withers when the first bloom fades: a relationship founded on the intellectual is only a little more secure, as it, too, is subject to caprice. The basis of friendship must be community of soul."

Along the changeful, mountainous journey of life there are three planes, or paths, each passing at a different height, and each lighted in a different way. The first and lowest is the Path of the Physical. In early childhood and often all through youth and well into middle life the journey lies mainly along this path.

From the light shining on this part of his journey, he who travels can only see himself as a physical being, made up of a head, body, limbs and organs ranging from brain to stomach. He is unable to think of *himself* as anything higher or different from this. True, he realizes that he has some dim, vaguely understood belongings called a mind, and a soul; but he thinks of these as something not himself, but only possessed and used by him, much as he possesses a hat and a coat.

Now, this light of the physical being is the "wrong shine." You and I know that we are *not* bodies having souls; we are souls, having bodies. But the man traveling on the Path of the Physical sees nothing of this truth. We must not blame him. He is living by the best light he has yet found.

Such a man eats, drinks, sleeps and performs other physical acts in which he finds enjoyment. His work, ambitions and energy are all affairs of the muscles. He lives but little above the lower animals, for his interests are all dependent upon his five senses. Comparatively easy is the life he leads, for pain to the body is the only pain he knows; and to be deprived of any means of physical pleasure is the only kind of loss that he dreads. After awhile this path turns sharply upward and merges into another and wider one. Here shines

a different light, with a far more brilliant glow; for this is the Path of the Intellectual.

He who treads in this path finds it full of roses—and thorns. Ambitions stir within him such as he never knew before. His troubles have begun, never to end until this path in its turn is left for the highest of all,—the Path of the Spiritual.

To one traveling the Path of the Intellectual, or the Mental Plane, the Mind is all. He is conscious of its wonderful workings, but of nothing higher. He knows, now, that his body is merely a tool, an adjunct to his real self; but he thinks of that self as mind. Perhaps he believes he is immortal, but if so, it is apt to be rather a vague hope than a living knowledge. Still more likely is it that he thinks death will end all, his idea being that all life dies with the brain.

Until the traveler learns that even *this* light has the "wrong shine," he will now have a wearisome journey. Dissatisfied with the life of a mere animal, he feels new longings stirring within him. Tolstoi well describes this stage of human development as follows:

"As soon as the mental part of a person takes control, new worlds are opened, and desires are multiplied a thousand fold. They become as numerous as the radii of a circle; and the mind, with care and anxiety, sets itself first to cultivate and then gratify these desires, thinking that happiness is to be had in that way."

The glitter of wealth, which to the man on the physical plane had meant only the means of gratifying his animal instincts, now takes on a still more enchanting glow. To the traveler on the mental plane it offers the means of culture, of learning, of deep and all-absorbing research, of marvelous invention, discovery and achievement. But it is still the "wrong shine." To one thing after another he turns, directing reason to guide him, and the slowly awakening soul is forever struggling to find its own place, and take dominion. This the intellect fails to recognize; and failing in this, it fails in all. Bitter disappointment is the result, for intellect is limited when it tries to work alone.

Suddenly this path, also, takes an upward turn, and leads into another, narrow and difficult in places, but leading to the Promised

Land of Peace. This path seems traveled by few, while the other two paths are thronged, and yet by this one alone can the goal be reached. In this, the Path of the Spiritual, there is true progress and true joy. If one even stumbles into it by mistake, he finds that it was a blessed mistake and one which he wishes he had made before. The light here is a steady, celestial radiance which has no delusiveness, none of the "wrong shine" about it; for it comes from Christ Himself, that "Light which lighteth every man who cometh into the world."

Let me tell you a few of the things one hears while traveling these three paths; for you may be sure that in the first two, the Red Telephone is kept busy day and night.

In the path of the physical, a young girl is traveling. Gifted with a fair face, and graceful as a fawn, she is listening intently to the message over the wire:

"You ought to go on the stage. It is a gay life; all fun and admiration and pretty dresses. You will have jewels and many beautiful things; for such a face as yours should have a wardrobe to match. You can earn a great deal of money, too. Come, try it and see how you like it. The life of an actress is an easy one; you have only to study your part, and all the rest of the work is like play. Much better than wasting your time on the farm, or going to school any more, isn't it, now?"

If she tries it, she finds the life of an actress has a most unexpected amount of hard work in it; and there is a sad side to it underneath the false glitter. Listen to what one says who has tried—an experienced actress!

"No, I would never advise any girl to go on the stage; it is all very bright and gay at first, but it soon wears off; and it is a very hard life, especially if you travel in comic opera as I do and have 'one-night stands.' The hours are long and late; the food is not always nourishing; and the risks and temptations are very great. No," said she, with emphasis, "I would never advise a girl to adopt the stage as a profession. She is sure to tire of it, but can do nothing else, and so must keep on."

Even Madame Modjeska, known to have made one of the most brilliant successes in the profession, says of stage life:

"It is an unreality, filled with glittering hopes that never materialize; hard work that seems unproductive, no matter how great the labor expended; unappreciated efforts that cause many a broken heart; and in the end, at best, the winning of a few hours, days, or years of fame that, when won, are as tasteless as the apples of the Dead Sea."

Thus we see the experience is much the same even when the path of the physical merges into that of the intellectual. It would be a help, indeed, if the glamour surrounding theatrical life could be dispelled by one good, long look behind the scenes. No young person with ordinary sense would ever be tempted to try such a life if the facts were once known. And right here let me add that no romantic miss of sweet (and short-sighted) sixteen, or even several years older, need waste a moment imagining herself in love with an unknown actor, even if he *does* possess "the loveliest mustache and the most melting eyes!"

If any young friend of yours is troubled with such an attack, a very few sensible questions will suffice to cure it, and convince her that in all probability the dashing object of her admiration is a married man with seven small children, and that his life off the stage, and that of his unfortunate wife, chiefly consist of the most prosaic, every day affairs, including the wearing of atrociously shabby clothes and the attempt to evade paying bills on the one hand and being annoyed with too many hungry mouths on the other.

Social ambition is one of the many troubles afflicting those who are perhaps just emerging from the physical to the intellectual plane. Here again we have the "wrong shine,"—the desire to outshine one's neighbors.

"*You* can entertain as well as Mrs. Bland," says the voice from the Red Telephone. "Show her that you can be even more popular. Do as the rest do. Get 'into the swim;' go more into fashionable society. Invite guests and bend all your energies to making a greater display than any of your neighbors. Never mind conscience; that

has no place here. You must stifle that, if you wish to succeed in society. Now that you have the means, be sure to entertain often and lavishly. Above all, be careful whom you invite. You must be very exclusive; it will help your social standing."

So the listener joins an exclusive club, gives exclusive dinners and exclusive parties of various kinds, and ends in finally excluding *herself* from all the pure joys of a radiant Christian life. She is listening to the wrong advice; is following the "wrong shine."

The enthusiastic but irreligious student, inventor, author, artist, or college professor, is storing up for himself as bitter a disappointment as life can hold. And the keener his intellectual powers, the sharper will be the suffering when the disappointment comes.

Only in the Path of the Spiritual can the eyes be opened to life's real meaning and lasting satisfaction. Here the voice of the Red Telephone loses its charm. It is still heard at times, but with a growing indistinctness, as the traveler learns, instead, to listen to the songs of joy from the lips of those farther on. Here the false lights flicker and go out, as the pure air from heaven reaches them.

No longer is there a feverish, selfish desire to exclude or to excel one's neighbor; no longer a feeling of separateness from God or from any of the blessings that He bestows. "*No* good gift will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."

Thus no longer caring to outshine, but shining *upon* others, radiating that wonderful electric light of the soul, the traveler goes on, and on, growing each day a little wiser, a little more peaceful, a little more joyous. He is learning of Christ, his Savior and Example. And this light "shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

WIRE XVII.

"PROVE IT."

SOME persons there are, who will ask you to prove the existence of a God. They go about with a cynical smile and a question echoing from the Red Telephone, always on their lips; a question which they think unanswerable:

"How do you know the Bible is true? How can you *prove* that there is a God?"

Or it may be that they ask the question not as a challenge, but honestly; with no desire to sneer at things sacred, but because there is a "blind spot" somewhere in their spiritual vision. With such there is less rubbish to overcome, in the way of mental conceit and folly. The "honest doubter" is nearer the kingdom of Truth than the sneering doubter.

Both have reached the second of life's paths; they are living on the mental plane, or they would not be troubled with doubts at all. Perhaps the very question—the very doubt—may be in some cases a sign that the doubter is approaching the opening of the third path, the one illumined with the light of the Divine Spirit. As he nears this point in his journey's progress there is certain to be an unusual activity of the Red Telephone, and woe to the listener if he heeds the shadow messages and turns back!

You long to help one so beset, yet you feel half provoked and wholly perplexed as you see how foolishly he lets the flimsy arguments delay his progress. But have patience! His very questions may be the working out of a growing desire for truth. As such, they should be welcomed and answered. Treat them as honest and sincere, whether they are or not; for who knows how soon the light may dawn?

To help the doubter, then, let us first examine his mental position.

A man was once an honored guest in the palace of a king. He was kindly greeted by his royal host, and the first day of his visit he was shown into the wide-reaching pleasure grounds surrounding the place. Here grew the choicest flowers—every blossom a specimen of the gardener's skill in blending colors and improving the natural beauty by cultivation. The birds, also, were of rare and beautiful plumage, and the ripples of melody that poured forth from the tiny throat of each feathered songster were the expressions of pure joy in language of song. On the trees grew delicious fruits, of which the guest was allowed to partake freely. Members of the royal household were amusing themselves with various games and sports, to which the guest was made heartily welcome, and in which he joined as he felt inclined. Sunshine made everything golden, but there was also a tinge of rosy dawn, of freshness, of beauty over the whole scene, such as lingers always about our recollections of childhood.

Passing from the garden up a flight of marble steps, each step labeled with an inscription whose mysterious wording served to arouse the interest of many an eager student, this guest entered the great vestibule to the palace itself. Statues of historic heroes, crowned with laurels, were placed about, and rich hangings of tapestry half concealed, half revealed, the doorways into many beautiful rooms. It was a moment of delight—that pause in the vestibule—but as the inner rooms of the palace were visited, the treasures there displayed were more absorbing still.

The royal library was full of books—wonderful books, too, selected with care from the choicest literary productions of the empire and of other lands. The royal picture gallery was hung with masterpieces from the brush of celebrated artists, ancient and modern; portraits so lifelike that they seemed about to speak, landscapes in which the very trees seemed to rustle in the breeze.

After enjoying all these treasures to his heart's content, feasting at a sumptuous banquet in the king's dining hall, and being entertained by a concert of great musicians in the king's assembly room, the time came for this fortunate guest to receive the greatest honor of all—an hour of conversation with the king himself in his private reception room.

Would you believe it?—this guest, when invited with gracious, gentle hospitality to enjoy this greatest of all pleasures, dragged himself reluctantly into the king's presence, shut his eyes, proceeded to turn his back on the king, and remarked, with emphasis:

"I don't believe there is any king at all!"

This, dear reader, is the mental attitude of the one who is a guest in God's palace—the wonderful palace Life—from childhood through youth and into manhood, a constant recipient of the riches of the Divine storehouse—and then says, in the very presence of the King of Kings, "I don't believe there is a God. Prove it to me!"

Prove it? Why, man alive,—if you *are* more than half alive, which really seems doubtful,—open your eyes, turn around, face the smiling Presence instead of ungraciously turning your back—and you will have proved it yourself!

God invites the test. It is not only in any one little, narrow phase of life's problem that He says to the questioning soul, "Prove me now, herewith." He invites the test each time the doubt appears. Could there be a host more patiently courteous, more wonderfully forbearing with those who doubt His very existence?

And what is the test? *Obedience.* Doing the will of the Sovereign whose desire is ever to bless.

If you were to offer me a plate of delicious fruit, saying, "Reach out your hand. Take this; taste it, and if you find it good, come to me for more," what would you think of me if I replied, "But how do I *know* that it is good? How can you *prove* to me that it is good, or, indeed, that it exists at all?"

Who is, after all, the one to do the proving? Is it not the very one who has the doubt? Common sense, even aside from religion, will answer yes. The one who already knows has no need to trouble himself or others with questions. He obeys *because* he knows. Let the one who does not know try the experiment of obeying *in order* that he may know.

The plan has been tried, and it works. Never yet has it failed. Even when the shadow-message was most urgent, there came a flash of light to the doubting soul, and a voice *not* from the Red Telephone,

but much nearer, seemed to whisper, "Act as if I were, and you shall find that I AM!"

Yes, that is the way out of darkness into light. Act as if God were, and you shall find that He is.

In what ways is it possible thus to prove God's reality?

First, in one's greatest need, whatever that may be. The very need itself is a call to the soul to come up higher; it is the invitation of the King, that the one thus troubled shall become a guest at the Palace of Life. Right royally are the King's guests entertained!

'God is a refuge and strength; a very present help in time of trouble."

Therefore, if the Red Telephone is ringing with doubts of God's goodness or of His very existence, and you feel inclined to listen to that message, take the shadow-creature at his word when he asks you to *prove* that there is a God who cares for you.

The problem of human suffering is so great that no merely human being could ever solve it. There was but one solution, and it was made by One who was sent to reveal the nature of God and save humanity from its sins.

From that One we learn that God is Love; that He created nothing but good; and it is in our power to prove this true, every day of our lives.

Let us begin with proving it in history. Men in the olden times worshipped gods to whom they attributed many cruel and wicked traits; qualities that the civilized world to-day would regard as revolting and more natural to a savage beast than to a man, much less a deity. Believing in such gods, those who worshipped them were themselves cruel and beastly. Slowly down through the ages came the growing power of a better thought; a glimpse of the truth that there was but one God, and the faint hope that He might be partly good. As this thought grew, men became less wildly brutal; they began to show some signs of a dawning affection, first for their own kin, then for their tribe or nation. Others they hated. This was but natural, for to them had come the belief that God was a God of love to some and hatred to others. He was almighty, but not yet did they see that He was All Good, as well.

Tracing the development of religious belief in all lands, we can easily see its close connection, its invariably strong effect, on the lives and characters of men. Nations were, in general, as good as they believed their God to be, and in many cases this would seem to us bad enough, indeed. Even to this day there are lands where the people think that God created women without souls; and we are not surprised to find that in those lands women are treated much like beasts of burden.

Thus the rule holds in all nations and throughout all history, that men show forth in themselves exactly the characteristics that they think are possessed by the God they worship. Even in our own day and land, where every pulpit rings with the truth that God is as good as He is great, we have not outgrown a slight remnant of the old heathen philosophy. Many yet believe *in their hearts,* whatever they say with their lips, that God is at times merciful and at other times cruel and revengeful! that He loves some of His creatures and hates others!

But it is not so. God not only possesses Love; He *is* Love, and to Him hatred is impossible. He "maketh the sun to shine upon the good and the evil, and causeth rain to fall upon the just and the unjust."

"But why does God permit injustice among men?" the questioner goes on to ask. Since the character of man is so dependent upon his idea of God, can we not find in this the true explanation of why wrong and suffering, yes, and much seeming injustice, are permitted?

God did not create the wrong; nor does He approve it. If we examine the facts we shall find two that cannot be denied; first, that every seeming evil has its root in man's own false idea about God; second, that there is not in the whole list of history's horrors a single wrong or injustice that cannot be shown to work good and *only* good, if man could but trace its course to the very end. Evil is *not* sent by God; it is man-made, but it is also God-conquered. "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world."

Let us, again, prove our position by the light of history. Greece, the flower of the world's art, culture and civilization, was conquered

ignominiously by Rome, a fierce, arrogant, semi-barbarous nation without refinement or religion worthy the name. Does this seem unjust? Does it seem as if God had forgotten, or lost control, or that He did not care for the triumph of things good and beautiful?

Ah, but He did care. Think what came of it. The Greek slaves carried into their masters' families the high ideals, refined taste and superior culture unknown among the Romans before. Like leaven, the knowledge spread, and as Rome ruled the world, so the new ideals came to prevail, not only in Rome, but in all the nations of the earth. Greece, the conquered and enslaved, was thus entrusted with a priceless honor—that of introducing to the world ideals of beauty that have ever been the inspiration and enlightenment of artists, poets and the world's choicest spirits; even twentieth century America owning the influence of these ideals. The Greek slaves, then, were the world's real masters. Truly, "God hath chosen the weak things of the earth to confound the mighty!"

Could we but look from the same point of view, seeing the grand purpose fulfilled, every war, every seeming calamity, would assume a wonderful new perspective. We should see that God is never unjust, nor does He even permit injustice. What looks like it is but a fragment of His unfinished work, the result of which is to be grandly, gloriously just.

This is as true in each individual life as in the life of nations. One man is kept toiling in a factory, in poverty and obscurity, despised by his seeming superiors, year after year, that out of this downtrodden mire may spring either some wonderful flower of inventive genius or a character grown strong and marvelously sympathetic and self-poised, fit to direct and control others and command great enterprises.

Another man may be tied down to a lonely life on a farm, that God may speak to him through the wonderful secrets of nature and give him rich truths overlooked by those in the hurrying throng—truths by which he may lift himself and others to a life of usefulness in his later years undreamed of in the wildest aspirations of his youth.

In what looks like the direst mishap or the sorest affliction is

"Along the mountainous journey of life there are three paths—physical, mental and spiritual."

—Page 148.

"Perhaps the doubter is approaching the third path."

—Page 153.

always this same loving, gracious, wise purpose working out good to the individual life; and the sooner this fact is recognized, the sooner comes the proof of its unfailing truth. The few instances I have given are only to show what each can reason out and apply for himself.

What could possibly be more disheartening to a woman than to have her husband die suddenly, leaving her with little in the world but her hands, her brain, and several small children to support?

Yet from precisely this combination of circumstances resulted the wonderful success of Mrs. McCreagh, the landscape architect who has brightened the dreary spots not only in her own life but for thousands of other lives, by using a talent wholly unsuspected until bereavement and necessity called it forth. I have seen this remarkable woman and from her conversation it was easy to realize that God's work in her life had been to plant joy and love in large measure. Her pure delight in her work is the outgrowth of what certainly looked like a cruel and heartless fate, ruling with blind recklessness the life so robbed of all that would seem needful to its happiness.

Can we not, therefore, apply the same test to every emergency, by saying resolutely to the shadow-messenger, "Yes; I *will* prove that there is a God. Watch my life from now on, for I am going to prove it!" Then let every seeming misfortune or embittering trial be regarded by us as *an opportunity*. "This is God's way of bringing some new and beautiful blessing into my life. *It is good,* whether it looks like evil or not. I will *prove* it!"

There will be no failure, for the one who thus puts God to the test.

Each brave heart who does this will be able to sing in all sincerity, with the little Italian maiden,

"The year's at the spring
  And day's at the morn—
Morning's at seven,
  The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
  The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His heaven,
  All's right with the world!"

WIRE XVIII.

A COUNTRY GIRL IN THE CITY.

ONE OF the delights of the shadow-creatures is to put false ideas into the heads of young people just leaving a quiet country home to try their fortune alone in the great city. A typical case is described by a clever young woman who put herself in the place of a musical student coming to the city of Chicago to board at the Young Women's Christian Association.

Without endorsing all the criticism of that institution which is to be found in the newspapers, nor necessarily agreeing with all that is implied in the girl's statement regarding her reception and treatment, I think the experience will yet serve to illustrate the truth that the young person who comes to the city, among strangers, expecting to find the same kind of warm personal interest and watchful care that were the rule at home, is going to be sadly disappointed. To save many from such disappointments and put them on their guard, I have decided to insert somewhat in detail Evelyn Campbell's investigation, and then let my readers judge for themselves as to the kind of preparation most needful for the change from country to city life.

My Three Days and Nights in the Y. W. C. A.

BY EVELYN CAMPBELL.

"Is the Chicago Y. W. C. A. the best place for me to send my daughter?"

"Are the stories true which we have heard about the Y. W. C. A.?"

"Is the Y. W. C. A. a safe institution in which to place a young girl?"

These and dozens of other similar queries have come to me daily from anxious mothers ever since the day, a few weeks ago, when one young woman resident of the association caused the arrest of another for the alleged stealing of a diamond ring.

Again, when allegations were freely made in open court, that some of the girls living at the association entertained barkeepers and other young men of similar standing undisciplined and unsupervised by the women in charge of the association.

Here is a sample of these appeals addressed to me by these anxious mothers:

"Dear Miss Campbell:—

"I am heartsick.

"My youngest daughter, Bessie, is studying art in Chicago and is living at the Y. W. C. A Building, 288 Michigan avenue.

"I have always thought it the only safe place in Chicago, but since I have read this clipping I am worried. Won't you write me the truth about the matter?"

Extracts from the clipping (a part of the issue of the Chicago Tribune for December 12, 1904) follow:

The statement brought out at the trial of Miss E——, who was acquitted of stealing a ring, that Miss Nellie H——, the complainant, numbered a bartender among her acquaintances, did more than anything else to arouse the managers of the institution.

There are, it is said, thirteen rules for residents of the home. Not one of them refers to the company the young women must keep or their deportment.

It is said that young women have remained away from the institution for days at a time without making any report to the superintendent.

A young woman, speaking of the rules, said:

"The truth is this is nothing more than a big hotel or girl's club, where the residents do pretty much as they please.

"There is too much lack of system in the outer office. Half the time a man is not even asked for his card. It is obvious that all kinds of girls must get in here."

These were the things which made the mother's heart flutter with fear.

"I thought my darling was safe," she said in concluding her letter, "and here I find she is among questionable people. *Will you not tell me the truth?* Yours in suspense,
Anna M. W——."

Another mother writes even more urgently:

"Dear Miss Campbell, ... I have two girls in that institution and I must know about this without delay. Will you find out whether these charges are true or not? I am a distracted mother,
Mary R. S——."

Thus the mothers have worried, mother-like, and they have tried to find out as best they could just what foundation for the rumors there was.

For to thousands of Christian homes in the smaller cities and towns throughout the Middle West the one haven of safety for girls in Chicago is the Young Women's Christian Association Building.

When Daughter starts to the great wicked city of Chicago to earn her living or find her career or study music or art Mother sends her straight to the Young Women's Christian Association Building, with strict orders to Daughter to remain quietly under its sheltering roof and to choose as associates only the girls whose high home references have admitted them within its carefully guarded walls.

In Mother's mind's eye she has a picture of Daughter's being received at the door by a motherly Christian woman, who receives her references and her suit case, takes her up the elevator and into her heart and tucks her up in bed with a whispered benediction.

To Mother's mind the Young Women's Christian Association spells piety, peace and precision. She looks at the catalogue, with its array of Christian churches affiliated with the work, she scans the names of the officers, finding among them the leading women of the church set in the city, and she rests satisfied.

Or she did until she was startled by the rumors concerning the institution. She would almost as soon give credence to a report

adverse to the sobriety of her pastor, but she is worried, nevertheless, for either Daughter is in the association already, or she is planning to send her there.

It was to relieve the anxiety of these heartsick mothers that I formed the plan of finding out for myself just how matters stood in the much advertised institution.

I will be Daughter, coming from a country home for the first time to Chicago, I said to myself. I will go straight to the Y. W. C. A. I will live there for a few days and I will set forth what I find there without fear or favor.

So it was for three days, from December 28 to 31, that I, Evelyn Campbell, lived at the Young Woman's Christian Association home at 288 Michigan avenue.

I slept there for three nights, I ate at the Association tables for seven meals, I became acquainted with some of the girls and, I believe, most of the conditions surrounding the life of the residents.

Needless to say I did not go as Evelyn Campbell. Had the officers and residents of the home known that a representative of a newspaper was among them the whole purpose of my investigation would have been set at naught.

So it was as Miss N—— D——, that, suit case in hand, I walked up to the portals of 288 Michigan avenue, at 7 o'clock Wednesday evening, December 28.

I wanted to get a just and exact estimate of conditions at the home. Therefore I tried hard to look at everything from the viewpoint of a young country girl, fresh from Mother's arms.

So the story of those three days is written as if from the homesick pen of poor little N—— D——. Here it is:

Story of "Country Girl's" Reception at the Y. W. C. A.

11 o'clock, Wednesday evening, Dec. 28, 1904: Room 2, Third Floor, Y. W. C. A. Building.

Well, here I am at last, and blessing my dear wise mother for the promise she exacted of me to set down every night my experiences of the day. How did she know, I wonder, that if I had not promised

her this I should be lying upon this bed sobbing my heart out with homesickness? But mothers always know things, don't they?

I am not quite sure that I shall like the Y. W. C. A. I know that's heresy, according to mother, and Aunt Elizabeth, and the minister's wife, and my Sunday school teacher, and all the other dear good women I know, but I cannot help it.

I had an idea it was a great big home, where homesick girls coming to the city could have a taste of the home life they had left, and it's nothing but a great big hotel with a few rules tacked on extra. I do not believe anybody here would ever care or know whether you lived or died or what on earth you did, so you paid your board regularly.

I reached here to-night at 7 o'clock. There was a lump in my throat all the way from the depot, and when I stepped inside the door it got bigger.

It is so big, that hall, so big, and so cheerless, somehow. I think cheerless is too strong a word there, but it is certainly not homelike.

I saw no one in the entrance hall and went straight down it to a little window with the word "Office" painted over it. A curt little clerk looked up from her writing as I reached the window.

"I should like a room," I said, in as traveled a way as I could; I had rehearsed it to myself all the way down the hall.

She reached behind her, took up a book, and shoved it through the grating at me.

"Please register," she said, laconically. So I wrote out my name and address, "N—— D——, Saugatuck, Michigan."

The clerk took the book, looked at it, and said, still curtly, although I do not believe she meant to be sharp:

"Are you going to become a permanent boarder?"

"I don't know," I said, grasping my suit case with one hand and covertly feeling for a handkerchief with the other.

"I'm a stranger in town," I went on timidly, "but I'd like to know a little bit about the place to see whether I like it."

"That's all right," she said, and handed me an admittance blank. Here it is:

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

288 Michigan Avenue,

Chicago, Ill.

ADMITTANCE BLANK.

Date.....

Name:

Miss.....

Mrs.....

Home address .....

Age, under 20..... Between 20 and 30.....

Over 35.....

If student, give name and address of institution or teacher.

.....

.....

If employed, give name and address of employer.

.....

.....

Have you any one dependent upon you for support?

.....

Does your salary exceed ten dollars per week?

Remarks .....

.....

Do you expect to be out of the house often after 10 p. m.? .....

If so, for what purpose? .....

If married, and not a widow, give your husband's full name and address.

.....

References .....

With what church do you affiliate? ....

All permanent boarders must become associate members of the association by the payment of one dollar annually. This enti-

tles them to the privileges of the library; to reduced rates in the gymnasium, and in all other classes.

MRS. E. L. DAVIDSON, Supt.

I filled it in rapidly. When I came to the question about salary I said:

"But I haven't a salary, I have only an income."

She smiled a little; I think she was laughing at me inside, and asked:

"What do you do?"

"I am studying vocal music," I replied.

"With whom?"

I gave the name of the teacher to whom I had been recommended.

Then I came to this question:

"Do you expect to be out of the house often after 10 p. m.; if so, for what purpose?"

This surprised me. I didn't know any nice girls stayed out later than 10. They don't in Saugatuck, unless there's a church entertainment.

"Do you allow people to be out after 10?" I asked.

"Oh, yes," was the cheerful reply. "The girls are almost always out after 10 o'clock. Fill out whether you expect to be or not."

"I *never* expect to be out in Chicago after that hour," I said, and then I looked at the question about references.

"Would you accept Chicago references?" I asked. "I have a married brother living here who is well known in the city, I think."

"We prefer home references if you are going to become an inmate of the home," she said.

I gave her the names of several people in Saugatuck, and then I asked her not to look up these references or write to them until I decided whether to become a permanent boarder.

My reason for this was not to bother the people out there more than was necessary, but no sooner had the words left my lips than I realized that I had laid myself open to the suspicion of not wanting my references looked up.

But no objection was made to this. "Oh, that's all right," was the answer of the clerk.

I am beginning to believe that the people here are not at all careful about references. A girl I met to-night, whom I told about this incident, said:

"Your references will never be looked up. Mine never were and I have been here nearly a year, and I have yet to find a girl whose references have ever been investigated."

When I had finished the admittance blank, I asked about terms.

I found that they ranged from $4.50 a week to $7.50 a week. Any absence less than four days not deducted, and the list of extras was formidable.

"If you don't know whether you will become a permanent boarder I shall have to charge you $1.50 a day," said the clerk.

"Isn't that a little bit high for a working girl?" I ventured.

"Until you become a permanent boarder these are the rates," the clerk said.

Involuntarily I thought of the motto inscribed upon a stone in the side of the building, "I was a stranger and ye took me in." I began to believe it was most fitting, especially the last clause of it, but I made no further objections.

"Very well; I'll stay." was all I said.

She took out a ticket, made it out and held it out with the words:

"One dollar, please."

"What for?"said I; "my board?"

"No," she said, "it's an associate member's ticket."

"But I may not become a member," I protested.

"You have to have this if you wish to use the library and parlors," she said, and I took the ticket.

Then a little red-headed girl who sat back in the office came forward and said: "I'll show you to your room."

She came with me to this one, room No. 2, on the third floor, and turned on the lights.

I never felt so much like crying in my life.

It was a cheerless, dusty room, with the dingiest light I ever saw,

I learned afterward that by paying extra you can have a decent drop light, but that the regular lights in most of the rooms are of this dingy variety.

No pictures were upon the walls, but many holes in the wall showed where they had been, this in spite of one of the rules, which reads: "Neither tacks nor pins may be put in the walls."

There was an oak dresser, the mirror fly-specked from last summer.

There was a single iron bed, with linen which had been used, and which was not changed until I went down to the office and protested.

There was a rocking chair, a straight chair, a rug on the floor and a washstand with a bowl and pitcher.

There was also a good sized and comfortable clothes closet.

The room was warm, but dirty, and upon opening the bureau drawers I discovered that most of them were filled with a miscellaneous collection of articles.

I found out later to-night that I was occupying the room of a girl gone away for two or three days, and from the lips of the girls I found out these things:

The association collects double rent whenever it can.

Transients are invariably put into the rooms of girls gone temporarily.

Many girls who go away for Saturday and Sunday do not report their absence at all, because they do not wish strange girls with no references put into the rooms where their cherished belongings are enshrined—and these absences are rarely noted.

When I learned this I did not wonder at the accusations of theft I had heard.

The little red-headed girl waited until I had looked over the room and deposited my suit case on the floor, and then she said:

"I think you'll like it here after a little—good-by."

"Oh, do I have to stay up here alone?" I cried in dismay, for the room seemed to me like a dreary prison.

"If you want to come down stairs you may," she said, and we went down the elevator together.

"There's the library," she said, as we left the elevator, pointing to a big room at the left, and went back to her work.

Oh! how I longed for a little welcome, a little mothering, as I stood at the entrance of that library, a stranger in a strange city. Everything seemed so big, so cheerless, so institutional, that I could hardly keep back the tears, but I winked them down and entered the library.

I am really too sleepy to write a bit more. I'll set down more of my experiences to-morrow.

PART II.

11 P. M. Thursday Evening, December 29, 1904—Room 2, Third Floor, Y. W. C. A. Building.

Where did I leave off writing yesterday? Oh, yes, I remember now, I had just been, metaphorically, tossed into the library and was feeling mighty homesick.

The library is a pleasant place enough, but stilted in everything, the arrangement of the books, the lineup of the furniture, the appearance of the stout, dignified, bespectacled woman in charge.

Perhaps a dozen girls were reading at the different tables. When I entered every eye fastened upon me. They looked me over as if I were some curiosity escaped from a museum. I hastily found a place at a table and buried my face in a book which I picked up from the table.

But those eyes followed me. It was, of course, only the penalty paid by every newcomer who ventures into a place where people who knew each other are gathered, but it was annoying, nevertheless.

I stood it as long as I could, and then I slipped over to the girl nearest me, a rather friendly looking young woman, and asked her if there was a gymnasium class in session. I have studied gymnastics a great deal at home, and I would like to take up the work here.

"I do not believe there is a class to-night," replied the girl of whom I had asked the question; but the whispered words were scarcely out of her mouth, before Nemesis bore down upon me in the shape of the stout, dignified, be-spectacled attendant.

With her finger laid majestically upon her lips she shook her head at me as a mastiff might at an unruly poodle.

"You must not whisper or talk in the library," she said.

"I beg your pardon, I did not know," I stammered, and then Nemesis scored another round.

"Where did you get that book?" she demanded, and I quailed, wondering whether she suspected me of picking up trifles like books and secreting them.

"From the table," I gasped, wondering how long it would be before the patrol wagon would arrive.

"You must *never* take books from the table or shelves without their being given to you by the attendant in charge," she said, "and you must *never* take a book to your room under any circumstances."

I thought of the dollar I had paid for an associate membership, so that I could have the privilege of the library and parlor, and my thoughts went back to the motto in the stone on the outside of the building: "I was a stranger and ye took me in."

The longer I stay here the more I am impressed with the fitness of that motto.

After Nemesis had tiptoed back to her desk, I sat very still for a moment, and then hearing the strains of a piano I arose and—with the eyes boring holes in the small of my back—I got out of the library and into the hall.

The melody coming from the piano was a familiar one, that of the old hymn, "Nearer My God to Thee." It was the first touch of hominess I had heard. I guessed that the girls were at evening chapel, to which I noticed upon the rules every girl was invited.

I followed the music, expecting to find the chapel hall crowded with the majority of the 400 girls in the institution.

When I entered the hall I found thirty-five girls scattered around a big room.

The services were short.

A tall, stately, aristocratic looking woman, whom I later learned was Mrs. Davidson, superintendent of the association, read a chapter of the scriptures and talked a few moments about it, the girls repeated

the Lord's prayer and two or three songs were sung. Short—impressive—helpful—occupying less than twenty minutes' time—and yet out of 400 girls only thirty-five were present!

"There cannot be many church members among the girls," I thought to myself.

After the services I lingered, hoping that I would receive a word of welcome from somebody. But the stately superintendent brushed by me unseeing, and the others were in too much of a hurry to notice me, so I went forlornly to the elevator.

Another piano was tinkling merrily in the distance. The strains of a waltz sounded on the air, then a two-step. The music made my feet twitch, but I was too homesick, too disheartened to attempt to find it.

Then, just as I was giving up to despair, I met my Good Fairy.

She and another girl, whom I afterward found out was her niece, came up to the elevator. She was petite and dark, my Good Fairy, with big, sorrowful eyes, black hair, careworn face and toilworn hands.

"Good evening," she said, cherrily. "You are a stranger here, are you not?"

It was the first bit of cordiality I had seen. It warmed my sore heart in a moment.

I resolved to make another attempt to enter the life of the Y. W. C. A.

"Is there a gymnasium class?" I ventured again. "I hear a piano."

"No, there is no gymnasium class to-night," she said, "but a number of girls are down in the gym. Will you come with us and watch them?"

"I would love to go to the gym," I said, "I am so alone."

"You poor child," said my Good Fairy, whose name is Mrs. Q., and, putting her arm around me, she led me down the hall to a door opening upon the balcony upon the first floor. This overlooks the gymnasium, which is situated in the basement.

A dozen girls were two-stepping merrily around the big gymna-

sium, while a pretty girl, who could really play, made the piano almost speak. We watched them for a while and then the little red-headed girl who had shown me to my room the night before came upon the balcony and asked me if I would dance with her.

I accepted very gladly, and excusing myself to Mrs. Q., who said she would wait for me, I went downstairs and had a most enjoyable dance. Then the little red-headed girl introduced me to the pianist and two other girls and slipped back to her work upstairs.

My new acquaintances were disappointments, however, for no sooner had they been introduced to me than they hurriedly left the gym, leaving me stranded near the piano.

I immediately returned to my Good Fairy, who at once invited me to her room. I accompanied Mrs. Q. and her niece to their room, where they apologized for their bed being still unmade, saying they had to leave so early in the morning that sometimes they were unable to do their room work before they went.

"But do you mean to tell me," I gasped, "that your beds are not made for you as they would be in any other hotel or boarding house?"

"Indeed, no," said Mrs. Q.

"We always have to make our own beds.

"The maids sweep and dust the rooms once a week and do the heavy work each morning, but we must make our own beds. This is a home, you know."

"I'll not make my bed," I declared hotly, "if I have to get up and sleep on the ridgepole else. Not that I object to the making of beds, but when a girl is paying a dollar and a half a day for her board and room, I do not see why she should be asked to do a maid's work besides.

"No man in any boarding house is ever asked to make his own bed. Why should a woman, worker or student, be expected to perform such work, just because she is a woman?"

"There, there," said Mrs. Q., smiling, and—after again murmuring to myself "and ye took me in," I came out of my righteous spasm of indignation with a rush.

We sat and visited, a good old-fashioned visit that did me a world of good until nearly 11 o'clock. I found that Mrs. Q. and her niece had been staying at the Association nearly a year, and that they liked the place.

"It has its faults," said Mrs. Q., "but a great deal of what is said about it is untrue. The reported thefts were only idle accusations, and did not take place."

Mrs. Q. and her niece brought me back to my own door at 11 o'clock. I sat and wrote in my diary until nearly 1 o'clock, and by that time I was too sleepy to get homesick, so I lay down and went immediately to sleep.

The ringing of a bell awoke me, and I lay for several minutes unable to comprehend where I was. Then I realized that I was in the Chicago Y. W. C. A., and I turned to my copy of the rules to find out when breakfast would be ready.

A copy of these rules, to which the residents at the association home are expected to conform, follows:

Please read this.

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION,

288 Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

RULES.

1. Application for permanent board shall be made to the Superintendent. Satisfactory testimonials are required within two weeks.

2. Payment for board and room must be made in advance at the office. Extra charge will be made for meals sent to rooms.

3. Trunks not allowed in rooms except in case of transients. A charge will be made for storage after guest has left the house.

4. Guests must notify the office when leaving. Remaining occupant of room will also notify office.

5. Every one is requested to turn off the electric light when leaving the room.

6. Matches, hair and other refuse are to be put in the waste baskets. Any injury to floors, walls or furniture, beyond the ordinary wear, will be charged to occupant. Neither tacks nor pins may be put in the walls.

7. Elevator stops running and electric lights in public rooms are extinguished at 11 p. m. Any one obliged to be out later should arrange with the Superintendent before leaving the house. Any detention not thus arranged should be explained to the Superintendent the following morning.

8. Laundry work is not allowed in rooms or bathrooms.

9. Negligee garments are not to be worn on the first floor after breakfast hour.

10. Loitering is not permitted either inside or outside the street entrance.

11. No unnecessary noise after 10 p. m. either in rooms or halls.

12. Practicing hours are from 7 a. m. to 9 p. m. No playing on instruments or practicing vocally or otherwise on Sunday.

13. Each closet is provided with Yale lock. If keys are lost a charge will be made. The Association is not responsible for loss of clothing or valuables. Money and valuables may be placed in the safe.

LAW REGULATING LIABILITY.

Section 1. Whenever the proprietor of any hotel shall post in a conspicuous manner about the room occupied by any guest, a notice requiring such guest to bolt the door, or on leaving to lock the door and leave the key at the office, and to deposit their money, jewels or ornaments at the office safe, and if such guest shall neglect to do so, the proprietor of such hotel shall not be liable for anything which may be lost or stolen from said room.

Family worship is held each evening immediately after dinner, to which all are most cordially invited.

Temptations to a country girl.

—Page 162.

"They both found time to drop their hints."

—Page 189.

HOURS FOR MEALS.

Breakfast, 6:45 to 8 a. m.
Luncheon, 12 to 1:30 p. m.
Dinner, 5:45 to 7:30 p. m.

SUNDAY.

Breakfast, 7:30 to 9 a. m.
Dinner, 1 to 2 p. m.
Tea, 5:30 to 6:30 p. m.

The dining room will be closed promptly at the expiration of the given time for each meal except luncheon.

I dressed carefully in a pretty house gown my mother had given me and went down to breakfast. I sat at a table near the door and saw for the first time the majority of the girls together.

They were all very respectable, ordinary looking girls. Some few had striking faces. Most of them had on their hats, and their jackets lay upon the backs of their chairs. Others were in negligee, while some simply wore their shirtwaists outside of their skirts.

This was the breakfast menu:

Oranges. Oatmeal.
Pork Sausage or Pork Chops.
Fried Potatoes.
Coffee.

"I'd like lunch, please," said a girl at my table to the maid, and a little later the maid brought wrapping paper, a sandwich, a piece of pie and a piece of cake. The girl added the orange which she had saved from her breakfast and wrapped up her lunch.

I learned that no reduction is made for lunch if you do not wish to take the one provided by the association.

I tried to join in the conversation at my table, but could not. The girls were discussing music with enthusiasm, but left no opening for a stranger to join them.

After breakfast I went up to my room and got ready to go to the studio.

Then I went downstairs to pay my board and to see Mrs. Davidson, the superintendent, about whom I had heard much, of whom I had obtained a glimpse the night before at chapel, and whom I wished to see before I decided to become a permanent boarder.

Tomorrow I will tell you about my interview with Mrs. Davidson.

PART III.

I promised to tell you all about Mrs. Davidson, didn't I?

Well, to sum it all up in a breath—She's splendid.

She'd make an ideal president of a girl's college.

I can imagine a girl going into raptures of admiration over her.

She's just the woman to be the administrative head of an institution like the Y. W. C. A.

But she is not motherly.

And I think she has far, far too much to do.

I could stand off and admire Mrs. Davidson by the hour. I could accept as perfectly wise and just any words that came from her lips.

But I should never dream of telling her a joke.

I should never dare to rush up to her and give her a hearty hug and kiss.

If I had done something very foolish, or if I had gotten myself into some dangerous or perhaps disgraceful predicament, I should not dream of going to her for help.

Wise and just she is, I know, and friendly, too, tactful and gracious.

If I wanted advice as to the proper career for a girl, or the best teachers in the city, or anything pertaining to the intellectual or religious, I should go to Mrs. Davidson and be sure of wise, friendly counsel.

But if my best party gown had been ruined at the cleaner's, or if my music teacher had scolded me until I wept all the way home, or if I had a fit of homesick blues, I should not dream of burying my head

in Mrs. Davidson's lap and having my cry out while she stroked my head and comforted me.

I don't know—of course it isn't for me to judge—but I imagine if Mrs. Davidson were assisted by several house mothers life would be much sweeter and more homelike at the Young Women's Christian Association.

I saw her first yesterday morning. I went down to the office window to pay my board. I stood at the window for several minutes before the day clerk spoke to me.

"What do you want?" she queried at last rather sharply, for she appeared to be very busy.

"I want to pay my board," I said.

"In a minute," she replied, and went on with her work.

The door into a little office at the side was open.

"I'll go in and sit down while I wait," said I to myself.

I had been there but a few seconds when a beautiful, aristocratic-looking woman came into the room, whom I knew by intuition was Mrs. Davidson.

She is tall, of fine figure, with brilliant eyes that look right through you, but are yet friendly, too.

"Do you wish to see me?" she asked.

"Are you Mrs. Davidson?" I replied, Yankee fashion.

"Yes, I am she," she said, and waited expectantly.

I felt my courage oozing out of my finger tips, just as it used to do when I stood up to recite to the teacher I most admired and felt my history lesson slipping out of my mind.

"I'm a stranger," I faltered, "I guess I'm going to live in your house."

"Oh, indeed," she said. "Where is your home?"

"Saugatuck, Michigan," I said.

Then she catechised me.

"Have you ever been in Chicago before?"

"No."

"What are you doing in the city?"

"Studying vocal music."

"With whom?"

"Miss C——."

"Do you know anybody living here?"

"I have a married brother living in the city."

"Where does he live?"

"On the West Side."

"Ah, yes, we have a branch on the West Side, a very homelike place. But why do you not live with your brother?"

"His wife is a chronic invalid."

"Oh, I see," she mused, "your poor sister-in-law could never stand your practicing, could she?"

"Have you brought your piano with you?" was her next question.

"No," I said, startled. "I shall do most of my work at the studio, I suppose——"

What I supposed evidently did not interest her.

"Have you rented one?" she asked.

"No."

"No piano in this house can be used for practice, unless it is rented by yourself," she said, decidedly. "If you wish to practice in the house you would better make your arrangements accordingly."

She turned to her desk and handed me a circular of a coming concert at a neighboring hall.

"This will interest you," she said. "I hope you will like it here. The girls are cordial and very nice. You probably will feel a bit lonely at first, but after you have been here a few days I'm sure you'll like it."

She smiled, a gracious but final smile of dismissal, turned to her desk and began writing.

I returned to the window and made another attempt to pay my board. This time I was successful. The day clerk received $4.50 of my money for Thursday, Friday and Saturday and gave me three meal tickets, each a different color and each containing three coupons, for breakfast, dinner and lunch.

I put the tickets into my purse and went to the studio.

I had not the courage to return at luncheon. The thought of

facing those 400 strange faces appalled me, so I bought a cup of coffee and some rolls downtown and did not return to the institution until 5 o'clock.

It seemed more hotel-like than ever when I entered the hall.

But when I reached my room I found an unmade bed, something that I believe no hotel guest would find at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, no matter how cheap the hotel.

"This rule for permanent boarders may be all right," I mused, "if the girls are willing to agree to it, but why a transient boarder paying a dollar and a half a day for a small room and three meals should be expected to make her own bed is a mystery to me. I will not do it."

Later that night the bed was made; I do not know just when. The same performance was repeated to-day. At 5 o'clock the bed was unmade; but later in the evening I found it spread up.

I changed my gown for one a trifle more dressy, and then read until the dinner bell sounded, when I went into the dining room, selecting a different table this time, in the hope that I might find someone willing to talk to me.

I was so terribly lonesome and homesick by this time that I was on the verge of hysteria.

I do not believe any one save one who knows by personal experience, can fathom the heart hunger and the loneliness of a girl coming to a city for the first time from a country town and a sheltering home, where everyone knows and loves her.

I do not wonder that so many girls go out and do foolish things.

I was almost desperate enough last night to run into the streets and ask the first person I saw to come and talk to me.

There was the same crowd of girls, very respectable, very orderly, each very much absorbed in her own affairs. They were better dressed than in the morning, almost every one having made some attempt to dress for dinner.

At my own table the same desultory talk about music was going on. I tried to join in it, with a little better success this time, for a girl sitting opposite me answered me in rather friendly fashion.

She didn't know anything about music, a fact which I found out very shortly, for she didn't understand some of the simplest questions I put to her upon the subject, but she was friendly.

Who was it said something once about the loneliness of a crowd? He was a wise man, whoever he was.

The dinner was excellent. Here is the menu:

Vegetable Soup.

Roast Beef. Baked Potatoes.

Warm Biscuits.

Coffee. Crackers.

Pudding.

Indeed, all the meals here are excellent. The food is of good quality. It is well cooked and daintily served, the linen is immaculate and all the appointments of the dining room are as cheery and as homelike as any room can be in which 400 persons are served.

I went into the chapel after dinner and counted forty girls. Mrs. Davidson presided, as usual, and I sat and admired her all through the service. She appears so capable and so well poised, I wish I were like her. I believe every girl wishes that who sees her, but I'm a bit afraid of her for all that.

She gave me a nod and a smile as she passed out after services, and I felt quite flattered to think she had remembered me.

Coming out from chapel I met Miss H——, the girl who played the piano Wednesday night in the gymnasium. She was delightfully cordial and asked me how I liked the house. Then we went down to the gymnasium and she played while I had a dance with a girl to whom she introduced me, and then she asked me to her room, which was a front one, very pretty and dainty because of the numerous girlish knick-knacks she had strewn around the walls.

We ate candy and oranges and talked music until 10 o'clock.

Mrs. Q. and Miss H. represent one type of girls in the house, warm-hearted, cordial, looking out for opportunities to make it pleasant for lonely, homesick strangers.

But the majority of the girls in the institution are self-centered,

and too busy to go out of their way to be cordial until after they know a newcomer well.

And there is nobody in the institution whose business it appears to be to see that newcomers get on the inside of things. They are left to the chance humanity or inhumanity of the girl residents.

I believe Mrs. Davidson would do it if she could, but she simply hasn't the time. She is not to blame.

At 10 o'clock I left Miss H.'s room, for I did not wish to impose upon her kindness, and wandered down to the library. Three or four girls were reading there. I picked up a magazine and tried to read, but as I sat there I thought of how the folks at home were gathered around the sitting room fire with books and papers and games, and a lump came into my throat.

I put the magazine back and walked through the parlor.

Three girls, each entertaining a young man, occupied the cozy corners. I went to my room, where I found my bed made at last, and where I wrote in my diary until I was again too sleepy to be homesick.

I am not sleepy to-night, but I have such a headache that I cannot write longer. Oh, how I want my mother to-night. She would rub my head and tuck me up in bed and kiss me good night and oh, dear——

Here the narrative ends. So true to girl nature is it that our amusement at its unreasonable features is quite lost for the moment in pity for the homesickness which fills it from the first page to the last. This homesickness would overtake any girl in similar circumstances, who had come to the city expecting so much. And if this were a "goody-goody" book, given up to preaching sentiment instead of being what it is, a study of natural conditions, both outward and mental, and the best practical methods of dealing with them, it would now be in order to indulge in a tirade of shocked invective against an institution promising so much and performing so imperfectly. But that is not my purpose. Let us rather consider the situation fairly and thoughtfully.

Such investigations as this of Miss Campbell's can hardly fail to

do good; to stimulate greater precautions on the part of parents and public alike. Public institutions, unlike private individuals, are proper subjects of comment and if need be, of criticism; especially when they appeal to the confidence of parents in a way to lead them to expect much and inquire little.

The Y. W. C. A. is a grand organization and has accomplished far too much good to be spoiled by a local and temporary, even though serious, carelessness in the routine management. This can be largely overcome, and improvements made that will win the approval and command the respect of all. Better service, cleanliness, care as to references, a bright, social welcome,—all these are within reason, and if made the positive ideal, can be realized, especially with the help of liberal support from the public after the public is satisfied that these results will follow.

But, dear little country girl, a hotel even at its best is not a home, and mothers are not to be had for the hiring. What, think you, would the best mother in the world do with 400 daughters? Truly the trials of the old woman who lived in a shoe would be light in comparison!

A large public library of any kind must have rules. If the books could be taken from shelves or tables at will, unrecorded, and carried to the rooms of the boarders, how could any book be found when required? And if one person were allowed to talk or whisper in a public reading-room, why should not all the rest? and if they did, how could the room be kept quiet enough to be usable at all for those who wish a restful, pleasant place to read?

Homesick impulses are apt to be tinged with selfishness; but happy are the strong, sweet natures who can put aside their own low spirits and be actively watchful for opportunities to help and cheer others. It has been found the best cure; even better than writing and reading home letters, indispensable as those are. And while it is true that homesickness cannot be wholly prevented, the best way to guard against its keenest pangs is to have an intelligent notion before leaving home of what the change is to be like, and prepare for it. A city boarding-house is and must be very different from the dear home. It is much the same in going to college; the best modern colleges now

treat their students like men and women, not like boys and girls requiring close personal oversight. The thought is, that if the young people are old enough to leave the sheltering home nest, they are old enough to have learned, in the main, what to avoid, how to care for their own health, how to apply themselves to work or study so as to reach the best results, and how to choose pleasant, healthful recreations with the right kind of associates. This theory is indeed the ideal one, but how seldom is it fully realized! Parents and teachers who have come to feel the importance of these things are as yet comparatively few. When they are awakened to the need, they will so prepare the young people while still at home that the temptations of the Red Telephone, so common in the great cities, will fall upon unheeding ears.

Meanwhile, in the name of weak humanity let me plead with those in authority to leave no stone unturned in their efforts to *remove the temptations*. It will be work in which men and angels will rejoice. And if the Young Women's Christian Association will accept a practical hint from the Christian Endeavor Society, they will find great advantage in appointing a carefully chosen "social committee," to be changed with more or less frequency, for the express purpose of welcoming strangers and helping them in quiet and acceptable ways to become pleasantly settled in their new work and abiding-place. The inscription, "I was a stranger and ye took me in," will come to have its own sweet meaning once more, and nothing can spoil its higher significance, when strangers are thus received by those consecrated heart and soul to the service of Him who first spoke those words.

WIRE XIX.

WHY THE JOKE FAILED.

FEW THINGS are better medicine than a good laugh. Even the Northeast Man would find life taking on a rosy tinge if he would make it a rule to find something to laugh about, half-a-dozen times a day; for the right kind of laugh will do far more to drive the shadow-creatures away than the wrong kind of sermon.

Yes, a *good* laugh is well worth while. Many of the best and greatest men in the world's history have possessed a strong sense of humor; and the preachers who can stir men's hearts most deeply are always those whose faces show the pleasant, mirthful lines belonging only to those who have a keen appreciation of a good joke. The sense of humor is a gift not to be despised, and if any person is so unfortunate as to be deficient in this gift, let him not think it a waste of time to cultivate it.

"Smile, once in a while!
'Twill make your heart seem lighter.
Smile once in a while;
'Twill make your pathway brighter.
Life's a mirror; if we smile,
Smiles come back to greet us;
If we're frowning all the while,
Frowns forever meet us."

This is true philosophy, and religion, too. Yes, there is ten times as much genuine religion in a hearty laugh as there is in a frown.

The important thing to make sure of, in this connection, is that the laugh is free from the faintest suggestion of malice or ill-nature.

If there is any ill-nature in a laugh—any desire to make another person needlessly uncomfortable—it might as well be a frown. It is not a genuine laugh at all; only a weak or coarse imitation. And the sort of pleasure it brings the one who indulges in it is not the

genuine thing, either. It tries sometimes to make up in noise what it lacks in real mirthfulness. Did you ever notice the rasping, choking, harsh quality of the mirthless laugh of sarcasm or malice? It is a sound which only the shadow-creatures can teach in its full hideousness.

Directly opposed to this is the laugh of pure, innocent delight, such as the merriment of a little child. Is there any sweeter music on earth than a child's ringing laughter? It is like the song of the wood-birds and the rippling of a brook, blended in one. It is blessedly contagious; and a great deal of this irresistible, mirth-provoking magic can be retained even as the voice loses its childish tones. It depends on the kind of soul—the kind of Self—that is doing the laughing.

A sense of humor is one of the greatest helps over the hard places in life. Countless times have I given thanks from the depths of my heart that I had been blessed with the power of seeing the humorous side of a trying situation. It turns clouds into sunshine on many occasions when a more serious view would have meant only, at best, a dull resignation to unavoidable discomfort, or an enforced patience with ignorance or rudeness almost beyond human endurance. Treat an attempted insult as a joke and you rob it of all its force, and in so doing, "turn the laugh" most effectually, but harmlessly, on the one guilty of the intended discourtesy. If he is wise, he will accept the same humorous view of the matter and be thankful to get off so easily, while it will put his own ill-humor to shame and often disperse it altogether, far more readily than could any serious argument. If one has wit enough to meet ill-natured tricks in this way, it is ten to one that in thus substituting a good joke for a poor one the way is cleared for a better understanding and a better feeling all around. Blessed is humor! especially when the joke is on the humorist!

Two boys at boarding-school resolved to play an "April fool" joke on the authorities. The plan was as follows: Both these brilliant youths were to feign sickness, get excused toward evening and go early to their rooms. Meanwhile they were to confide (appar-

ently) in the little twelve-year-old sister of one of the instructors, giving her to understand that they meant to slip away at nine o'clock that evening for a revel in a down-town bake-shop. She would give the alarm, of course, and there was a delightful picture in the minds of the two young scamps of the fruitless search to be made by the irate teachers for the supposed runaways who would be all the time safe in their beds.

The preparations were most successful in every detail so far as known to the plotters. They were both seized with the most heart-rending coughs, found time between lessons and coughing to drop their hint as planned, and dragged their way wearily around until eight o'clock, when permission to retire was readily granted them. But the sequel was a decided disappointment to the astonished would-be jokers. Little sister had not played the tell-tale in exactly the way expected, and the result was that instead of frantic professors searching the streets in vain, there was a visit from an extremely business-like doctor, two of the most thoroughly-dosed patients ever seen, and a serene, sympathetic, motherly nurse, self-appointed, to sit up with the unfortunates until midnight and see that they did not miss taking their medicine! The affairs of the school went on as usual, while the two April jokers were soothingly assured by the housekeeper that their illness would soon be relieved, thanks to the "thoughtfulness of that dear child, who was so worried by their coughs that she insisted on going for the doctor herself!" Whether the harmless but awful-tasting stuff prescribed fully cured them of their fondness for practical jokes or not, need hardly be recorded. We can safely guess that it was some time before they would relish another attempt of precisely the same kind.

Another case comes to my recollection, in which the jokers fared quite as unfortunately. Two young men took it into their heads that they would prepare a surprise for some friends of theirs, a newly-married couple who were about to start housekeeping in a cozy city flat. The two jokers, whom we will call Smith and Jones because those were not their names, thought it would be fine fun to go into the flat and rearrange the furniture according to their own peculiar

tastes. They did so. It was necessary to break a lock, but that, they flattered themselves, could be easily repaired after the fun was over. They found everything in apple-pie order. When they had been there an hour, it was—well, otherwise. The tinware was piled up in a pyramid on the lace cover of the best bed; the pictures hung with their faces to the walls; the dishes were arrayed in rows on the piano; the dining-table was loaded with books, bric-a-brac and a small rug or two; a hassock reposed on the mantel, and a mirror on the floor. Altogether they made a complete job of their rearrangements, and when it was time for the bride and groom to arrive, Smith and Jones proceeded to carry out the last number on their elaborate program by hiding in a clothes-closet from which, after enjoying the first astonished exclamations of their friends, they intended to burst out upon them as a climax to the surprise.

Alas! the surprise took an entirely unexpected turn. The voices whose startled and wrathful tones reached the ears of the concealed jokers were not the voices of their friends, but of perfect strangers. There had been a miscalculation somewhere—and sad to relate, it was *not* a mistake of the people who had returned to their apartment. They were in the right flat—but Smith and Jones were not!

With slowly rising hair and chattering teeth the would-be jokers took in the full horrors of the situation. They had mistaken the number of the flat, had broken into one belonging to strangers, and instead of a merry time setting things to rights again they were in danger of having the opportunity to explain their unheard-of conduct at the nearest police court. How, indeed, could they hope to be believed?

There was no escape from discovery. Soon the angry tenant of the apartment flung open the closet door and at the point of a revolver the two supposed burglars were invited to come out. They accepted the invitation. It took all their powers of eloquence to persuade their incensed host not to telephone immediately for the police, but finally the matter was explained, if not satisfactorily, at least sufficiently so that the disgusted tenant allowed them to go, after forcing them, still at the point of a revolver, to put everything back

exactly where they found it, and pay for the broken lock. Meanwhile the bride and groom were contentedly enjoying their own undisturbed flat a block away, never dreaming of the commotion caused by their *not* having been burglarized by their (joke)-loving friends. Smith and Jones tried hard to keep the secret, but of course, it leaked out; such things always do; and the bride and groom, with all their friends, were not slow in appreciating the humor of the situation. The joke was certainly a success!

Somehow, there is no joke relished half so keenly as the joke turned against the jokers. It is in part, perhaps, humanity's love of fair play which causes this enjoyment; yet it may be something more. We shall see, presently. But, although *we* may regard the joke as a success in both the above instances, we must remember that the would-be jokers did not. From *their* point of view the joke was a most humiliating failure. Now, *why* did it fail?

Because in both cases it was based on a wrong idea of enjoyment —a perverted sense of humor. It was based on the idea that a false alarm, causing panic and consternation, can be a source of innocent pleasure.

Nothing can give true pleasure that is based on giving trouble to others. The enjoyment that results or seems to result from such a course, would not always, it is true, be turned so quickly and noticeably into a crestfallen embarrassment as in the two cases I have named. But even where an ill-natured joke appears to succeed, it has a result not seen on the surface—the result of harm to the reputation and real character of the joker.

Slight or great, according to the nature of the thing done, is the mischief wrought. In fact, however, we cannot always tell in advance what will prove of slight and what of transcendent importance. More than once has a fine opportunity in life been lost because the young person to whom it was about to be offered was found to be too fond of coarse, silly jokes to be entrusted with business requiring tact, a delicate sense of propriety and a fine consideration for the feelings of others. In such a case, truly, the joking leads to failure rather than to success.

Again, there is no joke that is so certain a failure as that indulged in with the intent to deceive or frighten children. I only wish my pen could express one-half the disgust, the utter loathing that every rightly-constituted human being has towards the unfeeling, cowardly idiot who will take a fancied pleasure in frightening a little child. No words can do justice to this subject. But let me at least warn all who ever have an impulse to torture and distress the little ones, that they are taking a terrible risk. Many a child has been frightened into convulsions, brain fever or lifelong insanity by the horrible stories or grotesque pranks supposed by their contrivers at the time to be "a good joke." The long list of tragedies resulting from the playful pointing of a pistol, with the invariable excuse given afterwards, "I didn't know it was loaded," is no worse than the fact of homes darkened by the cruel thoughtlessness of someone who imagined it would be fine fun to make sport of the innocent trustfulness of a little child.

Yes, a joke based on a sudden shock or fright to the weak, is always a failure and often leads to the keenest remorse for the harm done which can never be undone.

Another form of joke which can be relied on to fail every time, is the habit of jesting with things sacred. Religion, love, womanhood, marriage, the constancy of friends, the shyness of young people just learning the meaning of life's deepest mysteries, the loving devotion of a mother, the very beginnings of so wonderful and divine a thing as life itself—how did these topics ever become the subject for the rude jests of the unthinking? That shows that there is yet in the world a vast deal of ignorance, which can only lead to shame and suffering. To jest coarsely and laugh loudly over some proof of deep human emotion, whether it be of grief, worship or tenderness, is like tearing to pieces a delicate flower of priceless value. Nothing so surely stamps a person as out of harmony with the pure joys of a right life, as to try to find pleasure from ridiculing sacred things. It is a failure, and a disgraceful one.

It will be found, then, that the jokes which fail are of three kinds: those which are ill-natured, those which aim at frightening the weak,

and those which would cast ridicule on things sacred. All these result from listening to the Red Telephone imp who tries to pervert the God-given sense of pure, delicious humor into a grim mockery which brings pain rather than pleasure, loss rather than gain, and remorseful memories of wasted hours which might have been spent in building up joys instead of sorrows.

For, be it remembered, the sense of humor as God gave it, is divine. It brings health, sunshine, joy into the life wherever it is admitted. A *good* joke is one that surprises and delights without hurting; that leaves a good taste in the mouth and a sense of pure refreshment in the soul. The words "Just for fun" so often heard over the wires of the Red Telephone, could be made a message of cheer instead of terror, to thousands of weary lives, and by so doing, the joker would experience a thrill of delight utterly unknown to him before.

In a charming Christmas play for children, written by Mattie-Marie Gamble, appears an odd, clever, little goblin from Dreamland whose name is Fun. "I took that name," he explains, "because, you see, people are always doing things 'just for fun,' and so I thought I would be well taken care of!" And truly, if all fun-impulses were as pure and helpful as his, the world would be the better for taking care of them, and encouraging them wherever found. Would that some such kind and merry goblin could be always at hand in trying times, to enlighten and amuse! And in fact, we need not idly wish for such help. We have it already, within our own hearts, waiting for cultivation and encouragement.

I believe, and I repeat it here with all reverence, that the Divine sense of humor is unlimited; that man has never yet sounded the depths of this part of God's nature. Truly the angels must have many opportunities, with their larger and keener vision than man's, to see the quaint, delicious, humorous side of the vast panorama of life spread out before them. Where we see only the sad side of things, *their* eyes must be stronger and can look through the troubles to the joy beyond, the beautiful pattern that is being worked out. How amused they must be sometimes at the way man in his childish-

"The rich relatives responded immediately and generously to her absurd requests."

—Page 203.

A CHOICE OF STRINGS.

"'Apron-strings' or the iron chains of sin. Which are preferable?"

—Page 206.

ness frets and fumes, scolds and struggles at the very agencies which are bringing him blessing! And to God, who can see so much that even the angels cannot,—does it never seem that even *He* must smile at the twisted notions, the curious little blunders, of human beings who fancy that they "know it all" and can foretell His movements, if not, indeed, improve on His work? Does He not often, in fact, display this gentle, infinitely tender, yet infinitely great sense of humor in His very ways, as unexpected as they are effectual, of answering human prayer?

Surely this glimpse of an attribute so seldom recognized in the Divine nature cannot fail to make us love our Father more and serve Him better than ever before, for it makes our kinship to Him the more vitally real to our minds. In the conversation of Jesus, in his quick-witted answers to questions intended to entrap him, and in his parables, every observer will find ample proof that a keen humorous understanding of man's childish follies and inconsistencies is not out of keeping with a love so great that it would die for the object of its expression. Let us, then, revere and cultivate this divine sense of humor, and make of it our chief protection against the alluring suggestions of the shadow-jokers at the Red Telephone. *Their* attempts at wit and humor lead to sure humiliation and remorse. Christ's way leads to life and health of the whole nature. To choose the kind of humor that brings the most lasting pleasure is surely the part of wisdom.

WIRE XX.

"STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL."

ON ONE of my exploring trips to the Under-World I saw just within its borders a long procession of excited-looking people, each whispering in the ear of the one in front. They were leaving the world of sunshine behind them as fast as they could. What their secret was, it was impossible to guess; but it would not take long to conclude that whatever it was, it started at the Red Telephone.

Some in the procession were old acquaintances of mine, and a few of them were even church-members, but the faces of these few wore a preoccupied, worried look, as though above and beyond the sound of the Red Telephone message that was being passed along they heard another voice, quiet but sweet and penetrating, cautioning them to have a care how they heeded the stories told in that procession. Still, though they looked quite uncomfortable, they were here.

The others, those who were not church-members, seemed to have fewer scruples, and some received the message as if it were a choice morsel of food of a kind which only whetted their appetite for more. I regret to say that by far the greater part of this procession was made up of women. Here and there, it is true, was a brother or near relative of the Northeast Man, judging from his looks; a man who made it his chief business to search out the small meannesses and faults of his neighbors and serve them up, garnished with fancy decorations of his own, to every person who would listen. But the women were in the majority. And they were not all old maids, either. Some of them were, and quite as many were married women, both young and old.

"Now, what can be the meaning of this procession?" I asked my guide, as the line of excited whisperers passed by leaving a confused

murmur on the breeze to the effect that "all this is strictly confidential, you know."

"They are but one small detachment of the Army of Gossips," said my guide, with a smile and a sigh. "At present they have only, as you see, entered the borders of the Under-World. But presently they will reach its deeper shadows; and what they have to say will partake more and more of the nature of slander. Whatever they can find that casts a slur on the character of any person known to them is seized by them with avidity, and passed along, growing larger each time it is repeated. It may be truth at first, at least on the surface. But it grows in these shadows of the Under-World, from a trifling, thoughtless act or word to a full-fledged scandal, and by the time it has passed from the first observer to the head of the procession, you would not recognize the story."

"Why do they care to amuse themselves in this way?" I asked.

"They would not, but by listening to the Red Telephone their minds become diseased, so that the more shocking a piece of scandal may be, the readier entrance it finds. It is, indeed, a species of insanity—this thirst for discreditable news about their neighbors. Did you not notice what a peculiar expression it gives to the faces of those in the procession?"

Yes, I had noticed. The faces, whether dark or fair, plump or thin, all had come to have certain likeness about the mouth and eyes —a half sneering, half squinting look that evidently came from looking on the worst side of human life and repeating what they found there. You can almost always trace that look on the face of an experienced gossip, and it will be a valuable help towards avoiding such persons, if you are wise enough to wish to avoid them.

Away back in the procession was one Mrs. Tellitall, still listening to the Red Telephone. I had met her before, many times, and recognized her at once. She was one of those thin, angular women with cold, gray, half-shut eyes, a knot in her forehead and pursed-up lips that seemed to be buttoned around some tremendous mystery; but in point of fact, you would hardly trust one of your own very smallest secrets to such insecure fastening.

If a new family moved into the place, she was able the first week to tell you all there was to tell and considerable that they had not yet discovered about themselves. If they did not come up to the standard she set for them in all their doings, great and small, the whole village was certain to hear of it.

"Those Evansons are dreadful shiftless folks," would be her comment. "They've been in town most a week and haven't got their parlor curtains up yet."

Or, "Mrs. Atwood don't want no visitors, I guess. It's a dreadful unsociable family. When I called there she didn't act more'n half glad to see me, and never once asked me to come again." Or, "Louise Burton's been to the city and got a new dress. Pity she couldn't put on a few less airs, considering her father owes half the folks in town. I never did approve of extravagance."

These are only samples. They are enough, for they have the real Red Telephone flavor. But when one is once started on such a course, the words of disparagement go all along the line, till no one in the community is safe. The most affable, blameless and respected persons in town, of strict financial honor, model housekeeping, and conscientious carefulness, will find it impossible to escape the backbiting which is apparently a part of this woman's daily, self-appointed task.

Then, too, the habit of criticising is so contagious. It would be a good thing if every church sewing society would include in its by-laws one forbidding ill-natured gossip, and perhaps imposing a fine for every uncomplimentary remark made regarding an absent person,—yes, or a present one either. There would be more sewing done for the poor, and less holes picked in the characters of those who form the topic of conversation; and if the fines were somewhat frequent at first, so much the better for the treasury!

I wish that those addicted to this unlovely habit could have but a faint idea of the tumultuous stream of mental filth which they set in operation when they thus poison the mind of one person against another. It is the very essence of cruelty to malign any human being, friend or stranger, in that person's absence, with no way of correcting the probably false impression given or of explaining the

circumstance so as to justify what may have been a true incident indeed, but one easily proved to have a very different cause or significance from the one ascribed.

To form the habit, at first thoughtlessly, of listening to the Red Telephone's slanders, even in the smallest matters, is to invite that into one's life which will turn all its sweetness into bitterness.

Perhaps the most dangerous form in which this temptation can come, is in the guise of virtuous necessity—of the need of warning others against objectionable persons in the community. Nine out of ten such "warnings" are utterly mistaken and unjust, and the harm they do cannot be measured.

A lady moved into a neighborhood where she was not known. Being quiet and rather exclusive in her tastes, she did not form acquaintances rapidly, and her neighbor next door watched her with some curiosity, noticing that she seemed absorbed in her own thoughts and seldom entertained guests. Her husband was away traveling on business, and there seemed to be a great deal of mystery surrounding the fair newcomer.

At last the watchful eyes next door thought they had discovered something. There had been a visitor, a man not in the least like the husband, and a long interview in the garden late at night, closing with an affectionate farewell. Here, indeed, was a pretty state of affairs! Mrs. Watchful informed two of her friends in "strict confidence," and the result was that all the village soon knew of the midnight meeting and formed its own conclusions.

Some months later the lady who was being discussed noticed the singular degree of coolness with which she was treated, and began to wonder as to the cause. The story reached her ears, with all the embellishments which had been added. Restraining her indignation she went very quietly to her next-door neighbor, from whom she knew the tale must have originated, and explained the facts in the case; that the previous summer she had been favored with a short visit from her only brother, who had been obliged to leave in time to reach the early morning train at the nearest railroad station, and

took the distance both ways on his bicycle that he might spend the evening with his sister.

This explanation was easily proved, but no proof was needed. It was so evidently true and was given with such simple dignity that Mrs. Watchful was covered with confusion. What harm her meddling thoughtlessness had wrought, indeed! She had the sense to see this, and the grace to resolve to leave no stone unturned to repair the mischief.

"And to think of that dear soul's patience!" the repentant Mrs. Watchful told a neighbor afterwards. "There she sat as serene and sweet and quiet as if she didn't know I had started that disgraceful story making everyone act as if she wasn't fit to be spoken to! What did I do? What *could* I do, would you suppose? I went over to her, took her hand, and *begged,*—not asked—her forgiveness. I could have let her walk on me, I felt so mean!"

The forgiveness was graciously granted. The reparation made was a most thorough one, and the two women became fast friends. But the number of times Mrs. Watchful had to go through her self-appointed task of straightening the matter out, before she was sure that all her acquaintances understood it, must have been appalling, and the task itself anything but enviable!

An amusing story is told in *Success* of a girl who had a still different experience in discovering how she had misjudged others. Fortunately she had not gone so far before she found out her mistake. She was an orphan, with wealthy relatives, but was too proud to claim them because they had disapproved of her mother's marriage. Hence she was trying, without much success, to make her own way in the world. Story-writing was her chosen work, and one day when in a reckless mood she hit upon the crazy expedient of writing letters to all her rich relatives making some absurd demand, "just to see what they would say." She would send the letters, she declared, for the sake of having some real, startlingly original material in the shape of their replies, on which to build a story that should be for once, true to life. She knew every one of the replies would be something mean, and frigidly heartless. What did the rich know of the

struggles of their poorer relatives? She hated all her rich relations, anyway. And here she launched into a detailed description to her roommate of all their peculiarities, showing them up in anything but a favorable light.

It is only fair to say that this rather bitter young person had no serious intention of mailing the letters that she proceeded to write. It was more to relieve her feelings that she wrote, but both the letters and the result showed how easy it is to misjudge others.

One letter was to an aunt, coolly asking for a set of furs, "sable, satin-lined." Another requested an uncle to send her "two hundred dollars by return mail!" A third calmly informed another relative that she never had a diamond ring in her life, and asked her to "kindly send one at once, and let it be a large single stone, latest setting." Another letter informed an uncle that she was very desirous of taking a trip to Europe. Would he kindly permit her to draw on him for the necessary funds? It closed "hoping to hear by return mail," and "thanking him in advance." A fifth letter requested "a tailor-made suit, Oxford gray, silk-lined, cloth imported."

But the joke of the matter—and it was a *good joke, too*—was that not only did a chance caller actually mail the letters by mistake, but that the rich relatives, one and all, completely took the wind out of this young cynic's sails by responding immediately and generously to her absurd requests. The furs were sent, likewise the check, the diamond, and the tailor-made suit, and as for the trip to Europe, the offer of an experienced guide, and other essentials, were added to the willing consent; and the amused replies were one and all accompanied by cordial invitations to the homes of those responding. The fact was that every one of the girl's relatives had been wishing to help her, and only waiting for the opportunity.

Better, far better than having wealthy relatives is to realize that one is the child of the richest of all Kings, in comparison with whom an earthly millionaire is a mere pauper.

Whenever tempted to pick real or imaginary flaws in the character of another, it is well for the tempted one to stop, ask himself honestly, "Is this *envy* that causes me to feel like depreciating another?" and

if it is, then begin generously to look, not for the faults, but for the good points, in that other.

Remember these two facts, all who would be free from the habit of criticising: First, the impulse to criticise usually springs from envy; second, the cure for envy is to realize your own boundless resources. Is a neighbor more fortunate than yourself in houses, lands, or education? Then, instead of sneering at his defects, remember there are *more* houses, lands and education where those came from. God can bless *you* in those identical ways in which you see that your neighbor has received more abundantly. To realize this possibility is the first step to its fulfilment.

The child of a King must be generous in spirit. Let others keep the blessings that are theirs and the faults, too, undisturbed and uncensured by you; it is the nobler part. The blessings are as accessible to you as to them, and the faults may not be as real as they appear. Let us beware of repeating a single uncharitable word. It may not be true. "Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor." And even if it be true, can we afford to make that person's problem ours, by stating it? Never. To do so is always to be the loser.

Sometimes the habit of evil-speaking is formed quite unconsciously. "It is not the wilfully bad things which we say that do the harm," says a writer, "but the slight thoughtless words which fall from our lips, so unconsciously, but so continually, causing misapprehension and misunderstanding of motives, and helping to form an adverse opinion in regard to the persons of whom we speak. Yet with so little intention is it done, that were we at the time to accuse the speaker of this, he would utterly deny that he held any but good opinions of the person mentioned. No matter how free from intention it may have been, the thought has still gone on its way with shadowed wings."

How necessary it is, then, for every disciple of Christ to pray, "Keep thou the door of my lips!" And if that prayer be sincere, the earnest endeavor will be to work and live in harmony with its expected answer. There must be effort as well as prayer.

Some writer has said, "Repress every word you find yourself about to utter, which will not make the hearer feel love for the person

spoken of." That is a good rule; yet I think we can do better than to approach the subject from its "repression" side. There is another way that is still more effectual. It is to form the habit of praise.

Praise God in the starry heavens and in all His works, most of all in our fellow-men. For we can find God everywhere. Being omnipresent, He dwells in every human being we meet, and shines forth, too, in one way or another, even in the most ignorant. If we are *always* looking for this shining forth—for each slightest good tendency, act or impulse—and if we are quick to see and praise it to ourselves and others, as we would praise a beautiful sunshiny day, then the censorious, impatient or thoughtless words will forget to come to our lips at all. And the effect on ourselves is better than a hundred tonics.

WIRE XXI.

A CHOICE OF STRINGS.

HE WAS a fine, straight, manly looking young fellow,—just the kind you would like,—full of ambition and brimming over with energy and fun. He came up the stairs two steps at a time, whistling, and entered the room where his mother sat. He did not know anyone was with her, and before he reached the room he called out, cheerfully, "Well, mother, I'm off. Is my lunch ready?"

Then, as he entered, he saw me and greeted me pleasantly. But he was starting for his work—a night position in some large institution—and nothing, not even important business between his mother and a caller, could cause him to omit any portion of what he proceeded to do next. He went over to his mother, kissed her an affectionate but quiet good-by, and was off directly.

Did you ever watch a mother's face at such a moment? If so, you know that not all the artists with all their ideal Madonnas could picture anything more beautiful than this. Indeed, a mother's tenderness for the helpless little babe in arms, does not compare in glorified loveliness with her expression of joy and pride in her child grown to the stature of a man. It is worth going miles to see—this affection between a mother and her grown son or daughter.

Harsh in its discordant note, out of tune with the divine harmony of the purest love ever known, comes the sneer of some Red Telephone fiend, "Aha! Tied to his mother's apron-strings! Before I'd be such a softy!"

It is well for the owner of the voice that the message comes from a distance. If it were close at hand, instead of from over the wire, the chances are that a very much astonished shadow would soon be trying to pull himself together and pick himself up; for woe to anyone who attempts to insult a youth who is manly enough to love his mother and not be afraid to show it! Such are usually the bravest of the

brave, and their warm hearts are not infrequently accompanied by hot tempers as well. Their muscles, too, are apt to be anything but "soft."

When among companions of his own age, the young man who loves his mother will meet many severe tests. He will often be asked to go to places that she would not approve. If he declines, and gives his reasons, the sneers, either open or covert, are certain to be forthcoming; for to care for a woman's opinions and wishes, at once makes a boy or man very unpopular with the Red Telephone people. The shadows do not like those who are "tied to a woman's apron-strings."

Why?

Because in their hearts they know that those same "apron-strings" are like cords of steel in their strength, to keep the one thus anchored safe from temptation. Let a boy have a good mother and take pride and pleasure in obeying her slightest wish, and he is beyond the shadows' reach; and they know it. No wonder they are deadly enemies of the apron-strings!

The fact is, however, that everyone is tethered to *some* kind of string. It all resolves itself into a question of a choice of strings.

The horse-racer is so attached to his favorite sport as to be practically harnessed with his own bit and bridle. He cannot get away, without a tremendous effort to break loose.

The gambler is chained to his pack of cards or his dice with a strong though invisible chain. He would be so uneasy if you were to take away his chief occupation, that he would suffer tortures. Freedom? He does not know the meaning of the word. There is no freedom for him; and it is the same with the slave of drink, of tobacco, and other bad habits.

Good things as well as evil, have their "strings" to which people are firmly fastened. The musician, happy in his art, is bound by his very nature to express himself in the beauty of sweet sounds. Did you ever know what power there is in a single violin string? That is, if it is in the right hands?

Great musicians have been known to execute the difficult feat of playing a musical selection, with all its fine variations of tone, on a single string of a violin. It is a truly wonderful thing to do; but even

more wonderful is the divine harmony played many and many a time with all its glorious variations, on a single chord of human nature. Christ is the Great Musician who knows how to take a man, full of imperfections, with only a single interest, aspiration or affection worth noting, and make of that life a grand, harmonious, powerful thing that shall move all to reverence and delight. Such transformations have been wrought, time and time again.

An engineer may be a rough, unlettered man, with no apparent trait to recommend him except his absolute faithfulness; yet that faithfulness, in time of danger, may save the lives of hundreds of passengers and make of the man a hero.

A sailor may be both stupid and ignorant in matters pertaining to books; but if there is a child overboard how we cling to our trust in the sailor's bravery and agility! These are then the "string," the life-line, to which all our hopes of human aid are fastened.

The life of a farmer, mechanic or clerk may be most prosaic and commonplace; yet who has not known instances in which an act of simple neighborly kindness, quiet self-sacrifice or unflinching courage and devotion to duty has lifted such a life into the place we know it was meant to occupy when we recall the full significance of the words "Christ in you the hope of glory?"

Ah, yes, every life has its own central point, its chord most easily touched and made to vibrate in unison with the music of creation. Sometimes it is not found for years; but it is always there.

In early life every man passes through the vine-tendril period; the time when the various forces of his active nature reach out for some object to steady them and help the growth of his ambitions. As we have seen, some of these forces, if he permits, may chain him to some hampering, unfortunate habit that he will drag around like a convict's weight for the rest of his natural life. This is certain to be the result if he is influenced by the Red Telephone's arguments against "apron-strings," and so fails to connect his life actively and firmly with some pure, high purpose.

"Wherever you find an instance of success," says Charles R. Barrett, "you will find that success based upon substantial qualities of mind and heart. There is no one quality that will insure a man's

success more than loyalty to his mother, because the qualities that produce success are largely the outgrowth of such loyalty. It is the foundation of manhood."

Let us examine this statement more closely, and see why it is that the success-winning qualities result from loyalty to mother.

First, because the teachings of a good mother always include the strictest honesty and truthfulness. A young man loyal to his mother's counsels will scorn to indulge in the slightest trickery in his business life. It is a lamentable mistake to suppose that business cannot be carried on successfully in the commercial world without a series of petty deceptions and unfair advantages. On the contrary, in the best business circles the straight truth and the "square deal" are the qualities that win. Take a firm like Marshall Field's for example. That colossal business was built up on the unwavering principles of truth and honest dealing. If a customer asks a question concerning a piece of goods and a truthful reply would evidently result in a loss of the sale, the clerk has strict orders nevertheless to make that truthful reply. Nothing else would be tolerated by the employers. The slightest misrepresentation would endanger the clerk's position. This high standard of business integrity results in public confidence so strong that in merely passing through the broad aisles of the store one feels a homelike atmosphere of security and certainty that any purchases made will not be regretted afterward.

Other such instances are known, but as yet the influence of the typical mother is not felt to half the extent that it should be, in the business world; because so many allow the Red Telephone arguments to outweigh the mother's counsels to uprightness.

This has come to be especially true in politics, so true that when a friend accepts nomination for office we almost invariably feel a regret mingled with our rejoicing at the honor done him. We fear at the price he may be called upon to pay, in sacrifice of principle. In such an entangling network of complexities and obligations, it is so difficult to be true! Yet the noblest of our statesman and leaders have stood even this test; and more, they have been wise enough to recognize the real cause of their strength.

James A. Garfield, when he took the oath on assuming the office of

president of the United States, surrounded as he was by the great throng that had gathered to witness the inaugural ceremonies, kissed the Bible, and then turned and kissed his mother. The act was most significant, for in it he expressed a son's love and gratitude for the teachings that had brought him to so high an estate.

President McKinley also, furnished to American young people a striking example of loyalty and affection to his mother. Time and time again during his presidency he laid aside the duties of his great office and left the seat of government to go to the bedside of his sick mother in her humble Ohio home. With all the responsibility of affairs of state resting upon him, he was yet faithful to this higher duty. No member of the mother's household watched at that bedside more tenderly or more prayerfully than he. It was the one duty his big heart would not entrust to another. And the American people appreciated him the better for it.

Reader, there have been mothers, wise and kind ones like yours, who have not been so loved by their sons grown to manhood—or if they were, it was a love that made little or no sign. The time is coming when every such son will regret that he was not more thoughtful and affectionate in word and deed. "She was the dearest mother that ever lived," he will realize, after it is too late to tell her so. He will wish intensely but unavailingly, that he had expressed his tenderness more often. May such an experience never be yours! Mothers prize beyond measure the little daily expressions of affection from those dear to them. Like flowers in the sunshine, they thrive in the light of these illuminating rays straight from a warm and tender heart; and living constantly in such a light, even the gray hairs and wrinkles can be long kept at bay, and when they do come, it is with such gentle tread that there is no marring the beauty of the face thus crowned by Time. Much advice is given to mothers who would have beautiful children; but I say here, Sons, *if you would have beautiful mothers,* see to it even at the cost of many sacrifices, that you make them happy; for a happy heart results in a happy face, and that always has a beauty of its own, second to none.

In what other ways do the loyal sons of good mothers stand the

best chances of success, aside from their high standard of business integrity and the filial affection that is so manly and so much admired?

In their habits of personal purity, temperance and self-control. The youth who scorns to touch wine, beer, cider, or cigarettes because "mother doesn't like it" is the one who retains the quick wits, clear reasoning powers and sturdy health needed by the winners in the race of life. The one who can keep calmly on his way when the Red Telephone is ringing with suggestions to him to turn aside, is the one who can best concentrate his powers on some difficult, valuable work for which the world has generous and admiring rewards. He is gathering force by resisting temptation; and the world exalts force of character wherever found.

It is becoming more and more evident that a single vice, of whatever kind, will invariablly weaken the will, and a man with a weak will is always sure to be shoved aside whenever the desirable positions are being filled. That is one result of business competition. Strong men and not weak ones are chosen for the work requiring a firm purpose and masterful will.

Reader, these are facts, not empty sentiment. If you notice, you will find that the sneer at the "apron-strings" comes *from the unsuccessful,* and is based on a thoroughly mistaken and confused view of life as it is in this wide-awake twentieth century. It comes from the shadow-world instead of the world of reality.

When choosing your "string," therefore, let it be one that will tether you to some high, useful purpose, some work that God and mother and the best of humanity can approve; and don't be afraid to tie yourself to that string with a hard knot! A man or a kite is of little use without a string.

Now, just here a word of caution is sometimes needed. Don't spoil a grand truth or a good work by over-urging it on others. It is not necessary, having chosen your string, to be always harping on it in public. However good your object may be, it can be utterly defeated by talking about it on all possible and impossible occasions, repeating the same arguments over and over, assuming an air of injured dignity if your neighbors do not all at once come to your way of thinking, and

resolutely refusing to count any other subject, or any other person's work, as of any value whatever. Such is the road to monomania, and is not "loyalty" at all, but merely a display of ill manners, narrow-mindedness and self-conceit that will draw upon the one who indulges in it many unpleasant experiences without winning a single convert, unless, indeed, it be some converts *away* from the truth thus tiresomely preached,—those who in sheer disgust turn from it and welcome error because it is at least tactfully presented by one who knows when to stop talking, and never indulges in scolding or "nagging". I mention this because I have seen some bright, eager young lives, and older ones too, almost spoiled by this habit of sacrificing common sense, kindliness and good-breeding to their well-meant but unfortunate zeal. With a mistaken persistence they go on trying to hammer their pet ideas into other people's heads as with a battering ram, finding a melancholy satisfaction in "suffering for the truth" and never once realizing how much they are making the truth, not to mention their neighbors, suffer because of *them!* And so, I repeat, having found your string, tie yourself to it as firmly as you like, let it draw you to all things good, and away from all things evil, and at the rare times when called upon or occasion especially demands, present it briefly and courteously to others; *never* be ashamed of it,—but on the other hand don't harp on it continually, in a way to make it or yourself a pitiable nuisance.

There is little danger of this offensive, bigoted narrowness if the "apron-string" philosophy be faithfully followed. Most mothers know how to guard the young lives from over-impulsiveness even in presenting the Right. In this, as in all things, their counsel should be heeded. And the most hopeful feature of all is that the "apron-string" usually leads to a blessed and abiding religious faith, one that broadens the whole nature, upholds in every trouble and proves a power in time of need. Love for mother is not complete until it finds its rich expression and still richer reward in love for God and a glad daily companionship with the living Christ.

Then, and not until then, is the mother's heart satisfied, and the life made radiantly useful to the world in its many needs.

TRUTH AND THE DANGER SIGNAL.

"In every direction gleamed the wires of the 'Red Telephone.'"

—Page 215.

SO SENSITIVE.

—Page 226.

WIRE XXII.

TRUTH AND THE DANGER SIGNAL.

AGAIN one dark, stormy night, I found myself traveling unseen but seeing, towards the strange old fortress. The iron gates swung open as I approached and closed behind me with a harsh clang that would have made me feel like a prisoner had it not been for the reassuring look in the kind, yet serious face of my guide. He also was unseen by all but myself.

"Let us go first to the tower," he said.

Once more the narrow door was unlocked, the steep, winding stair was climbed, and I stood in the odd little circular room, dimly lighted, with its gray stone floor, gray walls and ceiling, its furniture, rugs and draperies all of gray. Even the very pictures, of which there were many, were framed in the same somber hue. A sound as of shouting voices, muffled by distance, was all that could be heard. My guide drew me to the window.

Dark though the night was, the light from the burning volcano still shone with a weird glow, making visible the valley and the mountain side as it had done before. The little window through which I gazed commanded a view of the whole country lying west of the mountain, for many miles; and interlacing from tree to tree, and across wide stretches of open country, in every direction, gleamed the wires of the Red Telephone.

On through forest, field and marshy glen, I could see as if a veil had been dropped from my eyes. A large white farm-house stood by a winding roadside, and within it—for I was looking through its walls as if they had been glass—I saw a tall man with dark hair slightly streaked with gray, deep blue eyes and a thoughtful expression, standing in an attitude of listening.

"That is Amos Hale," said my guide. "The message is to him, to-night. Shall we go down and be ready for our part, whether it be to warn or to encourage him?"

For answer I turned and followed the speaker down a different stairway from the one by which we had come. The fortress seemed built, as I have said before, into the side of the mountain. We had not descended many steps before we arrived at the room broad at one end and narrow at the other, in the very center of the building. No windows were to be seen, yet the room was lurid with a red light.

Shadowy figures were moving around, changing their positions and indeed, their very forms and features, as shadows will, according as they approached or retreated from the light. Grotesque and unpleasant looking creatures they were, with an evil, malicious expression of countenance. I was glad that I was invisible to these odd folks and need not talk with them. Their mere presence was disagreeable enough. But I was not afraid. This time I understood.

My first thought was of the Red Telephone. Yes, there it was, glowing as if it were a live coal taken from the volcano.

A huge, misshapen figure, black as the night, and tenfold uglier, arose from a corner where it had been crouching and holding grim converse with other shapes like itself. Limping and sidling around in a curve, for evidently going straight forward was a method of locomotion quite foreign to this repulsive creature, it approached the Telephone and rang the bell.

Silence for a moment was the only answer. Then came a distant voice whose words I could not distinguish through the fitful rumbling of the volcano, which grew louder as if the very forces of Nature rebelled at the dark plots being here concocted.

Suddenly the noises ceased. Nature held her breath. The voice at the other end of the wire had been speaking, but now waited reply.

"Hello! Yes," called the creature at the Telephone, in a singularly smooth, well-modulated tone. "Yes, this is Dr. Diplomat. I am talking to Mr. Amos Hale, I believe? Well, I think I can help you out of your difficulty.

"So you have a chance to be elected Governor of your State? Well, why don't you go ahead? You have already made a good record in the Legislature. Now, the Governor's chair is yours if you say the word.

"What's that? You would have to abandon principle?

"Nonsense! You need do nothing of the kind.

"Keep your principles and make a few promises, that's all.

"Everyone does that in politics.

"What's that? You think it would not be honest?

"You could not truthfully declare yourself in favor of a policy that would rob the people?

"Don't be a fool. You don't understand.

"Truth is elastic. Just stretch it a little this once.

"No one will be harmed.

"Why, don't you know there are cases in which a man cannot possibly be truthful and succeed?

"What's that? You have always made it a rule to tell the truth under all circumstances?

"Well, you can't keep that up. Every rule must have its exceptions, you know. Now, I can prove to you, if you listen to me, that it is not always right to tell the truth.

"For instance, when it will hurt people's feelings.

"Tact is better than blunt truthfulness in a hundred cases. A pleasant word oils many a piece of social machinery. What if it is a little deviation from the facts?

"One must be polite.

"A mild white fib does no harm, and may do a great deal of good.

"What's that you say? You prefer silence, in cases where the truth would be a rudeness?

"But you have not heard me through. There are other times when the truth should not be spoken.

"Take a sick person, for instance. It is often necessary to deceive the sick. An unpleasant fact told at such a time would be dangerous. Under such circumstances, a lie is an act of mercy. You admit this, surely?

"What, you think such cases extremely rare? Possibly, but it is always best to be on the safe side.

"Then, too, what about answering a person who asks impertinent

questions? At such times a lie is justifiable. How else can you get rid of the one who thus makes a nuisance of himself?

"Let me give you a list of the times when a lie is right.

"First, when it is harmless.

"Second, when it will save someone from great mental anxiety or distress.

"Third, when it will help to keep things running smoothly in the church or other society, so that peace may prevail.

"Fourth, when it will cover up the faults of a friend in speaking of him to others. It is a duty to be loyal to our friends.

"Fifth, when it will get rid of a too inquisitive person.

"Sixth, when it will help you to reach a more influential position, where you can do great good.

"In short, a lie is right whenever it will save trouble or do good. That is often.

"Let me assure you that it is positively dangerous to be too truthful.

"A person who tells the truth *all* the time is in trouble *half* the time.

"Judicious lying is much safer.

"Of course, you have to be careful to avoid discovery. That would hurt your influence. But there is no harm in the lying itself, when occasion demands.

"If you take my advice, you will never regret it. Think how much influence you will have when you are governor. Think——"

I could contain myself no longer. More and more had my indignation grown as I listened. Now it seemed that I must speak. I looked at my guide, who nodded gravely.

At that moment, the red light suddenly went out, and a strange, silvery radiance filled the room in its place. This new light had a most peculiar effect. The speaker at the telephone stopped short, gave a cry of mingled rage and pain, shrank to less than half his former size, and limped hurriedly away, looking wildly about as if for a corner in which to hide, but finding none to his liking.

I stepped to the telephone and spoke, and as I did so the words seemed given me by another.

"Amos Hale," I cried, "think well, indeed! Strange counsel this, that you have heard! Do you know to whom you have been listening? It is one of the black shadow creatures that infest the under-world of human thought. Do not heed him!"

"Then who is speaking now?" asked the man in surprise.

"I wish I could tell you," I replied. "But it is not yet permitted. Only stand fast by the truth. Give up all, if need be, but do not cease to be a true man."

"That advice has a better ring to it than the other," came the voice of Amos Hale. "I am interested. Go on and tell me more, whoever you may be. Have you better arguments than those I have just heard?"

"Yes," I said, "but I think you do not need them. You are a brave man, Amos Hale, and I know you will face defeat rather than be untrue to yourself. You will not falter?"

"*No!*" came in resolute tones over the wire. "I should be foolish indeed to sacrifice my peace of conscience to my ambition. You are right; the truth does not need argument. But just for my own satisfaction I should like to answer the wretch who has been pouring his false doctrines into my ears. Where is he?"

"He has gone," I said, "but tell me your answer, and I will write it down for other tempted souls to see. Thus good will come of it after all."

"Then write this," came the voice of the man who would rather be true than be governor.

"The fiend who advocates lying is himself either the Father of Liars or his near relation.

"Lying poisons the soul. It leaves a horrible scar.

"No church or other good cause was ever helped by deception.

"A lie is never kind. The truth can be told, or withheld, so gently that no sick person will be harmed, and no lasting mental distress created.

"It is *not* loyalty to a friend, for one to try to create a false

impression concerning him. Undeserved praise cannot help anyone. *Silence* concerning his faults may be a kindness, but deception, never.

"There are more effectual ways of rebuking an impertinent curiosity than by telling an untruth, which would of itself be even more of a vulgarity than the questioner was guilty of, and would thus lower the answerer to his level.

"If a person who tells the truth gets into trouble he has a clear conscience.

"Further, a person who tells lies a part of the time is in trouble *all* the time. He can look no one in the face. He loses the respect of good people. His heart is filed with a sense of meanness that makes the whole world dark to him. Even if the lie is never discovered, he has no peace for fear that it will be. And worse than this fear is the self-contempt in his own soul.

"My shadow-adviser is wrong from beginning to end. There is no room for a lie in the universe. The Bible is clear in its teachings on this subject. Lying is expressly forbidden.

"If I cannot be elected without lying, I will count defeat more glorious than victory."

The voice at the telephone ceased. But I was satisfied that in this instance there was every reason to rejoice. The shadow-fiend had done his utmost, and had failed.

"Bravely said, Amos Hale," I cried. "You are victorious already, more than if you were ten times governor! The higher success is yours. *And it brings all other success with it.* Mark my words; the foundation is laid. All else will follow in due time. Good-by."

"Good-by." And I hung up the receiver.

"Come," said my guide. "It is time to return to the world of outside things, for day is dawning. If anyone tells you that yours is a world without truth in it, what will be your answer?"

"Truth is yet in the world," I said, "but some hearts are weak and easily influenced by the shadow messages that go to them over the Red Telephone. How I wish I could sound a danger signal to such, that they might be kept safe notwithstanding those messages!"

"You can," replied my guide. "Write the message of Amos Hale in reply." And I have done so.

You wish to know if the truth cost this man his election? Yes. The sacrifice was made. Another man was chosen as governor, one who was less scrupulous and more willing to indulge the popular weaknesses of the people, even to their own injury. Amos Hale lost the *election*, but gained in force of character, and as time pasesd, he gained in the respect of those who knew his princely nature.

Other honors came to him, in church and state. Right forces were at work. The end was not yet. Several years passed and again a governor was to be chosen. This time there was no doubt as to whom it would be. The former official had disappointed all, for he had involved the state in a series of intrigues that showed his true character. Men of all parties now joined in paying tribute to one whose sterling worth had stood the severest test, and when the result was made known few were surprised to learn that the new Governor was Amos Hale.

I wish I could think that "Dr. Diplomat" had been silenced once for all. But I am afraid it is only too evident that he is using his flimsy arguments over the Red Telephone to-day, whenever he can find a listener. Men, women and children are still fooled by him, and once they let the black shadow of deception come into their lives, it grows, and assumes control, until it *seems* more real and powerful than the soul itself. But, it is not. Before the silvery light of Truth the evil shrinks away, becomes powerless, and is seen to be but a shadow. Well may it shrink, indeed! It is an interloper. What right has it in any soul God has created?

The fact is, a lie is so out of harmony with the universe that it can find no permanent resting-place. The soul that tries to harbor it is made so wretchedly sick thereby that it cannot find peace and health again until the lie is discarded and Truth rules in its place. "Ye shall know the Truth and the Truth shall make you free."

WIRE XXIII.

"SO SENSITIVE."

DO YOU happen to know the shadow-messenger who tries to convince people that it is their duty to be miserable?

He is related, more or less distantly, to the "predigested" shadow, also to the one who inspires the "Northeast Man." But he is somewhat different from either. Oh, yes; quite different!

You don't know him? Well, that is where you are extremely fortunate, so far as your personal experience goes. And yet I am going to introduce you to him by means of description. You need not know him socially; I should not advise you or anyone to do so.

Still, you may if you feel attracted in that direction, after you know what he is like!

His physique is the most shadowy of all the shadows. He is so thin that if he were to stand facing you the only thing that would prevent your gaze resting on his spinal column as you look straight through him, is that he *has* no spinal column; hence you can look through him and admire the scenery beyond.

His face is thin, too, and his shadowy eyes full of a melancholy satisfaction as he calls out, from his end of the Red Telephone wire:

"Remember, my friend, that you have a very frail constitution, and must never expect to be well. It is necessary for you to be resigned. Patience is a great virtue, and while you are lying here it is consoling to think that it is all a part of the Divine Providence. If God's will is for you to suffer, how beautiful for you to submit! Do not turn your thoughts towards health and the work you would like to be doing, but remember 'They also serve that only lie and wait.'

"What was that you said? It isn't '*lie* and wait,' but '*stand* and wait'? You prefer to stand erect, and worship God in health and strength, instead of lying on that couch? You are sure He would be better pleased to have it so?

"My friend, that is very rebellious. You should not allow your thoughts to carry you so far. Besides, it is much easier to remain as you are than to make the effort necessary to get well. You are so frail and delicate—so sensitive to the weather and all other trying conditions, you know!"

And if the listener can be convinced of the truth of these "sympathetic" remarks, it means a chronic invalid where God planned a useful, healthy image of the Divine life, overflowing with good and cheer to other lives.

In the name of common sense, why encourage anyone to think it a *virtue* to have a defective circulation, a weak heart, a stomach that declares a strike on every possible occasion, a sluggish liver, and lungs that can't do their own breathing? Is there any religion in such a state of affairs? Did Christ ever set the example of being sick, even for a single day?

If so it is not recorded. On the contrary, what did He do with the sick and suffering that were brought to Him? Did He tell them to *go on* suffering?

I should think not! He is not that kind of a Christ, and God is not that kind of a God. He healed them, and thus put the stamp of His approval on health—perfect, vigorous, abounding health! He urged them to express their *faith,* not their "resignation."

Does anyone imagine He is any different to-day? If so such a thought is directly contrary to the Bible, for there, it says "He is the same yesterday, to-day and forever."

No, dear listener at the Red Telephone, you need *not* be resigned to a life of hopeless invalidism. And you need not be alarmed, either, for fear I am going to preach Christian Science. I am not. I am only going to talk Christian common sense, as hard as ever I can, and see if after a little we cannot drive the shadow-fiend away.

There is a class of thoughtful people who would give all they possess to be rid of the vexation of soul and body that comes of being "so sensitive." They have been taught to think of the trouble as beyond remedy.

It is not.

What causes it?

Is it a disease, a species of insanity, or a fault?

It is all three; but the cure is a very simple one, and I can give it with confidence, having tested it, for never was there any person who has had more occasion to study this subject than myself. You will understand better if I relate some facts in my own experience.

From my earliest childhood until within a few years past I have hardly known a day free from acute suffering of mind or body because of this extreme sensitiveness to outward conditions. If the weather changed, I would take cold or be very nervous; if two of my playmates had a childish quarrel, the loud, angry words hurt me like a knife, and after vainly trying to control my distress, I would often astonish them by a sudden burst of irrepressible crying long after they had forgotten their little tiff and were playing amiably as before.

The same inconvenient trait clung to me as I grew older, causing me often to avoid society at the very time time young people usually find it most attractive. Friends I had in plenty, it is true; but for some years I had to choose between a very quiet home life and the disturbed condition that always resulted from going where there was any discord, whether expressed or unexpressed. I could feel any person's critical, ill-humored thought as quickly and keenly as if it had been put into words; and a real or fancied slight to any friend of mine was enough to make me positively ill with distress.

Let me say right here, that no young person with such a temperament has any right to engage in active reform or religious work until there has been a thorough building up of the physical health. To do so is like spreading contagion; for this kind of morbid sensitiveness is indeed contagious, and before any soldier of Christ goes forth to fight life's battles he must first be equipped, with physical fitness as well as spiritual weapons and armor.

But I did not know this, and in trying to do my share of the world's work I very nearly upset my own little world and increased its disorders instead of curing them.

Never was there a person who possessed such a troublesome assortment of "feelings," good, bad, and—no, not "indifferent." They were

too absurdedly tumultuous ever to be classed as "indifferent." Everything was to me either a keen delight or a tragedy, with the tragedies far in excess; for my feelings were always getting hurt and staying so. Reader, you were fortunate that you did not know me then! I was truly in the shadow-world without the least understanding of how I had come there, or why.

But I know now, both how and why. The "why" was so I could help others to keep out, after I had escaped myself. The "how" was by means of a flattened solar plexus.

Not a bit romantic or poetical, is it? but that is really what is the matter with the "so sensitive" person who is "a bundle of nerves." To speak more accurately, we are *all* "bundles of nerves" either healthy or unhealthy, but when we give those nerves a wrong mental suggestion, it is surprising how sure they are to follow it.

As the physiologies all teach us, one of the great centres of the nervous system is a bundle of nerves called the "solar plexus," located just back of the stomach. But as the physiologies do *not* teach, half so clearly as they should, this particular bundle of nerves is to the human individual life what the sun is to the solar system. It radiates magnetic force, which is life, and is positively the link between body and soul. It obeys the slightest suggestion from the brain and is so responsive to the emotions, that it is sometimes itself called the "emotional brain."

That is why, if you see a runaway horse, a capsized boat or other sight to awaken fear, or if you receive a telegram containing bad news, you are so likely—so almost certain, in fact—to feel a sudden "sinking at the pit of the stomach." That sinking sensation means that your brain has communicated to your solar plexus a thought expressing fear, grief, or some other sudden and violent emotion of a depressing nature.

If your brain is a very active one, you have probably had this experience many times, and know how uncomfortable it is. Do you know, also, what it *does?*

It causes the nerves of the solar plexus to collapse so that they are flat and inactive. They stop generating magnetic force, and the

result on your whole body and mind is as if you were a flower needing a great deal of light, and the sun had suddenly stopped shining.

Every thought of a depressing nature, whether it is fear, worry, dislike, anger, jealousy, or hatred, and *especially self-depreciation,* goes straight from the brain to the solar plexus, contracts and weakens it, and instantly you, a small but very important human sun, stop shining.

The immediate and very natural result may be a cold, or it may be an inclination to shed tears, or to scold someone with all your might, or even to commit suicide. Whatever form it takes, you feel that life is hardly worth living.

Don't despair!

Let me whisper a comforting little secret to the "so sensitive" ones. It is this: The more you have suffered in such ways, the surer sign it is that the cure, when you apply it, will begin to work quickly. The more sensitive your system is to the impression received and sent out by your brain, the more readily it will respond to the right kind of thought-messages, when you begin to send them intelligently and purposely. It is a kind of wireless telegraphy that is swift and sure.

I think one of the first steps in the cure in my own case, was when my pastor's wife introduced to my notice the idea of using "affirmations"; of saying mentally, over and over, certain things that would tend to build up the more cheery corners of the brain-structure and start a train of healthy, positive thought.

One of the first things that she taught me to say, at a time when the whole world seemed out of joint, myself most of all, was this:

"God loves me and approves of what I do."

It acted like magic. From a world of discord and hate, I seemed suddenly transported to a paradise of love. I ceased to feel out of harmony with my neighbors, and my neuralgia disappeared. I felt so *safe*—and in breathing deeply, as we are more apt to do when we are *quite* free from fear, the "bundle of nerves" expanded still more and the little human sun began shining, feebly at first, but soon more strongly, its rays coming first from the Divine source of all light and

life, then radiating in love and gratitude from my own nature as a reflection of that light and life.

A complete cure is not wrought in a day; but from that time on, the "sensitive" moments have brought me more joy than pain. It is a blessing to be "sensitive" to the *good* around you, and yet be able by practice and understanding to close your too receptive ears to every depressing whisper that tries to reach you from the Red Telephone!

In other words, the possibility of adding a little *sense* to a great deal of sensitiveness is worth knowing about. I wish for the sake of my afflicted neighbors as well as myself, that I had learned it earlier than I did!

The shadow-fiend does his best to convince people that their first duty is to be miserable. Rather, the first duty is to be happy, and healthy. Christ made it His first care to give to all who came near this genuine happiness and health. His own life was overflowing with both. It was "meat" to Him, to do the will of the Father. It made Him strong. If it does not do the same with us, the lack must be supplied before we aspire to help others. For the evident will of the Father is that His children should be well.

If, then, one is physically ailing and sensitive, the first thing to be thought of is the suggestion of health. And the very first step in the healing process is to *expect* to get well—to believe that God intends us to be strong, happy and successful. "Dost thou believe?" is the first question that Christ asked when about to heal. He asks it yet.

There is no need of discarding doctors and medicines. I would make use of them, sparingly, as occasion seemed to demand; but I would give more weight to Nature's remedies—sunshine, fresh air, pure water, rational food; I would alternate exercise and rest in the proportions that proved most invigorating, would make deep breathing a habit; and above all I would keep my thoughts busy with pleasant subjects connected with some special activity of healthy life. I would not keep telling myself or others that I was "so sensitive." It is not a thing to be proud of—unless we mean sensitive

to good and joy-giving impressions. If I caught myself sending the brain-message to my solar plexus, "I am so sensitive," I would follow it instantly with the thought, "Yes, sensitive to beauty, sensitive to joy and health-bringing impressions of all desirable kinds. *That* is the only way in which I choose to be sensitive!" And thus I would thwart the haunting shadow-fiend by suggesting the opposite thought whenever he dared to put in a word.

Elizabeth Towne had a similar experience in gaining health and self-poise. She was another "sensitive" one, and grandly did she overcome it. If I cannot yet say with her that not a person on earth has power to hurt my feelings, yet I know I am approaching that goal, and the journey is a blessed one all the way.

We have among us a class of so-called "sensitive" people who do not wish to be healed. The trouble with that kind of "sensitiveness" is that it is in reality only a mixture of selfishness, indolence and conceit. It is not the genuine article at all.

Such persons have fallen into the way of thinking their own frailty something to be admired, or at least kept conspicuously in view, perhaps as a means of warding off any suggestion that they shoulder their share of the world's burdens; while the fact is, if they were *really* sensitive, they would be much more likely to be shouldering more than their share. It is one of the symptoms. If the eyes of these sham sufferers could be once opened to the fact that weakness of any kind is a badge of inferiority rather than a mark of distinction, this truth might be to them an electric shock that would prove a better tonic than all the pills and powders that the doctor could prescribe. We have all read or known amusing instances of cures wrought where some self-indulgent or self-deceived invalid was suddenly thrown on his or her own resources, as in a fire or other emergency when no one was near. A little healthy exertion, with the thought diverted entirely from self, is the best cure for such.

The business world has little patience with delicate nerves, frail constitutions and sensitive tempers. Their possessors are at a discount there, and are quickly pushed aside to make room for the brave

ones who are not so easily "hurt" or who can at least keep it to themselves if they are.

Does this condition of things seem harsh, cold, and unsympathetic? Perhaps it may, at first thought. But tell me, my "so sensitive" friend, which neighbor would you thank most, the one who helped to pull you out of the river if you were drowning, or the one who stood on the bank and sighed over your plight and tried to condole with you?

True sympathy is not commiseration. Rather, it is the friendly, quick understanding that, detecting the real from the sham, suggests a hopeful way out of the trouble.

The mere *commiseration*, if that is what is wanted, can be obtained from the Red Telephone; and the result never fails to make matters worse.

WIRE XXIV.

TAKING CHANCES.

"YOU must take some chances if you are ever to get anywhere," urges the voice over the wire. "Nothing venture, nothing have. Better risk something than be left out of the game. Come, brace up, and take your chances with the rest! It's got to be done once in a while if you are a man of spirit."

Every man likes to be considered a "man of spirit," though it would puzzle a powerful microscope to find out where the spirit of most sporting men is kept, or how it can have any chance for exercise and growth. Usually such men appear to be most devoted to things material, and the real spirit within them is starved, crushed and stifled till it seldom shows any signs of life. It is a case of the spirit dominated by the lower nature—by brute force, or the instincts closely allied to it. Even human life, to these careless pleasure-seekers, has little value, and to them a tragic accident is a source of amusement.

Public indignation is intense when once aroused against these indescribable brutes in human form; but it does not always succeed in bringing them swiftly to justice. Would that it did!

Three young men were out riding in an automobile one evening in a Chicago street. What was the speed law to them? Little they cared that they were violating it. They had evidently started out to have what they considered a good time, and meant to have it, no matter at what cost.

They were observed laughing boisterously during a wild race south along Michigan avenue. Continuing south at a furious rate of speed, they gave no warning at the street intersections. Several people were crossing Michigan avenue at Thirty-second street, among them Mrs. Eliza Woods, who was returning home from a meeting. She became frightened as a north-bound automobile rushed by her, and hastening to cross in front of one of the racing machines going south, she failed

TAKING CHANCES.

Flirting is always dangerous.

—Page 236.

"Childhood is the time when the pleasure garden is ours by right of the King's decree."
—Page 240.

to see the other about ten feet behind it, and nearer the curb, which she was approaching. The chauffeur saw that he could hardly avoid running her down, and swerved his machine to the east into Thirty-second street, but it was too late; the mischief was done. The rear end of the automobile crashed into the woman, throwing her a dozen feet toward the middle of the street, where she struck upon her head. After rolling over twice, she lay unconscious.

Did the auto-fiends stop? Not they! Instead, they increased their speed. The two men in the rear looked back over their machine, and one of them cried to the chauffeur:

"Keep on going; turn on full speed!"

They certainly saw what had happened and were perhaps frightened by the fact that many people sitting on their porches saw their recklessness.

A man walking near the corner when the accident occurred called to the occupants of the car:

"Stop; you have killed a woman!"

A wild laugh was the only answer. He followed the dashing car, which was running at a frightful speed, to Indiana avenue, where it turned north, and was soon lost to view.

The woman, lying unconscious in the street, was picked up by the occupants of another automobile and taken to a hospital, where she died an hour later.

Are we not fast approaching the civilization of the ancient devotees who threw themselves under the wheels of the Juggernaut that it might crush out their lives for the supposed pleasure of the gods?

What is Christian America thinking of? This fierce craze for a pleasure that places the lives of innocent people at the mercy of drunken maniacs—where is it to end?

The bull-fights of Spain and Mexico are tame, compared with it. How the shadows of the Under-World must delight in the artful combination of the saloon and the automobile, to produce such results!

Perhaps, after a certain number of millionaires' sons have suffered to the full extent the penalty which the law provides for those who by criminal carelessness cause the death of a fellow-being, there may

be less who are ready to "take chances" in precisely this way. Small chance would such racers have for their own lives if the question were to be submitted to the judgment of an exasperated public sentiment!

Yet we must remember that in all that goes to develop this brutality and recklessness, the saloon and not the automobile must be held responsible.

These three young men, when they started for their drive, stopped at two saloons on Cottage Grove avenue, and a third at Sixty-third street and South Park Avenue. Turning north until they arrived downtown, the youths continued the same program. Other saloons were visited, and here we have the key to the whole situation.

It would not be in human nature to act as did these young men had not their brains—such brains as they possessed—been crazed with drink. In these places they were supplied with the fire that burns out the intelligence of the drinker, leaving nothing but a raving maniac or a stupefied sot.

There is no reason why the pleasure of motion should be so perverted into a horrible whirl of disaster, deviltry, and death. Better turn on the brakes before taking any more such chances!

The racing impulse is itself a strong one, and the hot blood of youth does not need any additional heating by means of alcohol. Those who are fond of horses are favorite subjects for the shadow-fiend's attention. Well he knows how to win them!

Concerning the boy whose chief ambition is to become either a jockey, or the owner of fine race-horses, I would only say that such a boy is lacking in spirit. Yes, I mean just that, and can prove it.

It requires some intelligence to understand horses; more intelligence to understand men. A boy can probably become a successful jockey with but little education. If he had spirit enough to choose the harder and more honorable achievement, that of understanding men, he would not rest satisfied so easily, but would push his way through school and college at whatever sacrifice, and thus fit himself for life's higher duties and pleasures. Those who understand men

are the winners in the great race of life; and for this, education is the first equipment.

Prize-fighting is another excitement common to those who listen to the Red Telephone. Muscle is their idol, and brute strength their highest conception of the admirable.

It is, as a rule, useless to try to argue with persons living wholly on the physical plane. Until they grow beyond such low ideals you can do very little with them. But let a man once have his enthusiasm aroused for a deed of true heroism, let him witness a fireman taking his life in his hand to rescue the inmates of a burning building, or the life-savers at Jackson Park, Chicago, in their weekly drill to prepare them for rescuing the drowning,—let him witness such sights as these and his ideals of courage can hardly fail to rise a long step higher than before. He will come to see that "taking chances" is only worth while when it has a noble and unselfish purpose.

The same rule applies to those fond of gambling and speculating of all kinds. It is the love of excitement, of "taking chances" which give these things their charm. The same impulse which causes one man to join in the ring surrounding a prize-fight will cause another to watch with feverish interest the fluctuations in stocks; and indeed, the Wall street "bulls and bears" are but little less brutal in their instincts than the wild beasts who pound each other to a jelly for sport or money. Many a poor family has lost its little all, through the speculation of some relative or trusted friend. Don't take any chances of that kind. If you must have excitement, go into the jungle and hunt tigers and wild elephants. That, at least, can risk no one's life but your own!

There is time for me to speak of but one more kind of "taking chances." That, I am sorry to say, is quite common among women and especially girls. I refer to the habit of flirting.

Oh, yes, I know how hard it is to resist the temptation to try one's power "just this once," to enjoy the excitement of seeing indifferent faces grow eager and interested, of awakening that fire in the eyes of a man which is so alluring and at the same time so dangerous to peace of mind. Every woman knows how great the

temptation is. But not every one—not every young girl, at least—can know the grave extent of the harm done in thus arousing longings that are not to be gratified. Not every thoughtless, pretty trifler can realize that she is indeed playing with fire; that her witcheries are invoking spirits that will not be easily quieted, and are certain to do damage somewhere.

Even in the milder form of flirting, where very young girls make use of their bright eyes and merry laugh to attract the attention of strangers, there is harm incalculable—harm to the girl herself.

First, there is the harm done to the girl's own self-respect. She can never again be the sweet white flower she might have been, after thus brushing off the bloom by making her society and conversation too easily accessible to strangers.

Then there is the harm to her reputation. Every girl who is seen flirting instantly sinks below par in the estimation of all respectable people. Go to almost any beach resort, or grove picnic, and you will see some of this sadly unfortunate way of "taking chances," and the chances are always against the girl. Even the gay young men who respond so readily to the girlish nonsense, cease to respect the girls with whom they can flirt.

You doubt this, do you, Sweet Sixteen? Oh, very well. But if you had happened to overhear some of these same young men talking about you when you were not present, you would doubt it no longer.

Two young girls with a great display of gay ribbons and cheap jewelry, entered the railway station. One was giggling; both were chewing gum. They would have been pretty if the giggling and chewing could have been stopped. But it couldn't, apparently.

"Say, Mame," said one of them, in a loud voice, "Where do you s'pose that nice-looking feller is that used to sell the tickets?"

"Sh!" said Mame, nudging her companion, "there he comes now, to the winder. Now for some fun. You get the tickets and I'll watch out for that other—Oh, say, he *is* going to get onto the same train with us. Yes, two of them. Awful swell, too. See that one stare. We're in luck, Belle."

But Belle was already busily engaged in buying the two tickets.

She was a long time about it, and the conversation she carried on with the ticket-agent was a caution. It's a pity we haven't time to listen to it,—compliments, giggles and all. But the other impatient would-be passengers had to take time, whether they would or not, for the whistle of the train was heard in the distance before the girl moved away from the window with a saucy toss of the head and final display of dimples.

Both girls settled themselves in the train with much bustle and merriment. Everyone was looking at them; and it certainly was not strange that within a very short time they had contrived to attract the attention of the two showy but rather dissipated-looking young men, designated as "awful swell," and were making the best—or to speak truly, the worst—of the situation.

This is not an uncommon picture. Of course, these girls are not the only type of those who flirt. Some who come from refined, Christian homes are not entirely free from the habit, and though they may carry it on in a less obvious and repulsive way, it is none the less a sad mistake.

When Belle and "Mame" left the train, their newly found friends(?) left with them, and it was some hours before they separated. When they did, both girls had a flushed, frightened look, and seemed very quiet, for them. Something had startled them.

As for their companions, their remarks on leaving the girls were unfit to report at any length.

"The little one's a peach, Syd," said the man with the plaid suit. "Wasn't she a dead easy one to get around?"

"Not so easy as the other," replied his companion. "She's promised to meet me next Saturday afternoon at the park. There'll be fun on foot then, you'd better believe. *She* don't care,—that is, if you take her by degrees!"

The gravest results of all are when one of these silly girls happens to be caught in her own trap, and the "little flirtation" grows into a deliberate intention on the part of some evil-disposed man to add one more to an already long list of victims. The first chapter of this tragedy is seen on the street or cars, perhaps, or in the village store,

or woods picnic or seaside resort. The second chapter is found in some beer-garden or dance-hall; and those which follow are too full of sickening horrors to relate. Suffice it to say that the *last* chapter, as I am reliably informed by a woman physician who has attended a heartbreaking number of such cases, is found in the maternity hospital, usually in its charity wards, where the deceived girl goes down into the depths of anguish without a friend, without a hope, to bring into the world, often at the cost of her own life, a wretched little outcast whose lifelong heritage must be misery and disgrace.

Girls, *don't* take any chances in this matter of flirting! It never pays, but on the contrary costs tenfold more than the little satisfaction it brings at the moment. Keep your own pearl of womanhood for the time that is coming, and scorn to make yourself cheap in the eyes of men. It is the cheap, tawdry jewelry that soon tarnishes and is thrown away as worthless. The *pearls* are prized! If you are one of the genuine kind, there are years before you in which you are to be entrusted with some sweet and all-satisfying life-work. Perhaps this is to be in a home of your own, where you shall reign as queen; perhaps some other work of love and helpfulness awaits you. In either case the future is to be a happy one. Do not spoil it by taking any chances.

If I have given the girls more than their share of attention in the form of direct appeal, in this chapter, it is not from any lack of earnest sympathy with their brothers as well. I love young people; they are my warmest friends, and to them I would give this thought, whatever form this shadow-tempter's arguments shall take:

Tell him this:

"I don't *want* to take any of *your* old 'chances!' I have all the chances I care for already, thank you!" Then hang up the receiver and he will stop bothering you.

For it is true. There is a chance for you to make a grand success of life. A chance to earn and enjoy the hearty admiration of people whose esteem is worth having,—if you are fond of admiration. A chance for you to win in the student's or business man's race, with a fair field and no favor,—if you are fond of exciting mental or financial

competition. A chance for you to wrest from the soil or the forest, the sea or the air or the depths of the earth, treasures and secrets which may make you a second Franklin, Edison or Elmer Gates,—if you are fond of a tussle with the elements. And most of all, a chance to learn the inside news of the universe and experience the deepest thrills of delight known to the heart of man, by making yourself the friend of that most successful winner of hearts and teacher of truth ever known,—Jesus Christ, the Savior of men!

Come, now, would you exchange these "chances" for any that the shadow-fiend can offer?

WIRE XXV.

"TIME ENOUGH YET."

IN THE pleasure-garden of the King's palace there linger some who have been invited to the greater honor of ascending the palace steps and learning the wonders of the palace itself—the Palace of Life. Beautiful sights and studies await them, glorious revealings of the King's will concerning them, but they linger in the pleasure-garden because just as they are turning a voice from the Red Telephone dissuades them, saying:

"Stay yet a little longer. The King is in no haste. Enjoy yourself and leave the serious studies, the tasks of life, till another day. There's time enough yet."

So the King is kept waiting, while the pleasure-seeker has one more hour, and yet another, and another, of chasing butterflies and idly gathering flowers only to throw them away.

The King is very patient. Wonderful is the gentleness and still more wonderful the power of the monarch in this palace. But even the King cannot protect the dawdler from the sure results of his dawdling. If he stays too long in the garden the sun becomes blinding, and he loses the power to read the mystic inscriptions or to see and enjoy the wonderful books, pictures and other treasures contained in the palace itself.

Childhood is the happy and innocent time when the pleasure-garden is ours by right of the King's decree. But we cannot remain in it always without losing the richer treat in store for the maturing man and woman. The Palace of Life has in it many rooms that we should be eager to explore.

In a former chapter I described, in part, this wonderful palace,—the inscriptions on the steps for the student youth to read as he ascended, the laurel-crowned statues in the vestibule, the library of famous world-literature, the life-like paintings by master hands, the

great concert-room, the banqueting-hall with its rich feast, and the private reception-room where confidential audience might be had with the King himself. There is also another room that the guest enters last of all—the sleeping-apartment where Peace with her white wings broods over all, and outside whose windows the birds of the forest sing their sweetest lullaby. When the time comes to rest there is no turning back, and if many of the rooms in the Palace of Life have been yet unexplored, they must remain so. Their joys are richly worth seeking, but they are not found if all the time is spent in the pleasure-garden.

Another class there is, of guests in the King's palace, who miss its chief delight. Not the idlers in the garden, nor yet the ones who accept the King's hospitality and at the same time deny his very existence. These know well that there is a King, and fully intend to pay their respects to him. Oh, yes, they will devote themselves most faithfully to the King—by and by! But there is "time enough yet." And they linger on the steps, or in the vestibule, or become absorbed in the wonderful books, pictures and music, the feast and the royal jewels, and neglect to go to the King at all.

The common mistake of young people, and older ones also, is that in their thoughts they associate religion with the idea of death instead of life. They think of the religion of the living Christ as if it were a last resort, and the acceptance of it a much-dreaded duty to be attended to as a compulsory safeguard, in order to avoid eternal ruin which would otherwise overtake the soul after death. In this view, all the more dangerous because of so much truth mixed with the error, the Red Telephone has been only too ready to encourage all who listen to its shadow-messages instead of listening to Christ Himself.

The religion of Jesus Christ is a religion of life, not of death. Before it, death itself is vanquished and shrinks away into the world of shadows.

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin; and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Every normal human being clings to life as the one thing dearest and greatest. The more life, the more joy. Then why think it a hardship to make the acquaintance of One who came to increase that life and joy a hundred-fold?

Christ reveals to us not only a continuation of life through all the countless ages following this little earth-visit of ours; He not only makes life eternal, but more intense and abundant even while it is yet on earth. The "life more abundant" for His disciples begins *now*.

Looking at this truth, we see the fallacy of the Red Telephone message that says:

"Of course, religion is a good thing, for those who have finished sowing their wild oats and are growing old. It is a good thing as death approaches; but youth is short and its freedom is sweet. Enjoy life for awhile before giving up all that makes it so pleasant, and turning religious, and long-faced. There's time enough yet for that!"

The shadow-fiend delights—how he does delight!—in pointing to the Northeast Man in proof of what he says, adding scornfully,

"*There* is one of your church-members; one of your Christians! If you want to be like that, I wouldn't advise you to be in a hurry about it. After you have enjoyed life awhile, then get ready for religion and death. But there's time enough yet!"

Shall I tell you a secret? It is this: If the "wild oats" had not been sown in the first place, the "growing old" would not have begun nearly so soon. Nothing is more positive than this fact. A pure, healthful life such as Christ requires is not one to bring early wrinkles and decrepitude. It keeps people young and vigorous for years after the "wild oats" sowers are in their graves or, if living, have become Northeast men! You will not find a heartier, jollier set of people on earth than the active members of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor; and they *stay* young longer than most people and seem to get twice as much out of life.

Yes, Christ came to bring the gift most prized by all people, wise and otherwise—

"That they might not perish, but have everlasting life."

Everlasting—and overflowing. It is a *present* as well as a future salvation. Try it and see.

What the Red Telephone offers is the very opposite of this "abundant life." It is really a modified form of death. Am I not right?

Did you never see a person in the deep stupor of intoxication—"dead drunk" as it is appropriately called?

Did you never know the heavy, languid feeling that comes from late hours and a reckless whirl of worldly pleasure? It makes the blood sluggish, the eyes dull, the whole body too weary to move without an inward protest. Is not this "dead tired" feeling far more akin to death than to life? It certainly is; and it makes the morning hours that should be so joyous and light-hearted, a time to be actually dreaded.

If, then, one really values the brightness and vivacity of youth, the vigor and power of maturity, and the postponement of old age—if in short, one wants *more life and less death,* all the way along, the sooner the step is taken to ally oneself with the Life-giver, the better.

It is better both in the ever-increasing joys and in the time of sorrow. When the storms come, as come they will, and beat against our Palace of Life, how safe and pleasant the retreat that shelters us from the fury of the elements!

There is no such thing as a life without the shadow of pain, grief or trouble somewhere along its pathway. Nor should we wish to have the sunshine always. Even those flowers which love the sun most would wither and droop early if the heavily-laden clouds never came. Trouble is to the human life this heavily-laden cloud. He who meets it bravely, finds that it "breaks in blessings on his head." Then there is the trouble which the best of us, in our ignorance, bring upon ourselves; needless cares, needless discords.

"But warm, sweet, tender even yet
A present help is He,
And faith has still its Olivet
And love its Galilee."

Yes, ours is not a dead Christ. He is alive—more alive than any other being on earth—and those share His life who learn of Him. There is comfort and strength in following the living Christ; there is power in it; there is beauty in it.

The other day I was privileged to hear a sermon that was more than a sermon. It was a feast of living truth, and came from the smiling lips and almost as much from the sparkling eyes of a man who has been adding good deed after good deed to his rich life of service. It was a Methodist minister, well past middle life and the stronger for it in the ways that count for most. He was at one time President McKinley's pastor, but whether his work lay in pulpit or slums you would see at a glance that he was overflowing with life.

"Show us not only the beauty of holiness, but the *holiness of beauty,*" he prayed. And it was evident that he had found both.

The "holiness of beauty." Shall we not find it by realizing that all things beautiful belong to God, and therefore to us as God's children? In what way could we enjoy them half so freely, half so intensely? Such power of making the beautiful and joyous things of life our own could not possibly come to us in any other way.

Then, too, this joy in life increases, not only at first, but it keeps on growing throughout the ages. Are we on earth? Earth's beauties are continually revealed to us. Are we, a little while afterward, on Mars, or Venus, or Jupiter? or traveling with ever-new delight from one planet to another? Countless new attractions, each different from the last, hold us spellbound. "In my Father's house are many mansions." Think of this, my travel-loving friend! You will have many journeys and long ones, before you get to the end of God's house—the universe.

"And this is life eternal, to know God the Father, and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent."

Not only will it be life eternal in the time to come; it "*is* life eternal." If you know the Father and are at one with Christ, you are in eternal life *now*, just as truly as you ever will be. Eternity has neither beginning nor ending. It is what we make it; and we live in it already.

Can we afford, in the light of sober, practical common sense, to push off into the future the greater part of the joys and interests that might be ours in the present?

That is exactly what we would be doing if we listened to the voice at the Red Telephone which urges us to wait before consecrating our lives to God.

Truly that would be to wait before beginning to *live!*

Christ compared the newly consecrated life to a birth. "Ye must be born again," into *life,* not death! into *joy,* not regrets; into *freedom,* not bondage!

Dear, hesitating soul, it is only one little step,—take it now. Don't listen to the plea that there is "time enough yet," for waiting is itself the privation, if one only realizes it. Enjoy the present, in the truest sense, and do not cheat yourself into pushing off your birthright into the future. God says plainly and lovingly,

"*Now* is the accepted time; now is the day of salvation."

To some these words have seemed to convey merely a warning, perhaps almost a threat. How terrible thus to misread them! They are to those who look deeper, a gracious and glorious invitation; an assurance that we need not be kept waiting a single hour to enter into our inheritance.

Hear the thought-bells ever ringing!
Sweet the message they are bringing,
Let each heart in grateful adoration bow;
'Tis a time to swell the chorus,
For the love of God is o'er us
In the beautiful, eternal Now.

Let all nature tell the story,
How the air resounds with glory,
And the cloud is lifted from the mountain's brow.
Freely, then, their praises voicing,
All respond to earth's rejoicing,
In the beautiful, eternal Now.

Child of heritage all-glorious,
Join the symphony victorious,
For in truth a king with regal powers art thou.
Take dominion o'er the waters,
Rule the earth, O sons and daughters
Of the beautiful, eternal Now!

Prove thy royal rank, confiding
In the power within abiding,
With a gift divine the spirit to endow;
Wait no longer for the morrow,
Rise! and bid farewell to sorrow,
In the beautiful, eternal Now.

In the silence, deep indwelling,
Find the Christ-life upward welling
Into deeds of love, we scarce know when nor how;
Peace that passeth understanding,
Power the universe commanding,
In the beautiful, eternal Now.

WIRE XXVI.

"SPICE."

THE number of people who like their food highly seasoned is beyond estimate. Their name is legion.

It is all very well to inform children, both small and large, that spice, as a rule, is not nourishing.

They don't care if it isn't. They still have longings for the forbidden dainties that are so toothsome, and they are very apt to enjoy them in calm and provoking indifference to the impressive printed scientific table of food values which as calmly ignores them.

The small face will beam with satisfaction while its owner munches a stick of cinnamon that has not the slightest nutritive value.

The small thumb will delve without hesitation into the mysteries of a Jack Horner pie, and delightedly "pull out a plum" that is all the more welcome because it is surrounded by the mysterious spicy concoction known as "mince."

The small feet will climb on a chair to explore the topmost shelf of the pantry in the hope of finding something extra spicy and "good," wholly unmindful of the spanking that is to follow.

And to tell the plain, unvarnished truth, I must confess that I have a great deal of sympathy with the children. This perhaps is due to the fact that I am not and never could be, the writer of a "goody-goody" book; I mentioned that fact once before, and have no hesitation in repeating it now.

Yes, on the whole, I am inclined to think there is a good reason for this almost universal fondness for spice; a reason that is worth studying.

What is it that, like salt according to the small boy's definition, "makes potatoes taste bad when you don't put any on"?

It is the seasoning of life, the *interest* with which it is invested.

Spice, either material or mental, is not nourishing, but it has a

place nevertheless. If it is of the right quality and quantity, it adds a zest to the appetite, and a relish to the food that does nourish.

This "if" is a big one. Too much seasoning, or seasoning of the wrong kind, will spoil any dish, no matter how superior it may be. And spice that has lost its savor will be but a poor, bogus attempt at what is required. So let us make a brief examination of the more attractive and useful of our spicy favorites, with perhaps a still briefer glance at the other kinds, and see if we can get at the root of the matter.

What kind of spice is it that makes a social evening delightful,—that lends sparkle to the eye, animation to the manner and quickness to the wits, with no unfortunate after effects?

Conversation, for one thing,—the kind of conversation usually known as "small talk." How dull an evening would be, to most people, without it!

But "small talk" to have any seasoning power at all, must be carried on by people who interest each other. The secret is not so much after all in what is said, as in who says it.

The way to interest is to be magnetic. And the way to be magnetic is to have life and plenty of it. Not mere "liveliness," not a shallow pretense of life, but life itself.

That is, a person who would be magnetic must be habitually a *deep breather,* possessing all the vitality that comes with healthy lungs and active circulation of the blood.

Following this as a natural sequence will come quick wits, warm sympathies, and a keen sense of humor. Ah, here we have spice, indeed!

The friend who is ready with a good joke or a bright bit of news adds greatly to the spice of life. But this kind of spice must be combined with sugar. Vinegar spoils it.

Young people find life very insipid and tasteless without an occasional chat with friends of nearly the same age. And if the sex happens to be as different as the age is similar, so much the better. Who could wish to deny them a bit of innocent, wholesome seasoning to their day's work or study, even if they *do* sometimes linger over

THE SEASONING OF LIFE.

—Page 247.

it until it seems that the delicious relish is being dealt out literally by the spoonful? They will work and study the better for it. Only one wants to be sure it contains no filthy or poisonous ingredient, such as may always be found in spice that takes the form of flirting, lovers' quarrels, coarse jokes or illnatured gossip. Chimney-soot and gunpowder may *look* like pepper, but are mighty poor substitutes for it!

It is a sad fact that sometimes those who indulge in too much spice become unable to distinguish the pure from the poisonous varieties. These fall an easy prey to suggestions from the Red Telephone. Their own taste is blunted, until they cannot rely on it longer.

Such often make the grave error of sacrificing something very precious for the sake of a lively passage of conversation. Even their friends' secrets are not safe. Sometimes, indeed, what might become a priceless friendship is spoiled at its very beginning by the insatiable desire for piquancy in talk, which can forget the sacredness of confidence. Thackeray well describes this impulse when he says:

"An acquaintance grilled, scored, devilled, and served with mustard and cayenne pepper, excites the appetite; whereas a slice of cold friend with current jelly is but a sickly, unrelishing meat." To my mind, however, the "slice of cold friend" need not be served at all. If I had any such I would warm it up before serving. Cold friends are not a very desirable addition to anyone's possessions, and if they cannot be well warmed up they are hardly worth retaining.

One's friends, to be most enjoyable, should not be all of the same type. Variety here, as elsewhere, is the spice of life. Some companions should be grave, others gay; some poetic or artistic, others matter-of-fact. This variety is the more important if we ourselves are of a receptive nature, easily influenced in our own thoughts and ways by those with whom we associate. Everyone is thus influenced to a greater or less degree; some much more readily than others. Such will preserve their balance best by cultivating the friendship of people who can differ widely in their minor interests and ways without quarreling about it. This harmony in variety is not always easy to attain, but it is worth a strong effort, and the magnetic person—espe-

cially the magnetic Christian—often works wonders in combining different social elements so as to bring order out of chaos, and help people to improve one another without knowing it. Conscious improvement is all right, but often unconscious is still better, for it leaves the mind free and unembarrassed to work out its problems of life and thought, glad to help others, but not officious in the attempt to do so. This is as it should be.

As I said in the chapter on "The Wrong Shine," it is easy to be attracted by people of clever and winning personality, whose words and presence may indeed furnish us with a pleasant "spice," but whose whole purpose in life is foreign to our own. This is a common experience, and a most disappointing one. But we need have no fear that in letting such friends go out of our lives all the spice will go with them. There is more, bless you, yes; and of a kind that will not pall on the most critical taste.

If you can't get all the spice you want ready-made, it is not a bad idea to resort to the home-made variety.

Try making it yourself. Get up some novel and funny surprise to please a friend. Look over your stock of merry-making devices, shake and brush the dust off from some of the best, and add new ones. When a person begins to grow dull and care-worn, then is the time to add a little spice, and if everyone realized this, and acted upon it, we should have no Northeast men and women. In fact, the home-made spice is the best, and should be enjoyed in the very place where it is made. Home is the brighter for the ready laugh and the cheery sharpening of wits, if not unkindly exercised, especially at the family meal hour. Let the brightest anecdotes, the drollest happenings, be told at that time, and it will result in better appetites, better digestion, and a better taste.

But don't "run" each other more than is pleasant, or you will find yourself wasting time on "chaff" instead of spice; and beware of "spicy correspondence" that sacrifices kindness and good breeding to witticism. If you indulge in these things, you will have to pay the price, in loss of friends.

Spice in one's reading is also a great addition to the enjoyment

of life. Here, also, the Red Telephone gets in its work by creating a demand for sensational fiction and vile books that are not fit to meet the eyes of any human being. The morbid, unhealthy craving for this kind of literature is like the fierce thirst for intoxicants, far more readily formed than cured. Such books as a young person cannot let mother see are *not* "spice"; they are poison, and should be ranked as such everywhere. Oh, I wish I could make every reader of these lines understand the horror of blackness into which a soul sinks when deprived of its purity by the noxious stuff that enters the mind like a thief, to steal away its most priceless treasures and leave foul and fierce contagion in their place!

Even aside from this worst class of books, there is another class, usually considered harmless, and often found in Sunday-school libraries; that is, the unnatural fiction of the mildly sensational type. Such books represent an impossible hero as performing equally impossible feats ranging from making a fortune by peddling peanuts or neckties, to rescuing impossible heroines from a flaming or watery death. All of which is very pleasing at the moment, but it is a kind of "spice" that blunts the taste and so spoils it for the really fine literature with which the English language abounds. It is a thousand pities that the books of our average Sunday-school libraries are so carelessly selected. A taste for good reading is the key to one of the greatest luxuries that can be enjoyed, and it can be cultivated and possessed by everyone. Do not mistake me in this. Remember I *belicve* in spice; I am not urging anyone to abandon the reading of fiction, or to read only the pale, tame, sickly creations of religious story-writers of a generation or two ago. Not a bit of it. I prefer my "spice" either thoroughly up to date, or else of the kind that can be preserved for a long time because of its richness and superior quality. To my mind the "Elsie Dinsmore" variety of Sunday-school book is almost or quite as objectionable as the literary rowdyism that has been well characterized under the name of "Optical delusions." A strong, true religious sentiment in a book is well; so are tales of stirring adventure; only let both be true to nature as we find it at its best.

A book that furnishes the right kind and amount of "spice" can be distinguished from trash by the following signs:

First, it is of such absorbing interest that the characters seem to live and breathe, and you are glad to count them among your personal friends. You are not ashamed of them anywhere.

Second, it is stimulating to the highest side of the life you are now living. You feel a new interest in the work you are doing, with an increased ambition to make the most possible out of your life.

Third, it starts a new and healthy impulse to add something to the lives of others.

Any book that will pass these three tests successfully, is the right kind of book to read. It nerves and enlivens one, like a species of spiritual ozone. The "moral" of the story may or may not be apparent, but if you feel braced up after reading it, instead of morbidly dreamy or irritable or discontented, you can safely depend on the quality of your "spice." It is all right.

But, you will say, such information is something like the advice given one who asked how to distinguish a mushroom from a toadstool, and was told, "Eat it. If you live, it was a mushroom. If you die, it was a toadstool."

Yes, I admit that it is much better to know how to judge whether a book is worth reading or not, without taking the time and the mental risk of first reading it to observe the effect. Well, some kinds of books can be judged at a glance. If a book abounds in unnatural talk by the characters, and unnatural situations, a very few pages, opened at random throughout the book, will suffice to reveal that it is trash. Another way is to judge by the author. This method, though not infallible, saves time and usually answers the purpose; for the writer of one thoroughly good book is not apt to produce trash, nor is the writer of a thoroughly trashy book apt to product anything worthy the attention of a busy or critical reader.

One of the best helps to the formation of a fine taste and greatly increased enjoyment in reading is a little book entitled "Highways of Literature," by David Pryde. It reveals to the average reader many hitherto unknown delights, more than doubling the zest of the reading

hour. It does not stop with introducing us to the most piquant and delightful "spice" in history, poetry, fiction, oratory, the drama, etc.; for best of all, it renders us capable of discovering and enjoying this spice for ourselves in all our future reading.

Amusements, aside from reading, form a part of life's flavoring, and a very important one. If it be true that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" it is also true that such an arrangement has an equally unfortunate effect upon Jill. Every man, woman, boy and girl needs a little recreation, and it should be taken as unfailingly as the daily bath or the nightly sleep, if one is to keep bright and well.

As I have treated this subject of amusements somewhat fully in former works, I will refer to it but briefly here, confining myself in the main to the statement that the spice of life, being variety, cannot possibly be found in a monotonous round of such fashionable diversions as calls, teas, dancing and cards. One has only to look at the tired, bored faces of those who spend their lives in such a continual round of search for pleasure, to be certain that their method is not a success. The life with no object but selfish pleasure is certain to fail of attaining even that object. "All play and no work" is quite as bad for Jack and for Jill, too, as the opposite extreme.

How, then, shall we select our pleasures?

As we do our spice—carefully and sparingly. The main point is to make sure that the kind of amusement offered us is such as will really brighten and strengthen us for life's duties. If it will not stand this test, it is because it is of the kind that originates at the Red Telephone.

One would naturally think that the variety theater would be of all places the one that could be relied on to furnish a wide and satisfactory range of entertainment. But it has proved lacking in several respects. It has not the personal element, for one thing, that adds charm to the more social and less professional attempt to please the taste. Worse than this, it introduces so much that is dirt instead of spice, that it cannot be recommended as a flavoring.

Just a word of warning here as to pictures. Visit the art galleries,

the best museums, the homes of private collectors of fine paintings, photographs and statuary; have a camera, learn to use it, and so surprise Nature in her loveliest moods; you will add a rich flavor to your life in such ways. But don't, I beg of you, don't waste one moment on the kind of "spice" provided by the trashy illustrated papers or the still worse "slot machines" that are such favorites with our Red Telephone artist. This advice is not needed by the most of my readers, perhaps, and yet there are young people by the thousand who can be seen feasting their eyes on such nauseating stuff as is exhibited for a nickel or less at many railroad stations. They forget that the eyes are the windows of the soul, and if used in such ways the soul itself must soon suffer from the contact. Better let doubtful pictures alone!

Tasteless and insipid indeed is life to the soul that has allowed itself to become satiated with "spice" of the wrong kind. You can see these unfortunates all around you. If this chapter helps any to avoid their fate, by applying the test of a candid, thoughtful choice as to enjoyments offered, I shall be more than rewarded in feeling that these thinking ones have been spared much sad experience and have had their capacity for pleasure heightened and deepened thereby; that to them, as to the writer of these lines, life grows more keenly interesting every day, and its "spice" is sprinkled pleasantly in the midst of the activities, till the whole is "seasoned to taste."

Religion of a healthy, practical type is of all helps the greatest, in forming the right habit of decision in this matter. Let anyone who has imagined that to Christ's followers life becomes a dull, monotonous round, take particular notice of the fact, for fact it is, that the keen interest, the "spice" of life, is never half realized until one has been a sincere and willing pupil in the school of Christ. It is then that the new light breaks; and as the Red Telephone sneer, "Oh, that's too tame, too insipid," reaches your ear, you hang up the receiver with a smile of thankfulness for yourself and of pity for the poor shadow-creature who has lost all the "spice" out of his life.

WIRE XXVII.

"BE GOOD TO YOURSELF."

OFTEN letters come to me from young people, especially from girls, telling of some perplexity or discouragement and asking what I would advise; or thanking me in the sweetest, friendliest way for some bit of help that I have been able to find for them in a corner of my heart that I keep for just such emergencies.

Both kinds of letters are very precious to me. I would not be without their occasional visits for all the wealth of a continent.

But I am often surprised at the number of these letters, and the similarity of many of the experiences. How the writers would open their eyes in astonishment if informed that the chief reason of all their troubles is simply that they have not yet been introduced to themselves,—that they do not know their own natures!

Yet this is the cause, and the only cause, of a large majority of the mistakes, discords, and minor disappointments of life; yes, and many of the larger troubles come from the same source.

The friendly remark sometimes heard in parting, "Be good to yourself," is advice that has been borrowed and sadly twisted out of its original meaning, by the users of the Red Telephone.

When the shadow-voice says "Be good to yourself," it means "Be self-indulgent," which is generally the worst injury that can be inflicted by any man upon that long-suffering individual—himself.

To be in reality good to yourself, it is necessary first to know what that self is like. To understand the peculiarities, the strong points, defects, needs and possibilities of this wonderful set of tools with which everyone has to work out his destiny,—the set of tools known as his own mind and body.

Our schools and colleges teach many things that it is useful and pleasant to know, but in the most important science of all they teach only the rudiments. In fact, many of them altogether neglect the

only branch of education that could possibly help our young people to understand their own individual powers and possibilities.

Physiology, it is true, has a place in every up-to-date curriculum. Psychology is studied mainly by those who are fitting themselves for teaching. Both deal with mankind in the mass. But in that vitally important question which comes to every soul, "What am *I* good for? How should I plan *my* life to make it count for something among so many?" the schools and colleges are seldom ready with a practical answer.

This chapter is to help those who wish to make the most of their individual lives through a clearer understanding of themselves than school has been able to give them. Of course, it would be impossible to teach a whole science in a single chapter; but I can at least give such a condensed outline of the facts as will throw some gleams of light on paths now lying in the shadow of doubt and perplexity, and will enable more than one earnest, aspiring soul to turn the Red Telephone's suggestion "Be good to yourself" into something nobler and far more satisfying than self-indulgence.

God's universe is more closely knit together than we think. We know that the existence of plant and animal life is dependent upon the sun; that the moon has a strong and methodical influence on the ocean's tides; that the various groups of planets have laws that govern their movements, quite as strictly enforced as our law of gravitation. Is there anything very surprising in the fact that these forces of nature have a definite and close relationship with the natures of human beings, and that the particular forces that prevail when a soul first awakes to conscious physical life on earth are the forces which will give that human life certain of their own characteristics?

"The most natural thing in the world," you admit. Of course it is. The marvel would be if there were *no* such connection between human life and the other products of God's handiwork. For when we remember that stars, flowers, and human lives all are created by the same loving and skilful Hand, we have no longer any fear of a blind or malignant Fate. We know that there must be a great harmonious purpose moving through it all, and bringing slowly but surely into

order and perfection all the seemingly diverse and chaotic conditions of a world—nay, of a vast system of worlds; and that in all this majesty of purpose no smallest detail is overlooked.

Be not surprised nor incredulous, therefore, when I tell you that the ocean tides are not the only proofs of a connection between our own planet and others in the same solar system, aside from the sun. The moon is cold, shining only with reflected light; but many of the so-called stars are in reality powerful though distant suns, many times more potent in their influence than the half-frozen moon can be.

Human beings have their tides as well as the ocean—their magnetic attraction to and from the forces of nature. That our earth is not the only part of the solar system which affects us is no new discovery,—the wisest minds among the ancients observed this fact many thousands of years ago, and learned from it certain natural laws, the truth of which has been mingled with some errors and superstition, but in the main, has been confirmed by recent study along the same lines. Hence those who laugh at what they call the superstitions of our grand-parents in regard to the signs of the zodiac are a little too hasty, doing, in fact, what the ignorant have always done the world over—ridiculing a science which they do not understand.

The only part of the recognized science of astrology which does not properly belong to it and which we can justly discard, is its fatality. A law of nature is always exact, and is operative *until superseded by a higher law.* Gravitation draws things downward, but is overcome by the law of growth, which causes them to shoot upward. So it is with the influence of the planets upon human life. The stars need control *no* life to its eternal injury or undoing. That is no more necessary than it is for a man to be a lifelong vagabond or a criminal because he has inherited from his grandfather certain roving or impetuous tendencies. Heredity can be overcome. So can planetary influence—and the better when understood. All the dangers of disease, misfortune or evil of any kind pointed out by the signs of the zodiac, are dangers only to man in the animal stage of development. To the enlightened, spiritual man they are not dangers at all.

He has *outgrown* his relation to these things. It was true at the start, the traits and tendencies existed; but he has passed out of their reach. Christ saves "to the uttermost", and I would strongly emphasize, therefore, that no one need be startled, angry or depressed at seeing himself as in a mirror for the first time, and reading his own nature and destiny as it is likely to become if he were to *drift* instead of directing his course by the light of heaven. He need *not* drift. The stars may influence us, but God rules the stars, and His help is accessible to the weakest of His creatures.

To know our own weak points is not, therefore, discouraging, but helpful; and to know our own strong points is not a cause for looking down upon others less gifted in those respects. If our neighbors have by nature more serious faults than we, the more credit to them in overcoming.

Would you learn how to read your own nature and destiny? I can help you to do this in part, for we are not made by chance, but according to a definite, intelligent law.

There are twelve types of human beings, each corresponding to a certain "sign" as it is called, of the zodiac. You may search the world over, and though you will find many races and varying temperaments, each person comes under some one of these twelve types. Before I name these types it is well to state that three of them belong to what is called the Fire Triplicity; three to Air, three to Earth, and three to Water. Thus each of the four elements has its share, as well as the seasons, heredity, pre-natal influence and the planets, in determining the peculiarities of every person born.

From March 21 to April 19 is the period classed as the head sign of the Fire Triplicity, and the name of this sign is Aries. The governing planets are Mars and Neptune. Persons born at this time of year are usually very earnest and determined, and are natural leaders. They are noble, generous, magnetic, progressive, and have strong intuition. They are good scholars, and as they are genial and witty in conversation, and never at a loss to provide entertainment, they are apt to be social favorites. Their sympathies and affections are as quick as their wills are strong; they are often the best of

comforters to those in trouble, and are apt to make excellent teachers. Many fine descriptive writers, novelists and poets are found in this sign.

If not permitted to work in their own way the Aries people are apt to become confused and to lose interest in the subject. They are changeable, impetuous, quick-tempered and resent being told of their faults. They will die fighting for a friend or for a principle, but will not yield a point until obliged to. They are good at planning, have excellent taste and judgment, but do not like details, such as long seams or the finishing-off or filling-in portions of their work. They are generous givers, but inordinately selfish as to their life plans, and are apt to talk too much of themselves. They are noted for what would be called lost opportunities.

An Aries person who wishes to be "good to himself" in the highest sense, will find it of benefit to practice silence, be alone for some time each day, restrain his desire to govern, consult the comfort and happiness of others, take only a moderate part in conversation, avoid stimulants, and take plenty of sleep in a large, well-aired room.

The second or middle sign of the Fire Triplicity is Leo. Persons born between July 22 and August 22 come under this sign. They are kind-hearted, generous, extremely emotional, sympathetic and magnetic; good story-tellers, quick to see the point, and gifted in moulding the opinions of others. They can often sway great audiences, and when themselves possessed of a noble ideal they are powerful in their influence for good. They have a passionate love for their own, especially for their children, and cannot bear to have them criticised. Like the Aries people, they would rather plan than to work out the plans in detail; they are often very lazy, and fond of basking in the sun and dozing in the chimney corner. Both men and women in this sign usually have great talent for catering for the table; they make excellent cooks, and good nurses when in full sympathy with the patient.

The passionate impulses of the Leo people are attributed to solar influence, as this is the only sign in the zodiac whose governing

planet is the sun. Most marked are the faults of those in this sign. Many of them are tricky, and not over particular as to the proof of their statement; they are apt to be chronic borrowers; are hot-headed, fiery, easily attracted by the opposite sex and not always constant in their affections. Strong prejudices are formed by them on very slight grounds. But when these faults are overcome, there is no more helpful person in all the signs of the zodiac than the Leo man or woman.

The selfishness of this sign must be conquered first of all, before there can be any real progress. Self-control must be cultivated. The "quiet hour" each day is most essential, and the associations must be of the purest. Leo children are very observing and imitative; they not only contract the habits and faults of others, but imitate their voices and gestures, sometimes possessing great talent in this direction. Constant and varied amusement is as necessary to a Leo child's harmonious development as is the air it breathes; and great pains should be taken to warn young people born in this sign of the effects of vice. Often it seems that only sickness, sorrow, and suffering can help these passionate natures to subdue their own fiery impulses; and when this is the case, the needed discipline always comes. But in other and more fortunate cases, careful early training brings out the real beauty and averts the dangers of this sign.

The last sign of the Fire Triplicity is Sagittarius—November 22 to December 21. The governing planet is Jupiter. Those born at this time are gifted with considerable prophetic insight, so that they can tell the outcome of almost any enterprise in advance. They rarely make mistakes except from following the advice of others less keen-sighted than themselves. They are very different from the Leo people in their working habits; for they seem literally to have been born busy, and keep busy under all circumstances. They are also very particular about finishing one piece of work before beginning another. They are neat and orderly, careful in money matters, and as a rule, are equal to any emergency. Sagittarius women make excellent housekeepers, wives and mothers. They have great love for their children and animals, and are often musical.

The people in this sign have one peculiar gift that many times causes them to be misunderstood; the gift of prophecy, already mentioned. They are far-seeing, and often clairvoyant; they hear words and see visions that are withheld from others, and their minds reach out far beyond the present, so that they are sometimes accused of fabrication. But they always mean to tell the truth. They are very decided in everything they do; aim well, and hit the mark; speak out their conclusions quickly, even to bluntness, and hence often make enemies by opposing the prejudices of others. They cannot bear to see suffering, and hasten to relieve it at any cost to themselves; but their generosity and goodness is seldom met with anything but ingratitude. They are quick to anger, but soon over it; have a tendency to fly all to pieces over a small matter; are unreasonable in their desire to help those they love, and unwilling to wait for proper times and seasons, but must rush through a task as soon as it presents itself. The women in this sign are especially apt to sacrifice health and good-nature in their determination to finish what they have begun.

These people expect too much of others. As they are themselves quick to observe, plan, and achieve, they expect the same of those less gifted in these practical respects, and are sometimes exacting and domineering.

It is best for a Sagittarius person to have very few confidential friends; the less in number, the fewer misunderstandings. They need to think well before acting, and not be governed by impulse in their charitable work. They should try to do good for its own sake and not expect gratitude nor appreciation; a hard lesson to learn, but a valuable one. They must learn to be gentle in speech and never to excuse themselves for bluntness because of the truth of their words, which might be undeniably true and yet cause much unnecessary suffering to others. There is seldom need to warn these people against vice, as they are naturally pure in thought and intention.

We now come to the Air Triplicity. The head sign here is Gemini, which means "twins". The governing planet is Mercury. Persons born under this sign, from May 20 to June 21, may be said to be

"double". They have a dual nature, and it sometimes makes them very nervous and uncomfortable through not knowing their own minds. They wish to travel, and they wish to stay at home; they want to study, and they want to play; they are happy and unhappy, warm and cold, satisfied and dissatisfied, both in the same breath. Very sympathetic with suffering, courteous and kind to all, affectionate and generous, these children of the springtime are among the most lovable. They are usually fond of art, science and literature; are often musical, have strong religious natures but want a leader, and are apt to be timid and apprehensive about thinking for themselves. They are nearly always wonderfully deft with their hands, and can cut and plan, and see into a device or pattern more readily than others, and if not interferred with, will bring the work to beautiful completion; though they can seldom tell beforehand how they are going to do it. Explanations and arguments are of little avail with most of the Air people.

Scattering of forces, and great restlessness are the chief drawbacks to growth, in this sign. The Gemini people are naturally fretful, complain much, and imagine evil where none exists. They wish to learn, but are sometimes very impatient of methods.

They are anxious, expectant, liable to go to extremes in what they undertake, and thus destroy their health. They are given to regrets, are suspicious, and occasionally very untruthful. Some Gemini women are most superficial in their judgment, being easily charmed by the outward appearance of those they meet; then, as they are very affectionate, they suffer a great deal from jealousy and disappointment.

Gemini persons who would be "good to themselves" will find great help in the study and practice of those truths pertaining to the higher spiritual life. They should remember that the inner nature is the real one; should keep the thoughts and conversation free from personalities, and firmly resolve not to complain at trifles. Silence and spiritual illumination will greatly relieve the restlessness. Gemini people should learn to finish what they undertake, without worry; and to keep their hands and feet still, as the habit of physical quiet

reacts favorably on the inner nature. They should strive for unity and continuity of purpose, and not indulge themselves even if their means will permit, in the habit of throwing aside with dislike to-day what was coveted yesterday. They should talk slowly, and in every way cultivate calmness. Especially should they associate themselves with people—and with books—that are quiet, calm and restful.

Libra, the middle sign of the Air Triplicity, is active September 23 to October 23. The governing planet is Venus. Persons born in this sign are ambitious and energetic. Libra men are apt to be tempted into speculations and gambling. They are eager for new objects of attraction; are full of hope and enthusiasm, and recover quickly from misfortune. The Libra women are usually less reckless than their brothers, but are apt to be careless about money matters, the details of which are extremely distasteful to them. Libra men and women alike will give away the greater part of what they possess, and expect no return. They sometimes borrow and fail to pay their debt, but this is not from any dishonest intent. They are timid and apprehensive of misfortune to their children and friends; are extremely sensitive to harmony or discord; they read the thoughts of those around them, and frequently have their naturally high spirits clouded by unpleasant conditions that they are quick to perceive but cannot properly explain. Hence they often appear sad or morose, and are thought disagreeable, at times when their sympathies are thus fruitlessly called into action. This power of reading the thoughts of others may be made helpful at times, but more frequently is a cause of unrest and misery.

Kind and amiable are the Libra women—so much averse to cruelty and bloodshed that they dislike to have even a chicken killed. They are also very cleanly and dainty in their personal habits.

The people in this sign are apt to take a literal, material view of things. They wish to help everyone, and forget that it is first necessary to control self. They exaggerate, are very enthusiastic, impatient of methods, easily confused by the arguments of others, and panic-stricken if lost in a crowd or compelled to cross a busy street. They are careless as to their own belongings, drop and lose

things, will often borrow books and forget to return them, and do not like to be criticised. They are exceedingly fond of praise, and foolishly wounded by trifles. When angry, a cyclone could hardly create a greater disturbance; and when they go to extremes unchecked, they are often dishonest.

Yet the higher intuitions of Libra people are most beautiful, and when strictly followed, this higher self will rarely fail to lead them aright, into the kingdom of their own spiritual natures. Libra people should strive to curb their desire for appreciation, their habits of carelessness and exaggeration, and watch their own thoughts well. The habit of order in little things may be cultivated; patience, repose and serene faith will work wonders, and as these people are quick to see the truth in anything, their determined efforts for improvement are very successful. The children born in this sign usually have a talent for invention, and marked mechanical ability.

Aquarius—January 20 to February 19—is the last sign of the Air Triplicity. The governing planets are Saturn and Uranus. Persons born in this sign are said to be at once the strongest and the weakest people in the world. They have unusual power in certain directions, but seldom realize it; are so lazy and so unable to concentrate, that their beautiful gifts are often scattered and lost.

Aquarius people are generally noble, honest and kind-hearted, are fair readers of character, not easily deceived, and their mental and spiritual quickness makes them very apt in whatever profession or trade they may choose. In fact, those in this sign who even partially realize their own powers can succeed in practically anything they undertake. They are agreeable and dignified, seldom passionate or quick-tempered, and are capable of high spiritual development. They have a wonderful gift at controlling the insane; and to them the power of healing is by no means unknown. They are unusually sensitive, vacillating and capricious; often ask advice, but seldom remember to follow it; and are sometimes great braggarts, especially in regard to relationship and pedigree. Their fondness for titles is absurd; and they usually care too much for personal appearance.

These people, if they would be "good to themselves", must fight

YOUR HOROSCOPE.

"Be good to yourself."

—Page 257.

laziness and indifference every waking hour. They should seek only for the good in all things; be careful not to condemn others for things that they secretly do themselves; must make no promises or engagements that they do not intend to keep, and must compel themselves to keep those that they do make, at any sacrifice. They should go for advice only to the Most High, and strive against the power of external things, that their own wonderful spiritual gifts may be free to develop. They should have few companions and those few carefully chosen. The children in this sign, being nervous and restless, must be kept as quiet as possible, but must not be confined too much indoors. The country is the best place for all Fire and Air people.

Taurus, the head sign of the Earth Triplicity,—April 19 to May 20—is a difficult sign to deal with. The governing planet is Venus. Those born at this time are brave, hardly knowing what fear is. They are kind and generous; money has no special value with them except for the good it will do; they never wish to hoard, and are always willing to divide. They have unusually strong wills, and their animal instincts are equally strong. They are fond of the good things of earth, of feasting and treating their friends to sumptuous repasts. Still, their mental and spiritual natures are strong also, when once developed; they memorize with the greatest ease, make brilliant speakers and writers, and often become leaders. When friendly they are very loyal as long as they are permitted to have their own way. But when they become enemies they make most bitter and relentless ones. They are guided far too much by the external and physical; are easily angered and when angry are very violent; and at such times words infuriate them. They can never be reached by reason or moral suasion when in a passion. They are exacting, domineering and very selfish in their physical demands. But all this rather appalling description applies only, it must be remembered, to those born in this sign who are undeveloped spiritually. Such are in great danger of falling into the worst traps set by the shadow-fiends of the Red Telephone.

If Taurus people will overcome their lower selves and be true to their higher selves, they are capable of great things. They should

learn silence and patience, should never touch stimulants, should avoid overeating and early learn the sacredness of sex. They must keep themselves free from anger and jealousy, be alone much of the time, and remember that the greatest of all conquests is the conquest of self, and "he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he who taketh a city".

The Taurus people are open to all new discoveries of human progress and hope, can have at command vast intellectual power, and can learn to use their tremendous vitality in ways that will prove a blessing to the world and themselves. They should make all important decisions when alone; for in spite of all their stubbornness, Taurus people are easily influenced by those around them. Girls in this sign are more easily led to their own destruction than those in any other; they are so susceptible to sympathetic feeling and to flattery. Taurus children, when the worst elements of their sign prevail, are beset with an array of temptations that is appalling indeed. They are not only wilful and stubborn, passionate and violent, but are apt to be cruel to animals, destructive, maliciously untruthful and thievish, unless there are strong counteracting influences. They must be taught truthfulness and respect for law, above all things. Any tendency to be cruel to animals must be checked, or from it will proceed the impulses that lead in later life to murder and other most revolting crimes.

Remember that not all Taurus people must of necessity be afflicted with every one of these unfortunate qualities. A good heredity, fortunate environment and the right early training will often prevent many of these traits from appearing at all. But without such counteracting influences, these are the tendencies; and it is well that with them, the Taurus individual has been gifted with great vitality and a magnificent will. Turned in the right direction, and brought into harmony with the forces of purity and love, these will prove weapons that may well cause the shadow-creatures to tremble and flee.

Virgo, the middle sign of the Earth Triplicity, August 22 to September 23, represents the hidden fire of the earth. The governing planet is Mercury. Persons born at this time are usually very

orderly and methodical, capable and efficient workers and planners, affectionate and devoted to their families, fine scholars and fastidious as to dress. They are good at keeping their own secrets and other people's as well. Possessing the keenest mental discrimination of any of the twelve signs, the Virgo people frequently excel as newspaper editors. Among them are also good proofreaders, natural philosophers and chemists; their hands have a soothing influence on the sick; and they are capable of a high degree of success as writers, public speakers and musicians. The sense of feeling and touch is very accurate in these people; their natural impulses are materialistic, and they reason from the external; when living on the intellectual plane they are severe critics, arbitrary and exacting, and they have a great respect for money and position. They are inclined to be domineering, to interfere with other people's affairs, and to pick everything and everybody to pieces. They are often very irritating to the Air and Fire people, with whom they do not get on well. It is said that Virgo people will confess to almost every fault except the ones they possess. These they do not seem to be aware of, nor to realize how often they wound others by their merciless criticisms. Sometimes their admiration for the external, and their desire to make a good appearance, will lead them into habits of exaggeration and involve them heavily in debt. Many of them are fond of experimenting with drugs and physicians, though they seldom need either. But when this continual dosing is omitted and other habits are healthful, you can rarely see any change in the appearance of a Virgo person from thirty to sixty years. They retain their youth to a remarkable degree.

When Virgo people do arrive at the point of spiritual awakening, they develop very fast, and their habit of close analysis, formerly so disagreeable, becomes a power for good. They grow more magnetic as they reach this stage, can draw many to them, and are both inspiring and reliable. They are natural students, and have strong likes and dislikes, dominant will, quick understanding and usually show a great deal of business talent early in life.

The important things for a Virgo person to remember, if he would

"be good to himself", are to look diligently for the good in other people, and for the pure and beautiful in everything; to be especially careful in bathing; to avoid drugs and partake only of pure food, with deep breathing of fresh air as a regular exercise. His attention should never be directed to the evil in the world, or to the faults of others, as this would in his case lead to habits that will embitter his whole life. Music is of especial value to these people as a recreation and a promotor of good taste and mental harmony.

Capricorn, December 21 to January 20, is the last sign—sometimes called the dark sign—of the Earth Triplicity. The governing planet is Saturn. The people born in this sign are well adapted to the carrying out of large projects. They are deep thinkers, natural orators and teachers; are intensely intellectual and devoted to books; and are eager workers in their own enterprises, but tire quickly if obliged to work for others. They usually try to do several things at once. They resent all interference and unlike the Virgo people, never meddle with the affairs of others.

They have excellent memories, are fine entertainers, with special gifts for story-telling, and are kind-hearted and loyal. A friend once is a friend always; and a promise is sacredly regarded.

This sign has been called the most brilliant and at the same time the most depressed in the zodiac. When jolly the Capricorn people are very jolly; when miserable, they are more miserable than all the rest put together, and can usually give no adequate reason for their unhappiness. They are sometimes very eccentric and indiscreet in their charities and investments. The women in this sign are better financial managers than the men, and are careful housekeepers. Both men and women are very particular about appearances, proud, selfish and overwhelmingly ambitious. They love harmony and beauty, but live too much in externals. Seldom is a Capricorn person found who is not subject to fits of depression. They are magnetic, and attract friends easily, but dislike caresses or any demonstration of affection. They abhor flattery; they know when they are liked, and the knowledge satisfies them. With them, as with all the Earth signs, the spiritual nature is hard to reach, but capable of

high development. When the teachers in this sign are illumined by spiritual light their power for good is unlimited, and they seem to possess every gift worth having. But this light can only be obtained by looking up and away from self. This is not easy; the earth's attraction for these people is strong, but is often beautifully overcome, and these conquests over the Shadow-World are among the most creditable of all.

Capricorn children are apt to be haughty and arrogant; to feel that they "know it all", and this tendency, if not controlled, causes them much trouble in later life. They should not be associated with cross or coarse people, as they readily take on the conditions of those around them. It is impossible for them to learn too early the necessity for self-control, and they should be plainly instructed as to the uses and abuses of the sex-nature.

Last of all we have the Water Triplicity. The head sign is Cancer, June 21 to July 22. The governing planet is the Moon. This sign is as full of contradictions as the ebb and flow of the tides. Those born at this time usually have a persistent will, and cannot be talked out of a thing; but they are absurdly sensitve, and if their feelings are hurt, they lose heart and abandon their plans. They are very intelligent; are fond of travel, and if well educated will be gifted in some respects far above the average. It is as hard for them as for the Capricorn people to work under the direction of others. They are lovers of home, devoted to their children, yet are capricious, changing companions and friends very frequently, and often becoming bitter enemies of those to whom they were formerly attached. They are fond of money; the tendency is to accumulate and hoard. These are the people who count their silver, hide their jewels in stockings and are constantly afraid of burglars.

They are neat, orderly and extremely fond of dress. The mind is mechanical, and Cancer men usually succeed well in manufacturing business. The women are more intellectual and progressive, being often very logical speakers and writers and among the prime movers in great humane enterprises.

They are kind in sickness and trouble; devoted and efficient in

emergencies where the responsibility rests upon them. Cancer people are likely to be happy and comfortable during the day, but at night the tide ebbs, and they are apt to feel depressed. They are very tenacious of their own and their children's rights, and courageous in defending them. They can be very cruel and vindictive. Laziness, selfishness, vanity, jealousy and love of money and display are the "shadow-creatures" that afflict the people of this sign. While living wholly on the physical plane a Cancer woman will go to almost any length to obtain the rich garments and sparkling gems she loves so passionately. Both men and women in this sign are inordinately fond of seeing their names in print. The women are so exceedingly fickle and inconstant that they are seldom happy in their married life. They are inclined to fabrication.

Those born in this sign should make good use of their great aptitude in learning new things. They should strive to substitute true ideals for false and materialistic ones. They should cultivate the inner life, dress simply, study themselves conscientiously and practice loyalty, constancy and nobility in all that they do. Cancer children should not be much associated with invalids. They are gentle and sympathetic with suffering, but dwell too much on the symptoms observed, and often grow very nervous and excited in describing them. They should not be taken to funerals. No Cancer child should sleep with old people; and the little ones in this sign should not be over-fondled or frequently caressed. Great care with diet, sleep and fresh air is necessary in this sign, as the health suffers from apparently slight causes. Remember that to overdress a Cancer girl is to do her the worst possible injury; and young people in this sign should avoid early marriages. They can do most for themselves by turning their attention to the systematic cultivation of "a meek and quiet spirit". This once accomplished, there are no stronger or more useful people.

Scorpio, the middle sign of the Water Triplicity, October 23 to November 22, is a sign characterized by great vitality. The governing planet is Mars. Persons born in this sign are able to benefit others by their mere presence, so marked is the vibratory force of their

natures. It is akin to that of the great ocean currents. They have strong will and self-control, great skill in the use of their hands, a firm, yet delicate touch, keen observation, steady nerves, and make the best surgeons in the world. They are so cool and well-poised that they are sometimes considered unfeeling; but this is not always a correct judgment, though sometimes it is.

Eloquence is often one of the powers possessed by the Scorpio people. They are strong and magnetic public speakers, have great tact and taste in the choice of language, and when spiritually developed they make the most popular and convincing preachers. One very important factor in their success is their silent, dignified bearing. They are courteous and affable unless serious business is on hand, in which case they can be blunt even to cruelty. They are especially fond of outdoor sports, ocean travel and ocean views. They have a fine taste in dress, but are not so devoted to display as the Cancer people. They have large self-esteem, are fond of praise, and can be easily flattered. While living on the animal plane, they are subject to jealousy and passion, to a most unusual extent; are tricky, subtle, selfish and very peculiar in their dealings with friends. A friend is treated well while he can be used, but if not, he is cast aside like a squeezed lemon. The odd thing about this is that Scorpio people have such wouderful tact, and powerful magnetic attraction that they can renew even the friendships thus broken, if they have occasiou to do so. They have a way of finding out secrets and utilizing the information to their own best advantage; if it injures others, it is regarded by them merely as a good joke. These people will stop at nothing to attain the end that they have in view, whether a good or evil purpose. Scorpio women who have not learned to control themselves are the worst scolds and "naggers" in the world. They are extremely jealous and suspicious, and this trait often leads to divorces and separations. The undeveloped Scorpio men are also very hard to live with in peace. Scorpio babies are the fretful ones who demand constant attention and amusement. But they are very bright, quite able to entertain themselves, if they once become accustomed to doing so, and should be kept very quiet. The children in this sign are fond

of animals; they should be given pet animals for playmates, and carefully taught to be kind to them. This will help to develop the love-nature. Simplicity is best. A great deal of misery and shame will be avoided by an early cultivation of self-control, a careful discrimination between right and wrong in thought as well as deed, a healthy scorn of self-deception or self-flattery, and a resolute refusal to entertain suspicion or jealousy towards others.

These people can be anything they choose to be, and if they will not spare themselves, but will set bravely to work to overcome, they will accomplish great things. They should remember that true friends are very rare, and are to be prized and cherished even at the cost of some sacrifice. Hugh Black's delightful essays on "Friendship" would prove the best of reading for a Scorpio young person.

Pisces, the last sign of the Water Triplicity, February 19 to March 21, is under the governing planets Jupiter and Neptune. The people of this sign are a great contrast to their Scorpio neighbors. They have a very deep, though sometimes hidden, love-nature, are the most unsuspecting of mortals, and very loyal to their friends. They will deny themselves the comforts of life to further the interests of relatives or friends; will defend them right or wrong; and though they are people of quick attractions and equally quick repulsions, they are generally too kind to let the latter be seen. It is almost impossible for a Pisces person to acknowledge the slightest flaw in the person cared for.

Pisces people are very fond of beautiful things in nature and art, and among the educated ones in this sign are to be found excellent artists, art critics, and writers. Those trained to methodical business habits make excellent accountants, cashiers and book-keepers. They are honest, modest, pure-minded, and generous to a fault. They will give all they have, expend their vital force to help others, and then fret because they cannot do more.

They have a deep religious feeling, but are too apt to depreciate themselves. In fact they are abnormally deficient in self-esteem, and this sometimes causes them to appear awkward and to believe

that the world is against them and that it is no use for them to try to keep up in the race with others.

Worry, anxiety, and gloomy forebodings often make these people prematurely old, and sometimes lead even to suicide. Persons in this sign are wavering and uncertain in all their actions. They lose and mislay their belongings and those of other people; drop things and forget to pick them up; and are so careless in household matters that even their sweet and helpful dispositions do not prevent them from being a continual source of annoyance in a well-ordered home. These are the people who kick up mats and rugs, and never seem aware that they do not leave things as they found them. They are apt to talk too much, ask tiresome questions without waiting for answers, and are very inattentive in conversation.

Of all persons in creation, the Pisces people most need to learn to "be good to themselves". They should first of all understand the value of silence. It is vitally helpful for them to retire to some quiet room and sit alone for at least a few moments each day, compelling every nerve and muscle in the body to absolute stillness. They should try to understand that they can help others best by first learning to curb their own restlessness and foolish emotions; that too prodigal giving does much more harm than good; and above all, should learn to place implicit trust in the loving care of an Infinite Power, not only for themselves but for others. They will do well to practice deliberate, careful movements, to cultivate a habit of accurate observation, a respect for other people's belongings, and an orderly disposal of their own. They should accustom themselves to feel far less responsibility for others, and more for themselves; to think and decide discreetly, without talking over their affairs; and to strengthen their self-reliance and self-respect in every possible way. Military drill or a regular system of gymnastics and deep breathing, will prove of value.

There is no rule without at least apparent exceptions. It is not uncommon to find persons who appear to possess very few of the peculiarities and traits belonging to their sign. When this is the case, it is usually due either to heredity, prenatal influence or early

training; or there may be other counteracting influences. A person born at or near the time when one sign is just merging into another, for instance, may partake of the characteristics of either or of both; and often a person will partake of the nature of other signs in the same triplicity.

But the wise men of old knew what they were talking about. The more deeply this matter is studied the more clearly does it appear that the laws thus governing human nature are phenomenally correct. He who remains entirely ignorant of them loses an opportunity that is of the greatest advantage, and to him the shadow-creature's "Be good to yourself" comes as a poor substitute, indeed, for the grand and loving plan by which God rules destiny and implants in every human soul the promise of unfoldment. Knowing this divine purpose, Christ could say without mockery to every child of earth, "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect!"

WIRE XXVIII.

DIVORCE.

SIX hundred and twelve divorces out of every ten thousand marriages!

These are the startling figures given us by the latest United States statistics.

What does this indicate?

It shows that in one of the most enlightened nations of the earth nearly one-sixteenth of the people who enter upon the most sacred of all human relationships make a wretched failure of it.

Further, it shows that the divorce laws are altogether too lax; and this laxity leads to, and encourages, an increase of the trouble.

And all this is well pleasing indeed to the shadow-fiends at the Red Telephone. They are never more gleeful than when sowing the seeds of discord destined to break up families and kill affection and true happiness.

"Our own country, whose morality has not kept pace with its enlightenment," says the manual of a well-known social reform organization, "has thrown off all restraint and allows divorce for the slightest cause and with almost unlimited frequency. Society is, in consequence, on the verge of moral ruin, and nothing but the religious and social recognition of the true horror of this crime can arrest the evil that with cyclonic force has in a comparatively short time overthrown domestic peace and uprooted the safeguards of purity and honor. To condone the sin is to partake of it, and we should realize its effect as well as its nature; for if we so condone it we become moral participants, not alone in the sin, but also in the evil that follows."

Conspicuous as an example of this deplorable condition we see with shame the fair city of Chicago, only too well known as a refuge

for countless dissatisfied husbands and wives who wish to break their bonds and be "free."

What a mockery such promise of freedom is!

"It was a mistake, your marriage," says the voice at the Red Telephone. "You will find it more and more of a failure if you try to live with anyone so uncongenial and full of faults. Your husband never cared for you as he should. Break the tie and it will be better for both of you. Do not waste time, but take steps at once to regain your freedom."

Freedom?

At a popular women's club in this same city of Chicago I have watched the members drift in and out as the constantly shifting population brought them to the point of joining or leaving. Among the applicants for membership were many married women, some happy wives and mothers, but every now and then would be one on whose face could be read the lines of a deep discontent, a misery and wretchedness that seemed to be almost beyond hope. They were the women who, legally separated or not, were living apart from their husbands. From the depths of my heart I pitied them in their folly and unhappiness.

Every social organization in such a city has had some experience with these restless ones who, having thrown aside the influences and interests of home, are seeking to fill their empty lives with the food for the intellect which, when taken alone, will surely leave the heart still in a starving condition.

Poor short-sighted seekers after peace! It is not to be found there,—not for those who close their hearts against it by disobedience to the command:

"Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

The women's club of which I speak has been resolute in refusing to countenance divorce. The church also, throughout the land, is being aroused by recent appeals, to take a firm stand in the matter; and of this there is vital need.

In the Catholic church, a divorced person who remarries is thereby cut off from the church for life. This strictness operates of

course to discourage the more devoted class of Catholics from obtaining divorces with the purpose of marriage to another. Thus their position is explained:

"The Catholic divorcee who remarries excommunicates herself. She enters into what she knows to be a sinful relationship, and by that act openly sets at naught the teaching of the church . . . . It is not the church that has cast her off, it is she herself that has broken the filial tie. The Catholic divorcee who remarries must be socially ostracised. . . . . .

"The Catholic divorcee has no excuse. The Protestant has none. Such unions (Protestant) should be treated in the same way as the Catholic divorcees and subjected to the same rule. . . . . .

"To neglect to discourage divorce because of the divorcees who are in good faith is to encourage it. . . . . .

"Catholics should make in the matter of divorce a strong and united protest, and should cooperate also with the Protestant authorities who are rapidly organizing a movement against its social recognition."

From the above extracts it will appear that one church, at least, is intensely awake on this subject. There has probably been great need, owing to the fact that divorce because of mixed marriages (Catholic with Protestant) has made large inroads into the Roman Catholic families of America.

Among Protestant denominations the rules are not generally so stringent, but there are few Christian communities where a divorced person is not placed under a social ban.

Yet, in spite of these facts divorces have been increasing. What can be the motive which is sufficiently strong to cause a wife or husband to defy the displeasure of God and man by taking so mistaken a step?

Often it comes through a long process of self-deception; or what amounts to the same thing, a continual listening to the Red Telephone.

One woman—and I fear she is one of many—had drifted into such a state of mental inharmony that she imagined she hated her

husband. Going beyond all sense of honor and marital pride, she even allowed herself to talk contemptuously among her friends, of the man she had promised to love and honor. She discussed his faults openly with her acquaintances, declared herself the most miserable of unhappy wives, insisted that she could not bear the sight of her husband and that she wished he would leave her in peace and never let her see his detested face again.

And yet——

When this same husband refrained from coming home at the usual time, she would become nervous and restless, and when on a single occasion he absented himself from home all night, she was in an agony of worry and distress.

Now, this woman was clearly deceiving herself. Had she been as indifferent to her husband as she represented herself to be, his absence would have been scarcely noted, unless, indeed, with relief. She loved her husband far more than she knew. And if she could have been persuaded to put aside the shadow-messages and be *honest with herself,* she would have seen that he was still dear to her; that life held much of happiness in store for them both, and that the way to that happiness lay in a new unselfishness, a mutual forbearance, respect and consideration, each trying to repress the traits which irritated and develop those which pleased, the other. Such a course perservered in would have banished the discords forever. But continued bickering would only hasten and make sure the threatened life-crisis.

Sad and terrible results follow this selfish disregard of the sacredness of the marriage vow. If the shadow-voices are listened to at all, they will go to frightful lengths in their determination to ruin the peace of wedded lives. Not content with making wife dissatisfied with husband, or husband with wife, they introduce by degrees a temptation from which the pure soul would shrink with horror; that of an unholy passion for another. So gradually and skillfully is this sinful feeling brought into the life, that homes are blighted and disgraced, reputation lost and the soul transformed into

the likeness of the shadow tempters themselves, all before the danger is realized.

An old friend of my father's who is a well known author and a professor in one of our great universities, had an attractive and petted young daughter who was taken with small-pox while the family were traveling. She was given the tenderest care, and on her recovery remained for a time with friends while the father and mother returned home, little dreaming that the sad turn events were to take would make them wish with all their hearts that their daughter had died of the dreaded disease rather than lived to cause them such horror and shame as was to be their lot. I will give you the substance of the story; it is no secret, alas. It is what the sorrowing father and mother term the story of a daughter's perfidy. I should rather call it the story of a great temptation and a most unfortunate yielding; but the disgrace is there, beyond doubt:

When Nathan W. Stowell, a Los Angeles millionaire 53 years of age, divorced his wife of years in order to be free to marry this professor's daughter, a girl of 22, it was known that the marriage did not meet the approval of the bride's parents; but few knew the depth of their shame and suffering. A letter signed by both the professor and his wife, and stained with their tears, contains the words:

"You cannot imagine the depth of the darkness under which we are compelled to live the remainder of our life of sadness. We would infinitely have preferred laying her in the grave."

To this father and mother their daughter is indeed as if dead. She has gone out of their lives, and their hearts are aching with sorrow and sympathy—sympathy for the wife they call loyal, to whom their daughter was a false friend.

With a robe thrown over his knees the aged professor sat before the fireplace in his library on the evening when we first learned of his trouble. Alternately he called his sorrow up out of his heart and choked it back again. All around him were his books—children of his brain, children, he said, that can bring only joy into his life—and he told the story.

"Yes, it is true," he said sadly, "it is true. We did all we

could to prevent it, but it has come. We do not regard it as a marriage, and we have told our daughter so. The divorce was obtained on flimsy grounds after a fictitious residence in El Paso, and such a divorce can make no man free to marry."

The light in the table lamp grew dim as if to harmonize itself with the quiet surroundings. The father turned up the wick and went on, carefully measuring his words.

"The shame of it all," he said, "is that the sanctity of marriage has been violated, and that the sacredness of hospitality has been disregarded. When we were in Los Angeles with Evelyn we were called home suddenly and left her, as she had been ill. Mrs. Stowell came forward and out of the goodness of her loyal heart invited my daughter to be her guest in her beautiful residence. As the invitation came from Mrs. Stowell, it was accepted. That was fourteen months ago. For a month my daughter staid under Mrs. Stowell's roof and partook of her most generous hospitality. Then she came back to us. Unbeknown to us she received letters from Mr. Stowell. Then he went to El Paso to take up a pretended residence there so as to be able to obtain a divorce."

"And when did you know that your daughter contemplated marrying Mr. Stowell?" the professor was asked.

"Not until some time after he had gone to El Paso," he said. "It was then that we found it out."

The aged writer paused as all came back to him, and he choked back something and brushed his hand over his eyes.

"And I felt such gratitude toward Mrs. Stowell for her kindness in taking my daughter into her home that I thought to send her some small token of my appreciation, so a few weeks after her husband had taken the first steps toward obtaining his divorce and while we were still in darkness I sent her a complete set of my books. I sent them to her, to Mrs. Stowell personally. And that sweet woman and loyal wife, when she wrote to thank me signed the letter 'Nathan W. and Nora Stowell'. My heart goes out to the little woman. She did not know then and neither did we—O, what a pity."

DIVORCE.

"It was a mistake, your marriage," says the voice at the Red Telephone.

—Page 280.

"We have known Mrs. Stowell for many years," he went on. "During the four or five visits we paid to Los Angeles we were treated always with the most beautiful hospitality by Mrs. Stowell and her charming circle of friends."

The professor then told of the visit of Mr. Stowell.

"He came to this city and staid six weeks," he said, "and we forbade him the house, but he and my daughter met clandestinely, and on June 12 they were married. We did everything in our power to dissuade Evelyn, but to no end. I even went so far as to appeal to some of her friends to help me. I asked them to talk to her or write to her, urging her not to take the step. Prof. Albion W. Small, an estimable man, wrote to her. His letter was eloquent—such a sweet letter. He pointed out the sociological reasons why Evelyn should not marry Mr. Stowell."

The "romance" out of which grew a broken home, a Texas divorce, a marriage against parents' consent, and the breaking of hearts, began when the Professor and his wife, accompanied by their daughter, arrived in Los Angeles from Mexico, where they had been traveling. Mr. and Mrs. Wilkinson went to visit friends in Los Angeles and Evelyn went to a residence in the same city, to be the guest of a girl friend.

While there Evelyn was stricken with small-pox, contracted in some way during her travels in Mexico, and she was quarantined, along with the whole household, by the city health officers. Before she had entirely recovered, but was convalescent and waiting for the raising of the quarantine, pressing professional engagements demanded the return of her father to his own city.

In the distress of the father, mother, and daughter, a friend came to the rescue—a woman who had passed through the small-pox ordeal when she was a girl. That friend was the wife of Nathan W. Stowell, with whom he had lived in apparent happiness for twenty years. She said to the distracted parents:

"Let your daughter come to me as soon as she is released from her captivity and I will keep her until she has had time to recover completely and the marks have disappeared from her comely face."

So the Professor and his wife returned home, and in a few days their daughter entered the beautiful Stowell residence and for the first time met the head of the house. So far as the unsuspecting Mrs. Stowell could see that was all there was to it.

The actions of Evelyn and Mr. Stowell were such as never to attract her attention, and so innocent was the wife of all suspicion concerning her young guest that even when her husband's attorney served notice a year later of an application for divorce, she never for a moment suspected there was any intrigue with the girl, in the matter.

Evelyn meanwhile had remained at the Stowell residence for several weeks, subsequently returning to her father's home. During the year that followed, she kept up a clandestine correspondence with Stowell.

In this correspondence it appears that plans for the divorce and marriage were matured.

The divorce was secured by Stowell in Texas. He claimed a residence there and was there temporarily on business.

When the Professor discovered early in the progress of the "romance" that a clandestine correspondence was going on he and his wife set to work to win their daughter from her infatuation and to induce Stowell to discontinue his attempt to secure a divorce in the Texas courts. The result of this was the following telegram from Stowell:

"Evelyn's note received. Will order proceedings discontinued as requested. N. W. STOWELL."

This put the family off their guard until a month later, when they made the discovery that the correspondence had been re-established and learned that the decree of divorce asked for by Stowell was likely to be granted on the following day. On that day the Professor wrote:

"We told our daughter that if they should resolve on marrying the ceremony could not take place under our roof, nor could we be present at it wherever it might occur. We even went so far as to say that we could not seem to countenance such a marriage by

exchanging visits with the married pair. Our daughter is naturally and habitually obstinate, and we, of course, have no means of preventing her taking the step. We can only express our sorrow and disapproval of this treachery to hospitality."

Thousands of cases as sad as this result from similar blind infatuations which the shadow-creatures delight to stir up. When love is thus perverted into a sinful, selfish passion, the highest quality of the soul is degraded until it becomes the lowest, and such a life is tossed into the very depths of debasing influences.

Too strong an emphasis cannot be laid on the solemnity of the promise made by the married couple to love and cherish each other as long as life lasts.

When the first faint shadows appear in the home sunshine, then is the time to be resolute, and rise superior to them. Never yet, perhaps, were a man and woman so free from faults and so perfectly adapted to each other that there would not be little annoyances, vexations and disillusionments very early in the married life. This is the critical time. It can be dealt with wisely, tactfully; but how often it is not!

A bright, interesting woman, remarkably clever in some respects, very fond of intellectual pursuits, but sharp-tongued, satirical and not at all domestic, made the mistake of marrying a quiet, home-loving German. How she came to do it is a problem. The result might have been foreseen by one with half her mental acuteness.

The Germans are intensely domestic. They love their homes and are accustomed to having them well kept. The German women take pride and pleasure in housewifely arts and in ministering to the comfort of the husband. They have no other thought in life.

Consequently this American woman of such widely different type was a sad and wholly unexplainable riddle to the man who was foolish enough to marry her. She was, to him, a bitter and hopeless disappointment. He seldom complained, but bore his fate in stolid silence after his first few remonstrances were met with a torrent of indignant words.

"*You old Dutchman!*" she would say, contemptuously. "Do you

think I'm going to put myself out, to wait on *you?* If you were a gentleman, you would wish to save me trouble, instead of expecting me to work for you like a slave!''

And yet even these two, mismatched as they certainly were, could have learned by earnest effort to understand and appreciate each other. There was good in each; quantities of it, but it was covered up and all but destroyed by lack of loving effort to call it forth.

How pitifully numerous are the misfit marriages! The *best* way to avoid all temptation to divorce is to begin far enough back to make sure of a reasonably harmonious marriage in the first place. True marriage is that soul-union which leads to unselfish delight in sacrificing and striving, each living for the other, and not at all for self. Until one is willing to do this, one should not marry at all.

It is quite possible to know in advance whether a marriage is likely to prove harmonious or not. Even where love exists, it is better to stifle its growth at the outset than to marry one in whom many qualities and traits will prove a continual source of distress and vexation.

There could be no more effective check to divorce than for young people to study themselves and each other more carefully before marriage is decided upon; and while a multitude of rules could be given, it is better to avoid the confusion of so many and attend carefully, instead, to a few well-established principles, such as the ''law of opposites,'' the ''law of similarity'' and the ''law of complements.''

To explain briefly, the ''law of opposites'' means that it is well to marry one with mental traits and more especially with physical characteristics somewhat different from your own. They need not and should not always be literally ''opposite'' in the extreme sense, but blue eyes should mate with dark ones, etc.

The ''law of similarity'' means that in the great underlying essentials of life, the religion, race, education, tastes and preferences, there should be a similarity. ''Can two walk together except they be agreed?''

The ''law of complements'' means that where a needed good

quality is deficient in one, it is well if that particular trait can be strong in the other, so as to supply or complete the whole.

Many an unhappy marriage can be traced to the attempted union of uncongenial elements. But, until lately, few have known what these elements were, or how to make reasonably sure that they were congenial. Yet it is easily ascertained.

By referring to the chapter entitled "Be Good To Yourself," in which the various "triplicities" are described, it will be seen that, in general, people will be found to partake largely of the characteristics of the particular "element," whether Earth, Air, Fire or Water, which is the strongest at the time of their birth.

This gives us a key to harmony, if we will but use it.

If, for instance, one born under the head of a certain triplicity, such as Taurus, the head of the Earth, understands that it is unwise to marry one born under the head of another triplicity, much trouble will be saved. The reason is obvious; both would want to rule, and until one or the other had learned to subdue this desire, harmony would be impossible.

Persons born in the Fire Triplicity will not harmonize easily with those born in the domain of Water. Such a marriage usually results in a great deal of splutter and spatter, hiss and steam.

Fire and Air people make good comrades and neighbors, are splendid workers in reform movements, and sometimes can marry happily; but ocacsionally the natural independence of air, together with its tendency to scatter, prevents it from coming satisfactorily under the influence of fire. These particular traits should therefore be well considered in connection with such a marriage.

Fire combines well with earth, in the main. The earth being cold, likes and needs the warmth that fire can give; and fire enjoys giving of itself. The chief caution necessary here is to be sure that the impetuous, somewhat domineering Fire can be patient with the slower Earth, and not expect the quick responses which the nature of the Earth people is not able to give.

Earth and Air do not combine particularly well. Earth takes Air as a matter of course, while Air feels its superiority as the

breath of life. It is more than possible that this was one trouble with the German husband and American wife above referred to.

Earth and Water mingle fairly well; for in spite of the occasional mud, water moulds the earth, and from the blending of these elements spring the things necessary to maintain life and make the world most beautiful.

As the Air people scatter and the Water people are restless, these two elements do not blend well. There is not enough stability in such a union.

Now let me especially call attention to the fact that these rules apply only to the average undeveloped human being. To those who have conquered self, come into the truths of religion, and attained a high degree of spiritual development, there need be no failure in marriage even if the combination of elements is most unpromising. Such have come under the higher law of Christ, and are free from the law of self.

Another thing: Let no already married person who now learns these truths for the first time imagine for one moment that these laws of the elements are meant to work harm. Like all laws of nature, they were planned by a wise and beneficent Father. If one born in the sign of Aries, the head of the Fire Triplicity, discovers that he or she is married to one born in the sign of Cancer, the head of the Water Triplicity, this knowledge, if rightly used, will prove a great help and not a matter of discouragement. Knowing the cause of the inharmony which sometimes appears, one can guard against and finally overcome it completely.

When you find that you have a garment which does not fit, you can do one of three things.

You can discard it. That is divorce.

Or, you can wear it, hating it all the time until it is worn out, wrinkles and all. That is the average miserable, misfit marriage.

Or, if you are a bit ingenious and painstaking, you can *fit it over* —and wear it with delight and satisfaction. That is the misfit marriage turned to blessing by unselfish endeavor.

I might mention a fourth way. If you cannot make the garment

over so that it will look to suit you, it is possible to call in the help of one more skilful, who will do it for you.

This too, is true of life. Whatever the discords, do not lose heart, but call upon the unfailing Helper, and *know* that all will be well.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Fear not to trust Him. He knows your unselfish, loving desire—and He will bring it to pass.

WIRE XXIX.

"HIS OWN LOOKOUT."

SWIFTLY skimming over the ice were two skaters. How smoothly they glided along! The flashing steel of their skates glistened, as did the ice; for the sun was shining brightly. It was a mild winter day, and the fine skating could not be expected to last.

The skater that was ahead rounded a curve in the river's outline without glancing at the sign "Danger!" warning all that in that place the ice was exceedingly thin. He was going so swiftly as he passed the sign that he failed to notice it, and if he had kept up his high speed all the way across, perhaps the danger might have been averted.

But, going more slowly, he soon found himself in a serious dilemma, for the ice began to bend and crack in all directions. Should he go on, or turn back? One course seemed now about as dangerous as the other, for he was nearly at the middle of the stream. However, he turned, and choosing his way as carefully as his excitement would permit, he was nearly to safety when suddenly, crash! crack! went a large block of ice which had been slowly separating itself from the rest. It was the ice on which he stood!

Where was the other skater all this time?

On the safe side of the bend. He had noticed the other's recklessness, felt a momentary desire to call out and warn him, then concluded to keep still, saying to himself,

"Oh, well, it's his own lookout. The sign is plain, and if he chooses to be foolhardy, what business is it of mine?"

A life was very near being lost because of this kind of reasoning. When the ice at last gave way and the careless skater felt himself sinking, he cried out for help. *Then,* indeed, the cold philosophy of his fellow-skater proved itself as unstable as the ice which it so resembled, and in a twinkling he was off after the nearest fence-

rail. It was secured in time, but as the half-drowned man succeeded in grasping it and was drawn to a place of safety, the truth was deeply impressed upon rescuer and rescued alike that we do not live for ourselves alone; we are all parts of a great Whole, and cannot be separated even though we attempt it. The law of human sympathy decrees that the life and welfare of one is the life and welfare of all.

Still more apparent is this truth when a party of Swiss mountain climbers bind themselves together with a rope and proceed along the perilous steeps. Does anyone say, at such a time, "If one of my fellow-travelers were to stumble and fall, it is no concern of mine,—it is *his own lookout*"?

Indeed, he does not. He knows that the peril or safety of one is the peril or safety of all.

The whole of society suffers when one of its parts is permitted to come to grief. This is true in all the activities and interests of life. Humanity is bound together with a tie no less real, even though less visible, than the rope binding the Alpine climbers. No man can afford to be indifferent to the welfare of his neighbor.

Yet one of the common messages over the wires of the Red Telephone is this:

"It's his lookout. He must attend to his own affairs and I will attend to mine."

Later when the listener at the 'phone has learned that the wrong done to another reacts on the one who does it; that suffering, like joy, is contagious, and that we cannot separate our lives by the old fallacy, "Am I my brother's keeper?" however much we may wish to do so,—when he has learned this, he will admit frankly, if he is sensible,

"My neighbor's welfare is *my* lookout, as well as his own."

Meanwhile, the world suffers much because it does not yet understand.

The man who sells his customer short weight or shoddy goods thinks he has made a good bargain because, at the moment of the transaction, his cheating escapes notice. Conscience may reproach him, but is silenced by the words from the Red Telephone,

"The fellow didn't care enough about his goods to examine them, let him have those that are a little off. It's his own lookout.'

The dealer who thus reasons will never be a Marshall Field. When outstripped by honest men who make it an invariable rule to give full value, this one so indifferent to his customer's interests wonders what is the matter. We might easily reply, "You *chose* the course which leads to failure. You had a fair chance to succeed, and neglected it. It was *your own lookout*—and you didn't look ahead, that's all."

But instead of this, it is far kinder and more humane to warn him; for we know it is often in human nature to fail in one way or another to "look ahead."

This failure is seen in larger things than in single dealings between man and man. A whole nation sometimes partakes of this shortsightedness, and pays the penalty in a harvest of crime and shame.

Is it not strange for a nation proud of its colleges and universities to give legal sanction to an institution like the saloon, which can drag lives down far faster than all our institutions of learning can build them up? Truly it must be because of the insidious arguments of the Red Telephone that the average American voter says, in effect:

"Let the saloon exist. I know it does harm, but nobody is forced to patronize it. A young man can keep out of it if he will. If he won't, it's his own lookout."

Let me give you a true picture of the saloon's work in wrecking student lives. An eye-witness writes from Poughkeepsie to the Defender, published in New York:

"To-day is the day of the great intercollegiate boat races which annually take place upon the Hudson River in front of this city. The participants this year are Cornell, Syracuse, Pennsylvania, Columbia, Wisconsin and Georgetown. For weeks crews representing these universities have been training here, and to-day their friends and the friends of the universities which they represent and the general public have come by thousands to see the contests. The

Poughkeepsie papers estimate that at noon to-day 25,000 visitors were in the city. If that be true, not far from 40,000 were here by two o'clock.

The Per Cent of the Bad.

"Let it be understood that by far the greater part of these were decent, well-behaved people, conducting themselves with perfect propriety. Among the four or five thousand students, young men and women, who were here, the majority were guilty of no conduct that in any way reflected discredit on themselves or the institutions whose colors they wore. If a small number, possibly as few as 200, of the students and perhaps less than 1,000 of the spectators had been eliminated there would have been comparatively little ground for severe criticism, while, had the saloon not been present, even those few would, in all probability, have behaved themselves with perfect propriety, gone home sober, retained their self-respect and the esteem of their neighbors.

"But the saloon is here. Poughkeepsie has its full share of the institutions which exist under the sanction of the beneficent Raines law, and, with hardly an exception, they were specially decorated for the occasion and most of them were making handsome profit from the opportunities offered.

"One of the first sights which greeted me, when I left the boat at the foot of Main street, was a crowd of young collegians on their way to the ferry which would carry them to the immediate ground of the race, just across the river. I met hundreds of these between the ferry and Market street.

"About three per cent of them showed evident signs of intoxication. I specially recall one group of four, wearing the colors of Columbia. They were all intoxicated. One big, fine-looking fellow, evidently a leader among them, was especially so and was singing, in a thick maudlin voice, 'I'm on the water wagon now.'

"At this hour the saloons had comparatively few patrons, the set of the crowds being across the river, but I found the barroom of the Nelson House well filled with college students, drinking fast and

furiously, with a flow of profanity that would have stampeded a regiment of dragoons. I regret to say that at that hour the color most in evidence in the elegant Nelson House hell hole was the orange of the well-known Methodist University of Syracuse. The young men were not hangers-on who had put on the colors from passing fancy but students.

At the Race Side.

"Across the river at the immediate scene of the races, there is but one place where liquor is sold in close proximity to the river, Dean's Hotel, immediately behind the West Shore depot. This place had built an outdoor bar along the whole front of the building, and behind it were five sweating, dirty bartenders, working upon a jump, serving a crowd which frequently was formed up five and six deep in front of the bar, while in the rear of the building several other male and female dispensers served liquor upon a broad piazza to women who, with and without escorts, came for that sort of refreshment.

"Cases of intoxication were numerous in the crowd all along the river bank, and so far as I could observe there was absolutely no provision for police protection for decent, well-behaved people. I saw numerous incidents of grossest insults offered to ladies by drunken fools, some of them elegantly dressed fools, and several drivers of carriages and automobiles had imbibed to an extent that made them utterly reckless of the safety of the crowds through which they forced their vehicles. Though when one watched the flow of liquor that was poured out over the rude bar of Dean's Hotel, the crowd was marvellously well behaved.

After the Races.

"Returning to the city immediately after the boat race, I found drinking immensely increased. The victors and their friends were drinking to celebrate their victory; the defeated to drown their disappointment. Within an hour after the race, the bar of the Nelson House was closed, and the barroom locked fast. The explana-

tion given by an attendant was that 'the boys behaved so like—that we could not risk it.' One had only to look at the throng of excited young men and older men that crowded the corridor of the hotel and packed the sidewalk in front, to feel sure that the precaution was well taken. I think I am justified in saying that had that bar been open for a single hour the hilarity of the occasion would have been turned into riot.

"But no one need go without drink who cares enough about it to cross the street, for directly opposite the Nelson House is the Opera Café, a large saloon. This was packed with students and others all the evening. Frequently the crowd in front of the bar must have reached 100 or 150 young men, of whom possibly one-half were college students.

"In the basement under this saloon I found the headquarters of what appeared to be the principal gambling syndicate of the occasion. Here bets were being cashed and a long line of young men, most of them students, were taking their slips from the book man, near the door, and presenting them to the cashier behind a temporary barricade at the further end of the basement. In a few minutes I saw thousands of dollars change hands.

"The Morgan House, which divides the honors in Poughkeepsie with the Nelson House, was less careful than its competitors, and its barroom was wide open, filled with a curious assortment of beardless students and tough old sporting men. In the "grill room" behind the bar, parties of men and women were eating and drinking. Beer was the predominant drink here and it flowed plentifully. Later in the evening a good deal of noise, some of it rather coarser than would have been expected in such elegant surroundings, came from the grill room, and parties emerged who could not walk straight. The more aristocratic dining room, a little further removed from the barroom, was drinking heavily of champagne. I saw many bottles of that seductive fluid carried in, and soon heard it coming out in the form of college yells. This continued, more or less, to a late hour.

Cornell Celebrates.

"As the evening wore on the celebrating became noiser, and the crowds of students and spectators entered more and more into the spirit of the occasion. At half past eight o'clock a huge young fellow, wearing Cornell's colors, now waving a Cornell flag above his head, and now trailing it in the dirt, yelling like a fiend, came staggering across Market street from the Nelson House and entered the Opera Café. Behind him came one of the victorious crews, Cornell's freshmen, and were speedily lined up in front of the bar, where the crowd made way for them, while they drank to their success in the fluid that they have been rigidly prohibited from drinking, in order to be fit to win success. The boys not only drank themselves, but treated generously in celebration, not only of their victory, but of their release from nine months of abstinence.

"The big young fellow who led this party I saw afterward in the front rank of Cornell's celebrants who followed, or rather preceded, the drum corps along Market and Main streets. Many of his companions were but a little more sober than he.

"For an hour and a half after half-past-eight, matters progressed rapidly. I am leaving at ten o'clock, to catch the last train for New York. If things go on for two hours more as they are going now, there will be literally hundreds of drunken students in the streets of Poughkeepsie.

"At the station there is another sickening exhibition. Three Columbia students are among the crowd taking the train, all of them intoxicated, and the youngest, a mere boy, not more than 18 or 19, grossly drunk, insistently apologizing to every one near him for his condition. His companions, a little older and a little more experienced, drag him along with them, trying to prevent his making an exhibition of himself and them.

"To-morrow the saloonkeepers will figure up the profits of the day, but who shall compute, and with what system of bookkeeping, the far-reaching results of such a day and such a night? Who shall tell us how deep the scars of such revelry? Who shall meter the pain of mothers' heart throbs? Who shall estimate the corroding

of maiden modesty? Who shall predict the growth of the seed sown in the minds of boys and girls who looked on? Who shall reach down the years and measure us the ending point of the influences of such a day in private lives and public weal?"

And these results, the indifferent tell us, are not to be considered by thoughtful, patriotic men and women as any cause for action—any occasion for change! If an eager young life is drawn into this vortex of danger and ruin it is "his own lookout!"

Shame on such reasoning! How would we like to have the same arguments applied to the spread of smallpox or other virulent disease? Is any disease more horrible in its results than the fiery, acquired thirst for liquor?

Is there to be no protection against this worst of all temptations except the strength of a weak human soul surrounded by those who would drag it down to the Under-World?

A broken-hearted mother writes to the New York American as follows:

"What can I do? I have a son who is a most brilliant man, capable of making a good living, earning a large salary when employed, and yet throws it all away, prospects, everything, for liquor. I am an old woman—too old, they tell me, to get employment. He is my only son. I have notified saloon after saloon that liquor is not to be sold to him. It is like talking to the waves. He simply goes to other localities and I cannot find him. My rent, my grocery bill, my clothes are in the drawer of the saloonkeeper. My personal remonstrances are met with denials as to selling him liquor; nay, they even deny knowing him.

"I understand there is a law making it a misdemeanor to sell liquor on Sunday. He leaves the house perfectly sober on that day, yet returns in the evening grossly intoxicated. He has left the house plainly inebriated and returned in a worse condition, yet they tell me the law forbids intoxicants being sold to a man who is under the influence of liquor. If a man were to sell him a poison that only killed his body I could get damages. Yet he can purchase a drink that slays his immortal soul as well as body, and I am helpless. I

pass my nights in watchful wakefulness for fear he may not return, and may fall into some danger, and if he does return, I am afraid he may do some harm to himself and others. If there are laws that would protect him in his weakness and me in my poverty, how can I avail myself of them?

"And even if there are such laws, I see plainly that I would have a most difficult task to prove a single one of the statements I write you. My son would not be a witness against those who catered to his appetite; his companions, who profit by his drunken generosity, would not deprive themselves of this cheap way of getting drink themselves.

"I made an inquiry this morning as to what I could do to save my son, and in the kindest manner was told I was helpless. That no man who would bear evidence against a saloonkeeper in such case would be safe five minutes after he was 'spotted' and his whereabouts known.

"Do you suppose District Attorney Jerome would stop banging down the doors of the gambling houses long enough to force open and watch the business places of saloonkeepers who on Sunday violate the law; see that those swinging doors, behind which boys and young men and old gray-haired fathers conceal themselves while they spend the money justly due their families, who sit at home and starve, are removed? Gambling is bad enough, God knows, but can it compare with the horrors of drinking? Those screen doors! If they could only be abolished! Let the light shine in on those haunts where vice lurks and steals the souls and bodies of our youths.

"Can there not be some litigation for this? Or is there such an amount of power concealed behind the millions of the liquor dealers that the politician fears to run against them? There are resorts in New York to-day where girls under fourteen can be seen seated at tables—behind doors—drinking.

"I have heard employers say they would not have a man in their employ who drank, yet that same employer rented his place to a saloonkeeper.

"And then these saloons are found at the foot of every "L" sta-

HIS OWN LOOKOUT.

"Cheating a Neighbor."

—Page 295.

THE G. A. H.

"And who is the G. A. H.?" you inquire.

—Page 306.

tion. There they are, gaily lighted, warm and tempting, waiting like some huge spider to entrap the poor, weak souls who are on their way home with their Saturday night's wages. The poor wretch never gets beyond them. Cannot there be some law to prevent a store being rented in such a locality? Can there not be some way to save these poor souls, who vainly struggle against a disease that kills them as surely as the smallpox? We use every means in our power to prevent smallpox entering our community, yet allow a dreadful condition to flourish and exist in our midst that is worse than anything in the world to destroy mankind.

"I read the other day that the city was about to establish a sanitarium for drunkards! What a travesty! Why not prevent there being any drunkards?

"Since I have commenced this letter to you I have lived in what came very near being a great tragedy. I am still in its shadow. I am helpless to prevent it. If it should come to pass the city for a moment would stand aghast and then—the saloons would still be gaily lighted, the clink of the glasses heard as the poor creatures drank to their own death and damnation, and there would be no effort made to avoid a repetition of the horror. What can I do, oh God, to save my son's soul and to save those of others who have mothers to mourn as I?"

Reader, these things are *your* lookout, and mine. We each have a duty to perform in relation to this monstrous evil. Let the voice of every patriot, every Christian, be always and everywhere against a business that brings such sorrow and desolation to the homes of our country.

WIRE XXX.

STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS.

DID YOU ever meet the shadow-messenger who goes about with arms akimbo, elbowing all the other shadows out of the way?

His arguments find many listeners, and some of the things he says seem very plausible indeed; that is, until you take hold of them with a shake, and turn them inside out. Then you see that they are not "all wool and a yard wide," but shoddy stuff, after all.

It was this shadow that caused Smith to build a wall twenty feet high between his grounds and the windows of Robinson, his next-door neighbor. Smith calls it "independence." Others call it spite.

"Don't let yourself be imposed upon," says the shadow-fiend. "Keep close watch of those who would trespass on your property or interfere with your liberty or pleasure. This is a free country. Stand up for your rights!"

And the G. A. H. with his ear at the Red Telephone is only too ready to follow this counsel. He buries himself in his newspaper in a crowded car, never troubling himself with the fact that ladies are standing; he clamors to be waited upon first in every restaurant, barber's shop and other places where people generally expect to be served in due turn; if he is in the country he insists upon the best hired farm-hands and latest improved tools for the outdoor work, while his poor wife gets along with little or no help in the house, and with only such clumsy utensils to work with as were in use a quarter of a century ago.

"And who is the G. A. H.?" you inquire?

Bless you, I thought everyone would recognize the description. The G. A. H. is the Great American Hog. He is so numerous that he needs little encouragement from the land of shadows, but his initials ought to be enough to identify him anywhere. He is the kind of neighbor that you always avoid when possible. Selfishness

of a colossal order is at the root of his churlish demand for his "rights," and the more he gets, the more this selfishness finds to feed upon.

Yet the G. A. H. is not the only type of listener to the Red Telephone's message, "Stand up for your rights!"

There are men, and women, too, who are kind and generous in most respects, but exceedingly quick to resent what they consider an injustice. To these the message comes with great force. And some of them, from listening to such counsel, become so jealous of their "rights" as to imagine them often in danger when they are not. Their continual attitude towards the world is one of suspicion and defiance.

How easy to foresee the result of such an attitude! Did you never watch two boys in their absurd little attempts at bravado? One says:

"That marble's mine. Touch it if you dare!" Of course, the other immediately "dares," even if he had not the slightest intention of doing so in the first place; and a squabble ensues.

Men are in this regard but boys grown taller. To suspect injustice and defy it is practically to invite it. Human nature, in all signs of the zodiac, finds it hard to disappoint one who expects a mean act.

There is no life more pitiable than that of the defiantly aggressive woman. Friends she has none. Her own sex shrink from her in disgust, while men ridicule her with a mocking servility, delight in exasperating her or detest her so cordially that they flee from her approach. Nobody welcomes, loves or respects her; she has no one to tell her how unfortunate is the mistake she is making in thus robbing herself of the dearest of all rights; and she grows more grim, defiant and morose every day. Woe to the church or the reform that has such a woman for its champion!

I saw two women enter a grocery at the same moment. Both were equally good customers, from a money standpoint; but one sailed in with her nose in the air and began loudly demanding that a clerk be sent at once to wait on her; while the other entered

quietly and awaited her turn, seeing at a glance that the clerks were all busy.

If you will believe me, the quiet, unobtrusive little woman completed giving her rather long order and left the store at least *ten minutes* before the other one had finished grumbling at the delay! It was no accident, either. When both were gone, one clerk whispered to another, with a grimace, "That woman's a holy terror."

"Which one—the tall one with the fierce look?" asked the other clerk.

"Yes; I tried to escape, but it was no go. When I was through with what I was doing I rushed over to Mrs. S—— (this was the quiet woman), but three of you fellows were there before me, and no wonder. It's a pleasure to wait on *her!*"

Do you see, from this, my sisters, how we can best secure our rights from this queer, perverse, masculine half of humanity?

It is by *never* fighting for them, even in thought. Just take it serenely for granted that you are to have them. Never doubt it, and never *act* as if you doubted it.

It is the easiest thing in the world to make the mistake of listening to the "stand up for your rights" shadow, whether you are a woman, a man, a corporation, a labor union, or a nation; but the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Suppose you *do* "stand up for your rights."

How does it work?

Why, instantly, the "other fellow," or the other party to the transaction, is on the alert to stand up for *his*. And war of some kind results, usually with great damage to both sides.

You get out of a situation exactly what you put into it—neither more nor less.

If you put aggressiveness in, you get the same degree of aggressiveness from the other side.

If you put suspicion and coldness in, you receive exactly the same,—suspicion and coldness, from some source, in just proportion to your own.

If you put malice and trickery in, you get malice and trickery out.

If you put hate in, you receive hate.

If you put love and confidence and all sweet reasonableness in, not as an investment merely, but as a daily expression of your own nature, it is as certain as seedtime and harvest that you will reap the same kind of crop that you have sown.

The surest way to get one's rights is, then, to make a conscientious study and practice of always giving other people theirs. Nothing pays so surely—and it saves a lot of trouble besides. It is far easier to earn one's rights than to fight for them; and there is seldom time or strength for both.

"But," you say, "what of the cases where women bestow their whole wealth of love and confidence on some brutally selfish wretch who does not know how to appreciate it? There are such cases. Are they not exceptions to your rule?

No, not even these. You will remember I said, "love and confidence *and all sweet reasonableness.*" Was it *reasonable* for that woman to expect kindness and consideration from a man whose nature was, as you have pronounced it, "brutally selfish?"

Of course, it was not. "Do men gather figs of thorns, or grapes of thistles?" If the man was of that type, to expect unselfish consideration from him would be to expect something which in the very nature of things he could not give,—not until a lifetime, or perhaps many lifetimes, of suffering the consequences of evil, might perchance have purged away the brutality and selfishness, let in the Christ-light and thus transformed the nature.

No; if a woman shuts her eyes and walks forth hand in hand with a shadow, she must expect her life to be darkened more or less by that shadow. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers" is a command which has its root deep in a Creator's knowledge of the laws of human happiness.

A Christian man will not be a shadow in anyone's life—not permanently. He may err, but he will gladly and gratefully correct his errors as fast as he perceives them; and in so doing he reaches the point where his presence brings light and joy to all.

When an individual, a church, or a nation once acquires this

sublime power of *radiation,*—shedding light on others,—it becomes evident that for that individual, church or nation the old spirit of "jingoism," of defiance, is forever gone—unless, indeed, it is defiance to the shadow-counsellors! And even these—the darkest of them—have so little chance with the vitally joyous, enlightened, busy Christian that we may easily see how it is when such a radiant soul, even while still in the flesh, dwells already in that pure, heavenly atmosphere where the old snarl "Stand up for your rights!" is never heard. The soul is too busy *exercising* its divine right of blessing, to worry about any rights less important. Having "chosen that good part which shall not be taken away," it has no need to worry nor to contend for the privileges which a grateful world is only too anxious to bestow.

I have known a few such rare souls. Their mere presence was a benediction and a joy. Rights? I do not believe they ever thought of the word. It would have been utterly impossible for the meanest man on earth to have felt the impulse to cheat or harm them. They were safe because they sent out, and therefore attracted to themselves, none but pure and loving thoughts. One has to reach high ground to do that,—but how inspiring the climb!

While humanity is struggling towards this goal, and before many have reached it, there will come many times the whisper of the belligerent shadow-fiend, "Stand up for your rights!"

How is this to be met?

Take the shadow-creature at his word, but turn that defiant impulse into good. Answer like this:

"Yes, you shadow-rascal, yes! I hear you, and I *will* stand up for my rights! I have some rights that you shall not take from me.

"I have a right to *faith* in God and man.

"I have a right to *friends*—and those of the best sort. No one shall tempt me to cease for one hour my efforts to be in every way worthy of such friends.

"I have a right to *knowledge* and experience—such knowledge as can be learned only through seizing every opportunity sent by an all-wise Father.

"I have a right to *work*—and to work hand in hand with the One who was reared as a carpenter's son, yet who counted His work unfinished till He had given His very life for suffering, sinning humanity.

"I have a right to *health*—such health as results from obedience to God's laws and a mind at peace with those around me.

"I have a right to *success*—such success as comes from faithfulness to present duty and the absolute certainty that God will promote me to higher forms of usefulness as fast as I am ready for such promotion.

"I have a right to *love*—and to be loved, by all.

"I have a right to *heaven*, not only in the sweet by and by, but right here on earth. With the Divine help I will stand up for these my rights—and may all others enjoy them likewise!"

Can anyone doubt for an instant what would be the result of such a ringing return message of defiance sent back through the Red Telephone by everyone who is troubled by the suggestion of discord?

War between nations would cease. Each would treat the other like a valued friend, and national pride would take the form of swift development in the arts and sciences, in literature, travel and invention, each nation striving in a friendly rivalry to set the best example to the world in various fields of peaceful progress.

Strikes would be a thing of the past. Trade unions would be formed on a new basis, each art or craft represented by great bodies of specialists, both employers and employed, no longer arrayed against one another, but shoulder to shoulder, as capital and labor recognized their mutual powers and possibilities.

Social cliques would be dissolved in the steadily growing purpose to make society a means of true growth and helpfulness to all. Rich and poor would become better acquainted—as they have a right to be, had not the shadows made them forget to claim that right.

Churches and all organizations to promote the higher good of humanity would flourish as never before.

Saloons, gambling-dens, dance-halls, and similar traps would

go out of existence, because when the people had learned to value their freedom aright they would refuse to put on the shackles of sin.

Is there any sight more pitiable and at the same time contemptible, than that of a drunken loafer weakly shaking his fist in the face of society and demanding as his "right" the liquid fire which has already robbed him of reputation, business, friends, health, a home of his own, education and comfort for his family, and even self-respect? All these are rights which he has relinquished to the saloon tyrant without a murmur.

When the American people have learned to "stand up for their rights" in the true sense, they will sign some such "Declaration of Independence" as that devised by a Pennsylvania paper called The People. It reads as follows:

"TWENTIETH CENTURY DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE

From the Impending Tyranny of the Liquor Traffic.

Published on Behalf of LIBERTY by

THE PATRIOTS OF AMERICA,

Whose Names Are Subscribed.

DECLARATION JULY FOURTH, 1905.

"The unanimous Declaration of the Patriots of the Forty-five United States and Territories of America.

I. The Issue.

"When in the course of our national life it becomes necessary for the people to confront the aggressions, the insolence, and the menacing influence of a great corporate greed whose traffic is wholly in popular, seductive and destructive beverage poisons, and whose power and resources have grown to colossal dimensions under every law and enactment designed to control and restrict them, a proper and requisite recognition of our duty as patriotic citizens and of natural loyalty to humanity, everywhere similarly threatened,

demands that we should declare the perils which theaten us, the crisis already at hand and the manner in which patriots must and will meet the situation thus forced upon them.

II. The Premises.

"We hold these truths to be self-evident; that THE AMERICAN HOME is the citadel of American liberties; that its protection and preservation and the loyal support and advancement of its highest and holiest influence is, and must ever be, the first and foremost duty of every patriot, whether statesman or private citizen; that THE AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL is the West Point of the people for the training of American youth in civic patriotism; that whoever assails it or threatens its moral and intellectual ascendency is a self-confessed traitor to his country and a self-evident enemy of the republic; that THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF AMERICA AND ALL FORMS OF RELIGIOUS SENTIMENT whose high purpose is the inspiration of man and the uplift of humanity, are the most precious social institutions of American democracy; that any organization of trade or commerce which puts itself in opposition to these institutions, defies their teaching, slanders their principles, and fosters every vice and crime in the calendar of infamy, is a moral and political anarchist and an unmitigated curse; and that any institution which habitually resists all law, undermines trade, filches unearned millions from the poor, corrupts the electorate, harbors and abets the grafter, and the professional politician, establishes itself as the plague-spot in the slums of every city, sucks the life-blood of youth, crushes the last hope of age and poisons the moral atmosphere of American life with the stench of the bottomless pit, is an overshadowing pestilence, and the greatest financial, physical, and moral tyranny of the ages, and calls in thunder tones for vengeance and annihilation.

III. The Facts.

"The History of the Liquor Traffic in the United States is a history of continual villainies and usurpations, all having in direct

object the establishment of a political and commercial tyranny over these states. In proof whereof witness the following statements of fact:

"1. The Liquor Traffic has refused assent to Laws, the most wholesome and necessary for the public good, and wherever possible, has openly defied them, even to the extent of using the weapons of anarchy, boycott, intimidation, dynamite, the incendiary torch, personal assault, and assassination, whenever the crafty ways and means of political corruption did not suit its purposes.

"2. The Liquor Traffic has forbidden the two great political parties of the land to oppose its encroachments and aggressions in their national platforms for upwards of forty years, under threat of division, desertion and defeat, and has thus, heretofore, kept the great mass of patriotic Americans who personally desire its destruction, from any effective national movement against its ever-extending omnipotence in the politics of the nation.

"3. On the other hand, the Liquor Traffic, through its volunteer champions and hired advocates, has ever refused to allow the people of any state the right of local option in the premises, except in the rapidly increasing instances where the spontaneous uprising of the people overflowed all the bounds of machine conservatism, and once that privilege has been secured, the Liquor Traffic has exhausted the devices of legal cleverness to nullify its enforcement or set it aside altogether, upon the slightest possible technicality.

"4. The Liquor Traffic has dissolved our National Honor and Christian patriotism in a solution of bonded whisky and Internal Revenue, and the Prohibitionist is branded in advance as a political suicide for opposing with manly firmness its invasions on the rights of the people.

"5. The Liquor Traffic has taken advantage of the prosperity of the United States, and despite all the testimony of business, of science and of religion, by every device of trade and temptation of appetite has forced up the consumption of alcoholic liquors from 94,712,353 gallons in the year 1850 to 1,658,609,958 gallons in 1904,

increasing the per capita consumption from 4.08 gallons in 1850 to 20.29 gallons last year.

"6. The Liquor Traffic has made of itself a wealth-devouring parasite in finance and trade, taking out of the pockets of the people $1,410,236,702 in 1903, giving in exchange, not food nor clothing nor legitimate luxury, but on the contrary, flooding the land with misery, poverty, crime, and degeneration.

"7. The Liquor Traffic has undertaken to overwhelm the moral sentiment of the nation by a deluge of newspaper, magazine, and circular advertising, claiming and obtaining unlimited space for its sophistries in the most reputable publications of the land.

"8. The Liquor Traffic has obstructed the administration of justice by political intimidation:

"It has made judges, governors and presidents dependent upon its will for the tenure of their offices.

"By its lawlessness and instigation of lawlessness, it has kept among us, in times of peace, standing armies of police officers to maintain order and preserve the dignity of civil government.

"It has affected, through the army canteen, to render the military dependent upon the brewery syndicates, and superior to the will of the people who created it and whose servant it is.

"It has combined with all the forces of corruption and anarchy to mislead the people and delude their chosen representatives with the fallacy that licensed vice is profitable, and necessary to the financial support of the state.

"Upon the protection of the law, it has plundered our homes, ravished our youth, defiled our manhood and destroyed the lives of our people.

"It is at this hour deliberately concentrating all its resources to continue and complete the works of death, desolation and tyranny already begun; and under cover of racial prejudice, and political corruption, it has excited domestic insurrection among us, and even now threatens to involve the nation in civil war.

"In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress at the hands of the dominant political parties. Our repeated

petitions, at the tacit demand of the trade, have been answered only with studied indifference. A traffic whose character and influence is thus marked by every act which may define a political and commercial Tyrant is unfit to have the sanction and protection of a free people.

"We, therefore, patriots of the United States of America in this one purpose united, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the righteousness of our cause, do, in the name and on behalf of countless of our fellow citizens oppressed by, and at the mercy of this usurper, solemnly publish and declare that the people of these United States of right ought to be free and independent of this tyranny, and that all political and commercial connection between them and the Liquor Traffic ought to be and shall be totally dissolved. And in support of this Declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our Lives, our Fortunes, and our Sacred Honor."

WIRE XXXI.

NO ROOM FOR CHRIST.

BUSY times in the market-place; busy times with the Roman officers who kept the records of the Jewish property-owners and how much they should be taxed; busy times in every khan, or inn, preparing for the coming guests; busy times in all the little hill-side town of Bethlehem, for the hour was drawing near when the Jews of David's lineage were to gather here from all the country round about, to be enrolled according to the Roman decree.

In and about Bethlehem are perhaps a hundred grottoes, or excavations in the soft, chalky limestone forming the foundation of the town. This limestone is easily cut, and hence such excavations are even to this day made to serve for dwellings and stables. Some of them, indeed, with two or three chambers in a single excavation, are made to serve the double purpose of both home and stable, in one. It is more than probable that it was in such a cave or grotto as this that the King of Earth and Heaven first came in human form to a world so in need of a Savior.

Of princely descent even from the earthly standpoint, was our Lord. Mary and Joseph were both, as all know, descendants of the royal line of David; and on one side there was priestly ancestry as well. How natural then, would it be, to picture the birth of such a blessed and royal child as surrounded by every luxury, by the costliest comforts, the rarest medical skill, the tenderest ministrations; it would seem that no palace on earth could be too fair! And when the little stranger, so soon to open his wondering eyes on the earth-life for the first time, was not only the Son of Man, but also the Son of God, the long promised Messiah, his birth foretold by prophets and angels,—what place could be grand enough to receive Him?

When we think of this, the strange, sweet marvel of His coming is a story ever new. Poets with pens tipped with divine fire have sung this wondrous theme; preachers have dwelt on it, artists have delighted in picturing it for many hundreds of years—and yet, now in the twentieth century we find no inclination to weary of its tender magic, for in the cradle of the Christ, a lowly manger, is centered the hopes of an eager, suffering, longing world.

There was "no room for them at the inn." So great was the throng of visitors in the little city that all the hotels and lodging houses were full when Mary and Joseph arrived. No room for the mother of the Christ! No room for the Christ Himself! And so, crowded out of human habitation, the glorious Master of the world was born in a lowly stable, among the beasts of burden. He was "rejected of men" even at his birth.

Had they but known! Had the people who crowded the city of David but realized the wondrous event about to take place, and its tremendous import to the world, how gladly and reverently would a place have been made for the royal Guest to be! How willingly would some weary traveler have slept even out under the stars, that he might have the priceless privilege of giving up his couch and his comforts to the King of Kings! Would it not have been a glorious, even though a simple, sacrifice?

But they did not know.

How is it different to-day?

Busy times in the market-place; busy times on the farm; busy times in the city office; busy times in the household. All the activities of life so absorbing that there seems neither time nor room for the Life-Giver! We crowd out the Christ in our noisy modern civilization. Our newspapers are so filled to overflowing with the records of crime and the triumphs of war that they have no room in their columns for the Prince of Peace. In the struggle for wealth and fame we let the birth of ambition in each individual soul take the place of the birth celestial; and as we wildly strive to reach a more or less distant earthly goal we lose sight of the heaven that might be ours here and now.

Let us take a brief glance at some of the various fields of active human interest and see if this is not true in most of them.

In the educational world, for instance, how small a part of the time is given to the teaching of religious truth and that very important related study of human nature which would first recognize the peculiar needs of every soul, and then open the door for divine light on the problem,—showing the wonderful way in which Christ meets those needs!

If these two great lessons, the diversity of human nature and the power of the Christian religion, were made of first importance in every high school and college, there would be enough economy of force resulting to more than make up for the time thus used. This is true because as soon as a soul learns to understand itself, its fellows and its Savior, the other lessons fall into much more harmonious lines; the weak points in the nature are intelligently and prayerfully strengthened, the right studies are chosen, the groundless fears of failure are dismissed, a bright, healthy faith takes their place, and the whole nature is not only saved from its graver dangers but from the minor discords, frictions, misunderstandings and uncertainties that fret so many students and hinder their progress. If young people only realized what Christ could save them from and all that He could be to them *in their student days*, how gladly would they make room for Him! But in many, too many cases, they let the wondrous Helper be crowded out of their lives and the results appear in such disgraceful scenes as have been witnessed during the inter-collegiate boat-races, at Poughkeepsie; in wasted energies, broken friendships, mistaken careers, and a thousand bitter regrets leading to a ready listening when the shadow-suggestions of despair come through the Red Telephone. All this because in the schooldays there was "no room for Christ!"

With early maturity come interests as absorbing as were the studies and sports of school-life. Foremost now is the race for wealth and social position. I need not dwell on the way in which our fashionable society life kills the interest in higher things and shrivels the soul to its smallest possible proportions instead of

expanding it into the glorious, powerful thing that God intended it to become. A girl who counts her admirers by the dozen and lives only for the excitement of flattery and display, is pushing from her the one thing needful to her real and lasting happiness, the one charm that wins love of the sincere and valuable type. This she sacrifices because in the life of the society butterfly there is "no room for Christ." If she only knew it, the graces of the Spirit far transcend any that her milliner or dressmaker can supply. But she does not know!

To such, marriage is little better than a farce, and it is in this class that the most frequent divorces occur. Oh, the wasted lives that might have been overflowing with happiness and blessing to others!

In the world of commerce we find it is the same; buying and selling with feverish thirst for gain absorbs the mind until it becomes a mania. More than one millionaire is the victim of a money-passion which blinds him to every other consideration; which is stronger than his sense of justice, his humanity, his affections, his joy in life; which is the one tyrannous, insatiable force of his being. "Money-mad, money-mad! Sane in every other way, but money-mad!" is the sad but true diagnosis pronounced by one of the shrewdest of public officials on the case of a man who has an income of more than $25,000,000 a year and is still working to add to his wealth. The possessor of this vast fortune cares nothing for art, for literature, for travel; his charities are small in proportion to his riches; he has more than he can ever use or enjoy, yet after more than a quarter of a century of business life his sole pleasure and interest is in heaping up more wealth, at the expense of his fellows. In such a life, though the man were ten times a church-member, there can be "no room for Christ."

What a heartless, crushing thing is trade! "*I have been in business with John D. Rockefeller for thirty-five years,*" said one of the ablest and richest of Mr. Rockefeller's colleagues, in a moment of forgetfulness, "*and he would do me out of a dollar to-day.*" To spare a man's property, even if that man be your life-long friend,

"THERE WAS NO ROOM AT THE INN."

—Page 318.

"EASY PATHS LEAD DOWN."

Page 329.

to spare a man's property which, by squeezing, you can get and make money from is not business in the sense John D. Rockefeller understands it. That is, in Mr. Rockefeller's practice, mutual helpfulness has nothing to do with trade. "Might makes right," is his working creed; not generosity.

Yet, were the Christ welcomed to-day in the marts of trade, there would be no less wealth in the world; the only difference would be that the gains would be mutual, buyer and seller would both be benefited by every transaction, and the blessing of God would go with the material possessions. If the wealth-winners only knew what they are missing, in life! But they do not know.

Read Sidney Lanier's exquisite poem, "The Symphony," and see the unutterable sadness, the tragedy of it all,—this bowing down to Trade as to a God, at the cost of everything most precious in life. One can hear to-day in Wall Street, in the busy centers of trade in every city, the echo of Lanier's violins, wailing,

> "O Trade! O Trade! would thou wert dead!
> The Time needs heart—'tis tired of head,"

and again,

> "Does business mean, *Die, you—live, I?*
> Then 'Trade is Trade' but sings a lie:
> 'Tis only war grown miserly.
>
> If business is battle, name it so,
> War-crimes less will shame it so,
> And widows less will blame it so."

In science and invention, too, we find the Christ-child crowded out. This world of wonders created by an infinitely wise and loving God—why is it that men become so interested in the creations that they forget the Creator? Like the money-madness in its insidious growth is that eagerness for the research that seeks out the material laws of the universe without a thought of the Law-maker. Truly "the undevout astronomer is mad," and the same is true of the undevout specialist in every department of science and discov-

ery. How short-sighted to think such knowledge complete without any tender, sacred personal acquaintance with the One who was so completely the Master of the forces of nature that He could command the very winds and waves and they obeyed Him. How wonderfully all science becomes illumined when the student of it takes Christ into his confidence and learns of this Divine Teacher the inmost secrets of the universe! Every scientist would do this if he knew,—if he knew! But he does not know.

In the political arena, again, we see the sad fact emphasized, "No room for Christ!" Foreign nations are in constant broils because they listen not to the gentle message of "Peace on earth, good-will to men," but instead, give ear to the Red Telephone counsel urging them to war. In our own land the great political parties are well known to be controlled by "graft" and by the saloon interests; and if you were to inquire of any city political "boss" what part the Christian religion has in politics to-day, you would be met by an amused stare and the instant answer, "No part at all."

Is it not time for a change, in this nation founded by Christians for the express purpose of enjoying and developing the full strength of their religious belief unmolested? Are not modern politicians worse enemies to the vital, living religion of Christ than the persecutors of the Puritans ever were? I leave this question with the voters, and ask them to picture what would be the result if in our American political life Christ were to be chosen as the greatest ruler of all. Changes would be startling indeed; but what blessed changes! Some day the spirit of our old Puritan fathers will revive in our modern voters, and they will "stand up for their rights" in the highest sense. Then we shall have a country where "graft" and the saloon cannot flourish.

What of the modern American newspaper? The subject of journalism would fill a chapter, but I give it only a few words in passing, for this will suffice to show how little we recognize Christ in our daily discussion of news.

We have crimes, railroad accidents, wars, divorce cases, everything revolting and depressing; but the average editor will tell you

that he cannot give space to matters of "peace and good-will"; that the good deeds of humanity are too commonplace to be interesting as "news." People do not care to read about them—there is "no demand." And for this state of affairs I am afraid the church members are largely to blame. They do not demand a change, in any way which the newspaper men will recognize. They may weakly protest at times, but they keep on taking the paper. Of course, such protests are ineffectual.

Charles M. Sheldon's article in the Christian Endeavor World representing a dialogue between a subscriber and a newspaper editor illustrates my meaning. It is too long to quote entire, but this is an extract from the closing part.

Subscriber. "Then you do not recognize the responsibility of the editor to educate the public to wish better things?"

Editor. "We give the public what it demands. The public is to blame if the subject-matter is not always what it should be."

Subscriber. "It is useless for me to argue on that basis. But will you do one thing? In this city where I live the four daily papers for the last week have published in detail full accounts of a repulsive murder, with pictures and diagrams, until the whole town seems to have the impression that we are living in a carnival of crime, whereas it is only one murder that has occurred within the last twelve months. Will you publish for a whole week nothing in your columns but accounts of all the good things that have happened in this town?"

Editor. "By no means. We should lose subscriptions."

Subscriber. "But it would be a tonic to the community to find out, from reading the paper, how good it was. At present your sheet is making pessimists and creating the impression that the world is full of evil and only evil."

Editor. "It would not make news. The reporters could not work it up."

Subscriber. "Then hire some reporters that know how to make news out of goodness."

Editor. "There are none."

Subscriber. "Then the churches, the Christian Endeavor societies, and the homes of this community ought to turn out some."

Editor. "You will never live to see the day when you can have your ideal realized."

Subscriber. "I am not so certain as to that. If the Christian forces of this community once unite in their denominational life, it will not be an impossibility to organize a daily press that shall represent distinctively Christian ideas, which will print the facts in the case, which will emphasize goodness more than evil, and relate the triumphs of the kingdom of God as it marches on more than the victories of the devil. Then your great daily also adds, it seems to me, to the bad impression of the world by its profuse advertisements of liquor."

Editor. "Do you presume to criticise my management of my paper?"

Subscriber. "I certainly do, although I continue to read it, to take it into my home, and let my children read it."

Editor (smilingly). "O, very well, as long as you continue to subscribe, I shall not complain, no matter what you say!"

So all the really excellent arguments of this worthy church-member were rendered of no effect, because he did not feel sufficiently in earnest to follow up his protest by ceasing to take and read the paper. He was weak when it came to the test—a real act of self-denial. How shocked and surprised he would have been had he realized that he was, by his act, shutting Christ and His truth out of his daily newspaper! yet that is just what he was helping to do.

If people only knew!

The typical Christian of the near future will gradually come to realize these things, and the result will be glorious and far-reaching beyond the power of pen to describe. Human toil, suffering and temptation will not be done away with, but they will be bravely met; and the "design of the Master" will appear. Let me close the chapter with Mary A. Lathbury's inspiring and, I sincerely believe, inspired, words:

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
What are you weaving—
Labor and sorrow?
Look to your looms again;
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master,
Life's in the loom,
Room for it—room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
Lighten the labor
And sweeten the sorrow,
Now—while the shuttles fly
Faster and faster.
Up and be at it—
At work with the Master.
He stands at your loom,
Room for Him—room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of to-morrow,
Look at your fabric
Of labor and sorrow,
Seamy and dark
With despair and disaster,
Turn it—and lo,
The design of the Master!
The Lord's at the loom,
Room for Him—room!

WIRE XXXII.

EASY PATHS.

IN THE rose-garden at Washington Park, Chicago, may be found, if you go there late in June, a goodly variety of the queen of flowers,—pure white, pale blush, golden yellow, bright pink and deep crimson. Profuse and lovely are the blossoms, with a fragrance spicy or delicate, each mass of bloom appealing to the love of color and harmony. But not the least charm in this attractive garden is its paths, not of prosaic stone or gravel, nor yet of the dust of the common road, but a broad, rich, velvety green turf that yields a cool and springy response to weary feet. They are easy paths to tread. To be sure, they lead nowhere in particular; only into other and different paths outside the realm of the roses. But while you are treading those velvet paths, surrounded by delicious color and perfume, if you have an atom of poetry tucked away in even the remotest corner of your brain, it comes forth and you imagine yourself in some fairyland, some enchanted floral bower, or forest scene of elfin revelry such as we read of in the Midsummer Night's Dream. Each step along the yielding, grassy path increases the illusion and you half expect to see Titania and her maidens dancing in the softening light or weaving a wreath of roses with which to decorate some favored mortal who is permitted to join in their sports—or to be the luckless object of their jests.

The fancy does not last long, for, with the growing dusk, instead of the fairy queen appears a most unromantic Irish guardian of peace, law and order, who requests the visitors, in an amiable or surly brogue, according to his disposition, to "go out this way, av ye plaze—we want to lock the gates!"

So the dream is rudely dispelled, and you come back to earth with a rush.

Treading these paths among the roses reminded me that there are other easy paths, not all of them so harmless, which invite the soul to wander and enjoy the poetry of life for a brief space, but from which the awakening is even more unwelcome. Only in these the fragrance shed is not like that of roses, but poppy-like, wraps the soul in slumber's embrace until the propitious moment for action is past.

This device of the shadow-creatures is most cunningly contrived, and its results are both peculiar and unfortunate.

On one of these "easy paths" people are coaxed to start while very young. It is that of cigarette smoking. Just what the attraction is it would be hard for the uninitiated to say, but fact is fact, and there can be no doubt either as to the widespread prevalence of the habit or its effects.

"Look at your chum, over there, smoking a cigarette," says the voice over the wire of the Red Telephone. "Why don't you smoke one, too? No harm in them. Just see how easily Ben puffs his! Looks fine, doesn't he? You'd better do it, too, or they'll think you don't dare. All the really up-to-date fellows smoke, now."

"But my people don't like it," objects the listener.

"Of course not, at first, but these are different from cigars. Just see what an inoffensive-looking thing a cigarette is. Try it. Never mind if it makes you feel sick at first. You'll soon get over it. And as for the folks,—pshaw! who cares for what they say? They needn't know. It's unreasonable to object to cigarettes anyhow. Every man smokes, and a fellow has to begin sometime."

Thus the voice goes on, coaxing and arguing, till the listener concludes to try the curious, strangely fascinating experiment. It does make him sick—dreadfully sick, for this "easy path" has some rough rocks just at the entrance. But rather than be laughed at by his associates, he keeps on, and the habit is formed.

So common is this practice that one can hardly pass along the business street of even a small town without meeting boys of all

ages from twenty down to fourteen, or even younger, puffing away at the odd little sticks which they imagine make them appear so manly.

What are the results?

They are noticeable in school, in business, in health, in morals, and in the whole life of the victim, for the "easy path" that he is treading leads downward, often ending in the saloon or in an early and miserable death by quick consumption.

Cigarettes, so far from being harmless, contain nicotine in quantities sufficient to deaden the nerve and brain-action, dull the faculties, weaken the heart, impair the digestion and circulation and undermine the entire health. Yet so insidiously is this done that one of the surest symptoms of the nicotine's deadly work is the utter unconsciousness of the victim that anything is wrong. A smoker of cigarettes is stupid and slow in thought. He has no ambition, no independence, and does not realize in the least where he is drifting. The "easy path" is the one he prefers, and to leave it would involve an effort of the will for which he has no liking. In fact, he could hardly muster the strength, even if he felt the desire, to quit.

A cigarette smoker is invariably behind in his studies at school or college, and is utterly worthless in all intellectual pursuits. Application is to him a lost art, and neither physical nor mental exercise attracts him. He is decidedly averse to all exertion. Business men of the employing classes know this so well that they have established the custom of inquiring of the applicant for employment if he is addicted to the cigarette habit. If he is, it seals his fate. He is immediately dismissed from any consideration for the position. Employers want active, wide-awake people to work for them, and to such they offer good opportunities for advancement. But the traveler on the "easy path" of cigarette-smoking shuts the door of business success in his own face, and if he is unfortunate enough to be the son of wealthy parents and not obliged to work, he dawdles on through a short life of self-indulgence, useless to others and unworthy of himself, to sink into an early grave with all his opportunities unused. "My Lady Nicotine" has been praised by her

misguided lovers, even in print, but she is as false and dangerous as she is enticing. A clear, active mind is of untold value, and anything that so surely saps the mental vigor is a deadly enemy to all that makes life worth living.

Above and beyond even these considerations of health and business success are the prospects for the real Self—the spiritual part of the nature. This also suffers to an unlimited extent by the indulgence of such a habit. When body and mind alike are weak, and a subtle poison is ruling the system, it is impossible for any real soul-growth to take place. Instead of growth, the soul is stunted and shriveled, diseased so badly that it is unable to use its tools aright or to see the direction of the path on which it is treading. The soul-pleasures—art, music, literature of the higher kind, philanthropy, religion,—are all unknown joys to one in this condition. Such victims of habit always turn to the lower forms of amusement, for they can relish no others. Nor can they relish these, long. This "easy path" leads directly to the Under-World of failure and weak regrets; and too often it ends in the deepest shadows of sin as well. Thousands of young men and mere boys begin what they believe to be a harmless habit, only to wake up some day and find that the path along which they have been walking is the road to ruined health, destroyed will and hopeless slavery to a fiercer tyrant than they had ever known; for like the opium habit, the nicotine of cigarettes creates a craving for strong drink that can seldom be resisted. And the saddest part of it all is the fact that so many do not know what chains they are thus riveting upon themselves.

Another "easy path" that leads downward is that of promiscuous novel-reading.

A young daughter of respectable, loving parents disappeared the other day from her home, and could not be found. Distracted, her friends made all possible search. They enlisted the police, the newspaper reporters, and every means in their power, but no light could be thrown on the mystery.

There are ninety-nine chances out of a hundred that the girl is

being held an unwilling, yet despairing, prisoner to-day in some one of the many haunts of vice, where her fate is too horrible to imagine.

And the cause?

It was learned from her poor mother.

She was fond of reading novels, and like many other girls, very romantic in her notions. She was always expecting some wonderful hero to come in some unusual way and rescue her from a life of drudgery, as she called work of any and all kinds. It would have been easy indeed for the veriest rascal, if handsome and soft spoken, to convince her that he was in fact her enchanted prince, and she, the enchanted princess, had only to meet him in secret and consent to elope with him to a life all sunshine and ease, fine dresses and jewels, with nothing to do but reign as queen over a great house full of servants.

But the sunshine proved to be all moonshine and soon developed into the blackest shadows. Poor, silly, deceived little creature! If she had only known that in real life a true, noble lover does his wooing with the full knowledge and consent of the girl's relatives, and that any suggestion of secrecy is a sure sign of something wrong!

The reason she did not understand so plain a commonsense truth is because her vision was warped by the foolish romances with which her brain had become filled. From constantly reading of the charming heroine who escaped in an exciting and desperate flight with the elegant youth of her choice, thus thwarting the cruel plans of unnatural parents, and living happy ever after, she had come to imagine herself one of these much-abused maidens; and what more thrilling and delightful than to follow their example at the first opportunity?

Girls, the best place for books of that kind is in the parlor fire, helping to start a cheerful, inviting blaze around which the family may gather of an evening or the honest, worthy admirer may help to pop the corn that is an innocent and often useful forerunner of another kind of popping. Instead of reading about Gwendolin's

thrilling experiences, if you will spend the time in learning all sweet womanly and housewifely arts and perhaps in making yourself thorough mistress of some breadwinning art as well, you will thereby be opening instead of closing the door to your own future home happiness. And if in addition, you will take the trouble to pursue a line of really *choice* reading, you will be doing more than you can possibly realize to increase the probabilities that the future holds for you some promotion, of exactly the kind girls' dreams are made of when they long sometimes to get away from the life that is "so commonplace and tiresome." If you want something beyond the commonplace, you have to fit yourself for it, or it won't come. And to do that, the surest way is to do the common tasks gracefully and cheerfully and in the reading time gradually store your mind with the treasures that endure. In the chapter "Spice" you will find out how this can be done and can be made enjoyable if it is kept up long enough.

But at first and perhaps for a long time, it takes courage! You will not find it an "easy path," like the cheap novel-reading. It is the brave, farseeing girls who will persevere and thus fit themselves for the things for which they long.

To do this is to invite the best of experiences, and they rarely fail to come when thus invited.

"Easy paths" are alluring, but when we find that they lead in exactly the opposite direction from the one we wish to travel, it is better to choose carefully. Oh, the sad multitude of people who do not!

Yet even to these, in the midst of their folly and blindness, comes a call very different from that of the Red Telephone. It is a call to come up higher,—the call of Christ as He says with infinite sympathy and understanding, "Come unto Me." He knows how hard it is to give up the "easy path." He knows,—and He helps!

Right living requires some sacrifices. I should be only deceiving you if I pretended that it did not. But think of the greater Sacrifice made for us, when the Savior came from His glorious home and found "no room for Him in the inn!" Think of all that He must

have given up! "Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor that we through Him might be rich," and for our sakes he lived a human life full of hardship that he might fill other human lives with divine blessings; and shrank not even from a cruel and shameful death, that to us life might be abundant.

Can we not bid a willing farewell even to the "easy paths" to follow such a Savior?

WIRE XXXIII.

REVERENCE AND RESPECT.

LIKE old-fashioned flowers, some of the virtues that were common enough in colonial days possess a beauty and charm of their own, and a sterling value as well. We cannot help feeling regret that these old-time virtues should have become so scarce.

Reverence for things sacred and respect for parents, for strangers, for the aged,—in all these, Young America, it must be admitted, is sadly remiss when compared with certain foreign nations. This should not and need not be.

I sincerely believe that the young people of America are the brightest in the world; the quickest-witted, the most enthusiastic in a good cause, and the most willing to correct any evils within their reach, if only they are shown the need of such action. But with all this they are, many of them, so totally lacking in the essential qualities of respect and reverence as to cause much needless friction and bring discredit on those nearest and dearest to them.

I remember attending church one evening when a celebrated minister was to preach. I was expecting a treat; but my disappointment may be imagined when I tell you that for more than twenty persons, myself among them, that service was quite spoiled by the disturbance created by three respectably dressed girls, seated together.

All through the fine sermon, and I regret to say during the prayer also, these thoughtless young people fidgeted, whispered, telegraphed meaning glances to one another and to several other young people across the aisle, and in short, made such unmitigated nuisances of themselves that their annoyed neighbors could get little enjoyment or inspiration from the meeting, and heartily wished that their unconscious tormentors would be quiet or leave the church building.

Plainly enough, the three girls came from respectable families, yet were wholly untrained as to the very rudiments of quiet and reverent behavior in church. They gave scarcely any attention to the discourse; rustled the leaves of their hymn-books noisily all through the organ prelude, and kept twirling their rings, fastening stray locks of hair or otherwise betraying the fact that their thoughts were on the toilets that should have been quite completed before they left their own rooms.

Yet I have no doubt that every one of those three dear girls came from a home where church-going was a regular habit. How many religious services they had helped to spoil it is appalling to guess. The feelings of those who observed their conduct wavered between an intense pity for the untaught young creatures and a strong desire to shake them.

Lack of reverence is bad enough when it is unconscious, like the instance I have just named; but it is worse when it is deliberately intended. I have known cases where persons were so lost to all sense of things sacred as to make Bible truths and Christian workers often the subjects of their silly jests; thinking that thereby they showed their "smartness." Later they have learned to their cost that such a course is regarded as not smart but vulgar, and that it closes to them many a hospitable home where it would be an honor and a delight to go. Disrespect of all kinds is a boomerang, sure to injure most the one who indulges in it.

From a friend who was a pupil of the great Froebel I learned that one of the beautiful customs in the schools of Switzerland is that of teaching the children respect for the aged and for strangers. Everywhere in Switzerland this has been accepted as an essential part of the daily studies. The result is that one cannot pass through that picturesque country without meeting the kindest attentions, the most graceful little marks of respect, from children of all ages. It would be considered by these gentle Swiss peasants a great rudeness for any child or young person to pass a stranger on the street without making the usual little sign of respectful greeting; and as for "guying" a visitor to one of their towns it is something unknown.

From Japan, also, we can learn much in this matter of respect. Children of the Flowery Kingdom are taught to honor their parents at all times, and no matter how severe or unjust a Japanese father or mother may seem to the child, the stormy and wilful protest which would be forthcoming in America is never heard. The Japanese young people, indeed, would be greatly astonished at such an evidence of ill-breeding, as they would regard it; for to them, the parent's decision is law, and the duty of the young is to obey without question, and in absolute cheerfulness and respect. They carry this reverence for parents to an extent which it is hard to realize as a natural, settled custom; but so it is, and a very beautiful one, in all that pertains to filial love and its expression. The relations of parent and child in Japan are extremely affectionate, but not carelessly familiar. What would be thought there of a young man who should refer to one of his honored parents as the "old man," or the "old woman," it is impossible to guess; for such a thing could never occur.

Respect for the property of others is taught by the laws of this and every civilized land. But respect for others' views and opinions—this is a virtue much more rare, and it is a valuable lesson to learn, for it is closely akin to the charity that thinketh no evil.

It will help greatly in learning this form of respect to remember how differently people are constituted. It is neither possible nor desirable that the whole human family should think alike. Those children of the Fiery Triplicity, for instance,—born fighters for principle, in whose veins burns an intense zeal for reform—how natural it is for these to condemn their more placid neighbors, whose idea of doing good lies entirely along peaceful and constructive lines.

"Why *will* you be so indifferent?" says the man of fire.

"Why *will* you stir things up in such a disagreeable and unseemly way?" says the other. Perhaps they do not say it aloud,—but the mental attitude is one of severe criticism. And so the two, being so different, might go on through life, each full of good intentions, yet each impatient and contemptuous towards the other.

A little thought, a little study of human nature, would cause each

to smile instead of frown as he remembers, "It takes all kinds of people to make a world."

It is fortunate that it does. What a world of monotony this would be if all its human inhabitants were cut after precisely the same pattern—run in the same mould! Where would be our "spice" then, pray?

But the shadow-creatures try to hide this need of variety, and delight to start the best of people to criticising each other.

When this temptation comes, it is best to turn quickly away from the Red Telephone and affirm stoutly, "I can and I will respect the opinions of others; nor will I utter a word of reproach because their method of doing good differs from my own."

One can soon conquer the shadow-fiends of disrespect and discord by this treatment.

Of course, it is easier if you understand the science of it,—that is, if you have studied enough to know *why* it is that people cannot all think alike. After a very little such study one becomes filled with a new reverence for the Creator and a new respect for His creatures; a new power to find the good in each. Study this, God's greatest work, a little longer, and you will grow large-hearted enough to smile with a tender indulgence at your Capricorn neighbor's little fits of stubbornness, thinking, "He *may* be a trifle obstinate, but what a splendid, persevering worker the dear fellow is!"

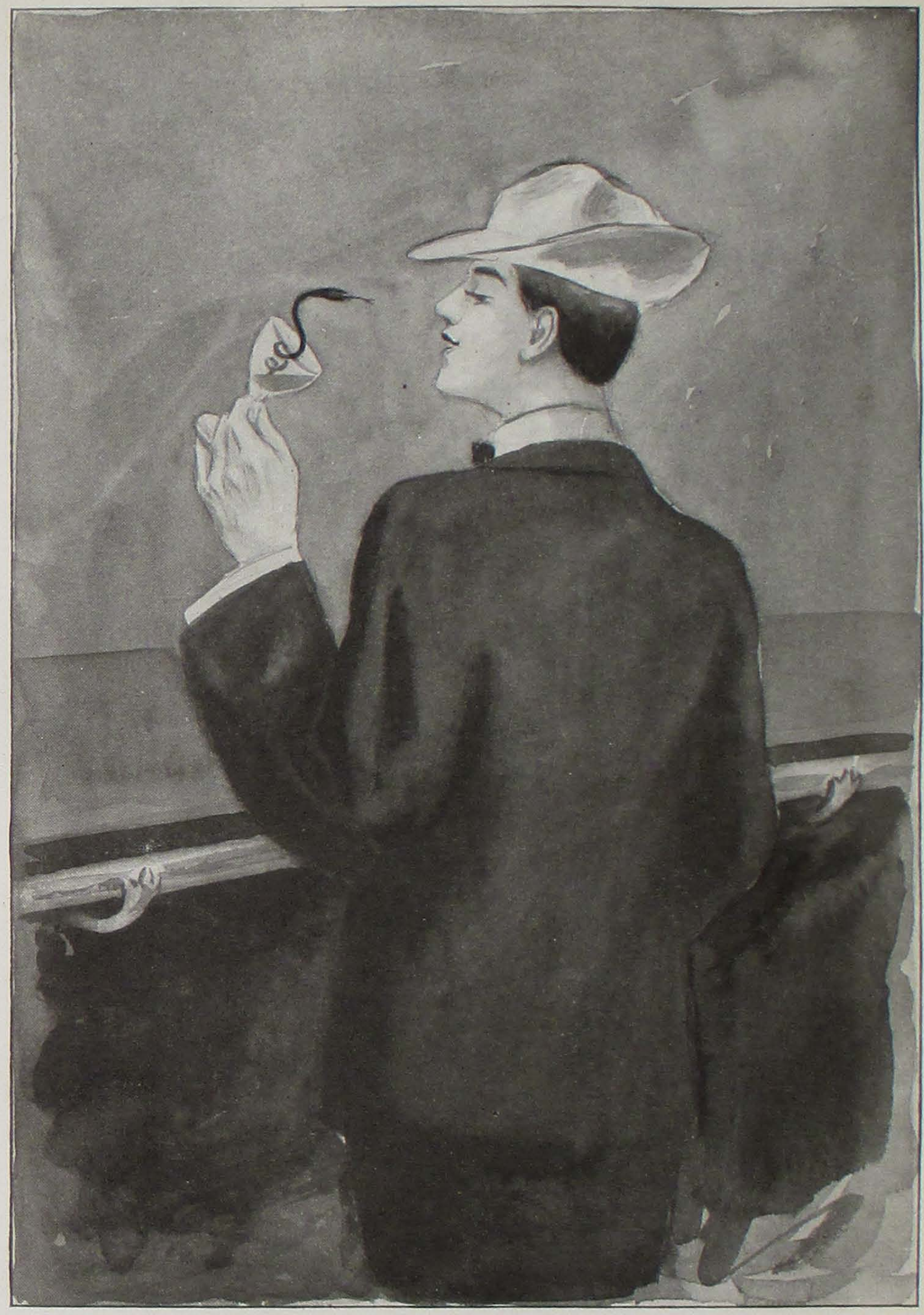
Or, if your Leo neighbor does something particularly impulsive and foolish, you say, pitying him because you understand, "Poor fellow; his hot head got the better of his true heart, that time. But he will improve." And he does.

Right here let me whisper a secret which will be worth vastly more to you than all the suggestions that will come to you over the Red Telephone. It is this: *Respect for others' views is the surest way of winning them to your own.*

Even where you cannot understand others, respect them. Be broad-minded and generous enough to treat them well even when it seems to you that their course is a mistaken one. They will the sooner abandon their mistake.

REVERENCE AND RESPECT.

—Page 335.



"IN THE FIRST GLASS LIES COILED A DEADLY SERPENT."

—Page 348.

Both in business and social relations the general custom is to treat superiors with respect; but not all realize that inferiors, also—those beneath us in education, material possessions or social standing,—should also be treated respectfully. They, as well as the others, are God's children. For them, as well as the others, Christ died and rose again. For them, as well as the others, was given the prophetic command "Be ye therefore perfect," and they are destined to as glorious a future as your own. Perhaps they may even outstrip you. The inferiors of to-day may be the superiors of to-morrow; therefore, it is wise to treat them with respect. They will not forget it; and the Father will not forget it either.

Chivalry, which is only another name for the gentle expression of respect for woman, is considered by some almost a lost art. Yet I cannot think it lost. Its expression is changed; but in times of real danger or some great emergency we see instances to-day of as true chivalry as ever flourished when knighthood was in flower. Men's hearts are the same even if their manners have changed; and it is still the bravest who are the tenderest. It is never a waste of time for a young man to show to all women and especially to those with silvered hair, the little attentions, the courteous marks of respect that he would like shown to his own mother if she were traveling alone. The manliest man is in this particular always the truest gentleman.

Reverence for sacred things should be taught to everyone from his earliest childhood. Is there any more beautiful sight then the reverence with which a little child kneels at the mother's side to repeat the evening prayer? If any have missed this sweet experience in their own lives, they have missed much; but it is not yet too late. Reverence may be felt and expressed from the depths of a sincere heart even if the early training has been wholly neglected. Study the pages of God's word; read the wonderful story of man's creation and of man's redemption, and let the grand, holy purpose of it all sink deep into the thoughts. Then go out alone in the quiet woods, or by the river's edge and breathe in still more of the loving reality of the Father who is also Creator. Do this earnestly, quietly; attend divine service with the same earnest purpose; and take my word for it,

the thoughts which thrilled you as you read, and which lifted your soul through Nature to Nature's God will soon come to be a part of yourself; so that reverence shall be with you not a forced, outside habit, but a joyful yet quiet expression of what is within. "Practice the presence of God" until you learn to love that presence, and it will be no longer hard, but easy, to put aside every Red Telephone thought that would lead to careless habits of real or seeming irreverence. You would not like to have anyone treat your best friend rudely. Then do not yourself permit any suggestions from the shadow-world to interpose their presence between your and your best friend—Jesus, the Savior of men.

And believe me, this habit of reverence will help to brighten all the earth-journey with heaven's own light. You will find it easy, walking in that light, to have respect for your fellow-travelers; and "as ye measure to others, so in like manner shall it be measured to you again."

WIRE XXXIV.

FILTH IN THE TEMPLE.

DIRT has been defined as "matter out of place." This helps us to understand why money, the most necessary part of the machinery of all civilized life, is so powerful an element of evil as well as of good.

It depends upon where you find it.

Money in the bank, in the purse, in the cash drawer, in the church treasury, in the mission box, in the temperance society, in the relief fund,—when used wisely money in all these places is a good thing.

But money in the *heart* is where it does not belong. It is "matter out of place." The heart typifies the love centre of life; and in that love centre, money has no right to reign as king. When it tries to do so, it loses its good qualities, and becomes just so much filth.

This is the reason that "the love of money is the root of all evil." Not money itself, but the love of it, is what we are warned against. The passion for gain that enslaves our Rockefellers and other millionaires who cannot enjoy their wealth; the craze for accumulation, for hoarding, that lends to the curious color-blindness described in an earlier chapter, the fever for piling up riches that saps vitality, kills sympathy and dries up the milk of human kindness, making the very blood in the veins first rush in a tumultuous torrent of excitement, then run cold and sluggish, as the miser first counts his gain with glee and then looks upon the needs of his brother man with icy indifference.

This placing of money on the throne in our hearts is wrong. It is the same sin of which those of old were guilty, who bought and sold in the temple until driven out by the scourge of small cords wielded by One whose indignation was all the more terrible that it was so rarely seen.

"*Ye* are the temple of the living God."

Then if this be true,—and true it surely is,—let us keep that temple pure. Never let it be profaned by the money-changers of greed and miserliness. "Keep the heart with all diligence; for out of it proceed the issues of life." "Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." How we pity the man who can think and talk of nothing better than money!

How else do men profane the "temple of the living God" besides filling it with barter, making wealth-getting the end and aim of their existence?

By indulging in habits that destroy the body's health and detract from the mind's powers.

Smoking is one of these habits. The use of tobacco in any form is filthy, more or less stupefying, always detrimental to health, and lowering to the soul's vitality. If there were no other argument against its use, its mere uncleanliness should be sufficient. Is there anything more trying than to have the scent of tobacco-smoke clinging to lace curtains, saturating rugs, and all the furnishings of a well-kept house,—or when banished to barn, field, store or office, to have the taint still clinging to the smoker when he arrives at his home, so that even the baby turns from him in disgust and rubs off his kiss with dimpled fists?

By the way, one can learn wisdom from these little ones. Even their funny mistakes carry frequent lessons with them. One tiny tot, who had been carefully drilled as to the impropriety of eating uncooked food, drew her own wise little conclusions. She had watched her uncle with wide-open eyes as he smoked his after-dinner cigar—a proceeding altogether new and curious to the baby mind. One morning she was found standing in deep reflection all alone before a package of her uncle's unlighted cigars, her chubby hands tightly clasped behind her in heroic self-denial, as she said, shaking her head, and frowning sternly:

"No, no! Baby mustn't eat 'em *till they's cooked!*"

She had begun young to give a brave answer to the shadow-voice at the Red Telephone. But many a grown man would find it hard to give up his precious cigar, "cooked" or uncooked, even though he

knew it was injuring his health, costing more than he could afford, and rendering him a trial to his friends.

The habit of smoking in public conveyances is a crime against God's pure air and those who wish to breathe it. Many a time one may step on an open car, delighting in the prospect of nearly an hour's deep breathing of delicious, exhilarating air, only to be baffled by clouds of tobacco smoke during half or all the ride. That pleasing fiction which is supposed to limit smoking to the "three rear seats" is seldom observed, and the non-smoking passengers have to endure the discomfort without redress.

Although the smoker is an undeniable nuisance, the tobacco-chewer is still more revolting in his habits. Occasionally one gets his deserts, but not always as satisfactorily as in the instance I am about to relate.

A young man with an insolent swagger, a pair of light-colored trousers and a quid of tobacco, entered a rather crowded car, in which was a young woman returning from her daily employment. These two passengers were seated side by side, and the result, as I overheard the young woman telling it to a friend afterwards, was as follows:

"Imagine my disgust," she said, "when that beast of a chewer began to get rid of his tobacco juice, all around him, with the utmost coolness, one great splash landing directly on my nice silk umbrella. Did he apologize? Not he, although I am certain he knew the fact well enough.

"What did I do? Oh, not much. I became greatly interested in something outside, and as I gazed intently through the opposite car window I absentmindedly swung my umbrella, taking care in the first place that every swing should land that large and juicy tobacco stain directly against those light trousers. I kept this up in apparent unconsciousness of the fact that the man was turning very red and indignant, until I had wiped that umbrella thoroughly,—and I don't *think* the fellow will try the same trick again!"

Doesn't it seem a pity that not every tobacco-chewer could have the benefit of a similar lesson? or at least, could see himself as others see him? It would have more weight than all the arguments that could

be advanced; for with some people, it is necessary to take away some of their conceit before their self-respect can have room to grow.

Swearing is quite as filthy a habit as smoking or chewing; only in this case it is the soul that is tainted and stained beyond all recognition, even more than in the other two forms of "filth in the temple."

Before the irreverent habit is formed of taking God's name in vain, why not ask one's self what possible gain there is in such a habit?

"I know it's a bad habit," says one inveterate swearer, "but then, when one is mad it is such a relief to express it!"

I know, that is the theory; but will it bear examination?

Is it a relief to swear?

If the user of oaths will think hard, for a minute, and answer honestly, he will be compelled to admit that it is not; that in point of fact, each oath that he utters is like adding fuel to the fire, and he finds himself "growing madder every minute."

This was exactly what the Red Telephone shadow-adviser expected and planned, when he first suggested the oaths to the disturbed and angry man.

Swearing soils the white garment of the soul more even than it profanes the lips. It is always and everywhere harmful; displeasing to God and man, and worse than useless. The habit is as contagious as scarlet fever, and much more dangerous. It is easy to form, hard to break, and covers the victim with shame.

How can any child of God so debase himself as to take the name of his best Friend in vain? Sad indeed is it when this disgraceful habit has become rooted, so that it is second nature with any man.

Yet it *can* be broken. To the earnest soul, resolutely bent on freeing itself from the chains of this habit, the Savior so often insulted in the past is now the strong, compassionate Helper, ready to guard and guide. "Keep thou the door of my lips" must be the daily, hourly prayer of all who have ever yielded to this temptation, until the victory is a lasting one.

One who has been an inveterate swearer, when he was converted, tried the expedient of exclaiming "Praise the Lord!" every time he wanted to swear, believing, and wisely, that thanksgiving was the

best cure for a troubled mind. His fellow-workmen used to tease and plague him, to test his new resolution. Once some of them stole his dinner. When he discovered that it was gone, he made his usual exclamation, "Praise the Lord!"

"What for, Joe?" asked one of his companions. "Are you praising the Lord because your dinner is lost?"

"I'm praising Him because my *appetite* isn't lost," he replied. "They couldn't take that from me, praise the Lord!"

It is some satisfaction to relate that the lost dinner was restored, and Joe enjoyed both that and his appetite in peace and with a clear conscience.

Another form of "filth in the temple" so grave that words cannot describe its dangers, is that of impurity of thought, word or act. Very early does the ugly shadow-fiend begin his terrible work in tempting young people to self-pollution. Ignorant of the danger, they are drawn into practices that result in utter destruction of bodily health, and when too late they see their awful error they cry out in agony of soul and torture of mind and body.

"Why, oh, why was I not warned?"

Reader, this *is* a warning that all may heed. Death has claimed its thousands through this fearful practice of self-abuse. The pale, bloodless face, dark rings about the eyes, emaciated form, stooping shoulders and broken-down nerves testify to the effects of the habit so plainly that its victims are easily known from those of other diseases. And the suffering is frightful. Physicians bear sad witness to this fact.

Treat your bodies with respect, as the temple of God should be treated. Never, never tamper with the delicate structures set apart for uses of procreation alone. The rule admits of no exception. And learn to think of the mysteries of sex and of birth as God meant them to be regarded—not as subjects of coarse jest or obscene stories, but as a wonderful fact of creation, full of beautiful and pure significance to those who obey God by keeping above reproach in this respect. Like the beauty of an opening flower is the marvel of creation in the human world,—ever new, ever wonderful,—but the penalties for

disregarding God's law of purity are the most terrible that can be imagined. That their approach is often slow is no reason for hoping to escape; for escape there is none.

One more form of "filth in the temple" is that of drinking intoxicating liquors. This, also, is one of the habits that claim their victims by thousands. The young do not see that in the "first glass" lies coiled a deadly serpent. The appetite once formed, only the few drunkards rescued from the verge of the precipice can tell the horrors through which the tortured soul and body must pass. No young man believes that such will be his fate; but the army of drunkards steadily grows, nevertheless, and the Red Telephone fiends rejoice every time the "first glass" is taken. Right here I must revert for a moment to the habit of smoking, for this reason: Experiences of many show all too unmistakably that the average smoker will be, in time, a drinker as well. The poison of the tobacco or nicotine slowly but surely enters the blood *and creates the craving* for strong alcoholic beverages. Never mind why this is so. It has so proved; and that alcoholic craving is like fire in the veins. It will not be satisfied, but leaps onward, growing in strength, till the bodily tissues are literally burnt out.

And the mind and soul?

Reader, if you could see the workings of a drunkard's mind for a single hour, you would shudder at the sight of a glass of wine, beer or cider, no matter how "harmless" it may be called. If it is fermented, the alcohol is there; and if the alcohol is there, the harm is there.

Let it alone!

In the temple of old, the scourge of small cords was sufficient to cleanse it from the money-changers. In the temple of the body, when the shadow-call intrudes and leads the unwary to let in the polluting influence, it can be driven out only by the "small cords" of prayer, constant watchfulness and a soul determined to conquer.

Be prepared then, for the shadow arguments.

"Get rich first and attend to the things of God afterwards," says the voice at the Red Telephone.

If you try that plan you may acquire the money-fever to such an extent that you will not care for the things of God and will go through life and out of it with the great soul-need still unfilled.

"Smoke your pipe or cigar if you like; it is manly, harmless, and will tranquillize your mind," says the voice again.

It is not manly, but beastly; it is not harmless, but harmful both in itself and in what it leads to; and it puts the mind in a stupor so that the harm is not realized.

"Chewing tobacco is all right. It is nonsense to be so particular," says the voice.

But it is the "particular" people who win all the prizes in life that are best worth having. Those with filthy habits shut themselves out of the race.

"It does no harm to follow the example of others. A fellow must sow his wild oats, and then settle down afterwards," says the voice.

"Afterwards" he "settles down," truly enough, his body in a drunkard's grave or one equally shameful; his soul—his real self—in the Under-World of continual shadow and despair.

The next chapter will deal more fully with the most serious question before the American public to-day; that of the legalized liquor traffic. May every reader of these pages be moved to take a firm stand on the right side of this momentous question, and in public and private help to do away with this greatest of all causes of "filth in the temple," that Christ may reign in its place.

WIRE XXXV.

THE SALOON.

IN THE deepest recesses of the Under-World, where the blackest shadows congregate and the most fiendish plots are concocted,—there, in the heart of Sin's fortress, are the devices planned, the messages sent forth, that lure the young and unsuspecting into that most fatal of all traps—the licensed liquor saloon.

Other evils may have their seed-time and harvest, but the liquor traffic's crop is continually to be seen. From January till December—from the first day of spring till the last day of winter, this revolting crop of drunkards is being harvested; the supply never runs short.

A million dollars would be a large sum to pour down the throats of a Christian nation, in any beverage that does harm and only harm; but what think you of *twelve hundred and fifty millions* thus wasted in our country every year?

This is an accurate estimate of the money expended annually for intoxicating liquors in America; to say nothing of the crimes and accidents resulting; the cost in dollars and cents and the uncounted cost in blood and tears.

Truly we should have far to look, to find a tyrant either in ancient or modern times that dared tax his subjects so heavily as King Alcohol taxes his meek and willing slaves, the American people!

Reader, which is worse, the historic tax on tea imposed by King George, which so aroused our forefathers' ire, or this tax that I have just named?

If I could have my way, there would be such a wholesale dumping of the products of brewery and still, into the waters of the Pacific or Atlantic, as would make the famous Boston tea party seem by contrast like a mere "tempest in a teapot." The freedom resulting from this new act of independence would be correspondingly greater. (Only, I should be sorry for the ocean!)

When *will* the American people learn to "stand up for their rights" enough to free themselves from this tremendous oppression? At present they submissively bow to the yoke of the liquor tyrant, and then complain when times are hard and wonder what the matter is. And the cost in dollars and cents is the least part of the damage done.

The saloons now multiplying in small towns and villages as well as large cities are a serious enough menace to the safety of our young people of a winter evening; but in summer the beer gardens are quite as dangerous, because if possible, even more enticing. One cannot pass along the street without continually thinking, "Another trap!"

How attractive are the beer gardens and dance halls fitted up! Yet the brilliant lights cast black shadows, darkening the entire lives of those who frequent such resorts.

In a temperance paper called "The Defender" has appeared a picture so striking that I shall have to describe it to you as best I may. It is called "A Midsummer Day's Reality."

In the centre is a church, of attractive modern build, but with doors and windows fast shut and a large placard across the front door, marked, "Closed until October 1st," while the minister is seen departing in hot haste carrying a valise marked "Europe."

In the foreground are grouped several representatives of the "powers that prey" on society, with bloated, leering faces, brandishing whiskey bottles and wine glasses and chorusing in high glee, "Bon voyage, sir pastor, bon voyage! We'll shepherd the flock." And encircling the church in the background are plainly visible a line of buildings into whose open doors the crowds are literally pouring. The first building is marked "Saloon. Open day and night." The next, "Dance Hall." The third, "Theatre." The fourth, "Continuous Vaudeville, 50 Female Beauties." The fifth bears a flag flying aloft on which is inscribed, "Roof Garden," while over the door is "Saloon." The sixth is a "Picture Parlor," with the price, "One Cent" conspicuously displayed; containing the penny slot machines and similar exhibits that will cram more filth into the mind in one minute than the church could remove in a year. And the last is a "Concert Hall" with "Beer" advertised on one window, and "Wines" on the other.

All open on a summer day, and doing a thriving business, while the church is resting!

Reader, what think you of this "Midsummer Day's Reality"? Is it overdrawn? Your own observation will tell you that it is not.

In the cities and larger towns this is a condition that confronts us—a serious, startling fact; and it affects the smaller towns in its results.

The educational and religious institutions are in midsummer largely out of business. The schools are closed; the Sunday schools have suspended; the church is shut up. The whole "plant" of those agencies that make for the elevation and refinement of society is closed down, for repairs possibly, but closed.

On the other hand, every agency that makes for degradation; the haunt of every vice; the gilded palace of every pleasure behind which hide the chains and slavery of the Shadow World, throw wide their doors—and many there be who go in thereat.

Think of the contrast; the closed churches along all the avenues of our cities, with placarded doors, silent bells, hushed organs and cobwebbed pulpits; the wide open "Fort Georges," "Coney Islands," "Beaches," "Points" and other resorts innumerable, where the brewer, the ginmiller and the purveyor to lust reap their harvests of bloody gold.

Don't flatter yourself with the idea that it is a local question for the cities alone to wrestle with. There is not a hamlet in the most secluded country-side to which the poison of hell's summer carnival will not filter.

Don't sit back complaisant and fancy that your home is so respectable and well guarded that this is not a matter of personal interest to you. A harvest of shame and disease and ruin will be reaped from the sowing of these summer months, not alone in the slums and in the homes of the unfortunate, but along the avenues and in thousands of homes where refinement and religion reign.

The picture of the closed church and open saloon failthfully reports the advance of a foe that menaces national life; of sappers who burrow beneath the very foundations of civilization. It is an inundation

of ruin, a cataclysm of destruction, real, imminent, all-engulfing, that I would warn you of.

What can be done?

This at least: If the church must be closed, if the agencies of good must rest, there is neither necessity nor excuse for allowing the saloon and its foul consorts to assume sway. What place, at all, is there for such agencies in a state of society that calls itself civilization?

In my chapter on "Traps" I gave you a partial idea of the Red Telephone fiend's methods of coaxing young men into saloons; yet the devices are so numerous that it would be impossible to name them all. The natural fondness of youth for gayety and social pleasures; the dread of being considered "odd" or "afraid" to drink; the lively music, the costly pictures, the elegant surroundings of the more pretentious saloons, and the games and cordial fellowship to be found even in the cheaper resorts; all these are used by the shadow-fiends with great effect. In later years the fiery, insatiable appetite is enough to draw these victims of drink to ruin. But before this craving is formed, the chief attraction is the love of a social time.

No young man would deliberately go into a saloon alone, for the first time, and drink; he is always drawn in by jovial companions. In this, then, lies the greatest danger to the individual. The strength of the social instinct is so great that the forces of evil make that side of human nature their special study; and so effectually have they done this that the churches, in their turn, must recognize the power of social recreation before the shadow-creatures can be completely outwitted.

Meanwhile let me say to every young man as he reaches the point where his companions begin to urge these attractions of the saloon upon him: *Do not heed them.* Refuse all invitations to drink, at whatever cost. If to do this you have to part with friends, however reluctantly, the parting had better come; for the work of the saloon in a young man's life is too frightful to contemplate without a shudder.

A bright, ambitious young salesman, while "on the road," formed the habit of drinking with occasional customers and other "drummers," for the sake of sociability and to help his business, as he

supposed. Returning to his home one night after drinking rather more freely than usual, he started a romp with his little brother, of whom he was very fond.

An unsteady lurching movement—an overturned lamp—and the result was, the room in flames, the house itself barely saved from destruction and his brother's face so burned that the scar was left for life. Had the young man been himself, the accident would never have occurred. It saddened his whole life.

Another young man, the son of a minister, allowed himself while away at college to be drawn into the habit of visiting saloons. He woke up from a drunken sleep one morning to find himself in jail, accused of killing one of his fellow-students in a street fight of which he had not the slightest recollection.

A third youth, brought up in a refined and cultured Christian home, fell in with several city youths who worked on his fondness for music to introduce him to social parties where wine was served. He soon learned to drink in saloons as well, and being of a nervous temperament, his downfall was rapid. He died of delirium tremens. And the horrors of such a death are too well known to require description.

Alcohol even in moderate quantities, it has been found, produces in a short time serious organic changes in the nerve cells of the brain and central nervous system. It also hinders the digestion of food, weakening the stomach and causing congestion, and very often leading to cancer.

Hence the argument that "alcohol is an aid to digestion" is the farthest possible from the truth. This and the other Red Telephone argument that "alcohol is a food" are too foolish to be taken seriously in this day of science. Some time ago, when the craze for Professor Atwater's theory was at its height, a drunken Swede was brought into a Chicago police court and made rather an amusing plea. He claimed that he had not been drinking, but eating, and as evidence, placed a small, half-filled bottle of "food" before the justice. He was asked what he meant by bringing whisky into the court.

"That is not whisky," said the prisoner. "That is food. I submit that you can not send me to the Bridewell for eating too much. Pro-

fessor Atwater, of Wesleyan University, told the educational conference that whisky is food. He says you can not deny food value to whisky, and that it is oxidized just like bread and meat. When I read that, I got hungry and went out for a couple of slices of whisky and a piece of brandy."

"He had eaten a quart or two before I picked him up," said the policeman.

It is now known that the "food value" argument for alcohol has not the shadow of a foundation. Alcohol certainly has no useful place in the healthy body. It is a poison, and takes more lives annually in this country alone than almost all the acute infectious diseases put together.

The following is a partial list given by Dr. W. H. Riley of the many diseases caused by alcohol and which to a large degree at least might be prevented by abstaining from its use: Different forms of paralysis, epilepsy, apoplexy, general paralysis of the insane, delirium tremens, different forms of insanity, pneumonia, consumption of the lungs, different forms of indigestion, ulceration of the stomach, cancer of the stomach, Bright's disease of the kidneys, cirrhosis of the liver, fatty degeneration of the heart.

A formidable list; yet the Red Telephone voice will tell you that it will make you "feel better" to drink; that liquor is a tonic. Believe him at your peril. The feelings caused by alcohol are those of temporary exhilaration, followed by reaction, depression and disease. It is true now and always that "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Here is what Dr. Knoff, the consumption specialist, says of "Alcohol and the White Death":

"Alcoholism must be considered as the most active co-operator with the deadly tubercle bacillus, aside from being the greatest enemy to the welfare of a nation, the most frequent destroyer of family happiness, and the cause of the ruin of mind, body and soul. To combat alcoholism, education, above all, is required. From early childhood the dangers of intemperance and its fearful consequences should be

taught, and alcohol should never be given to children, even in the smallest quantities."

The following, from the Soldier's Handbook, published by direction of the Secretary of War, is very significant:

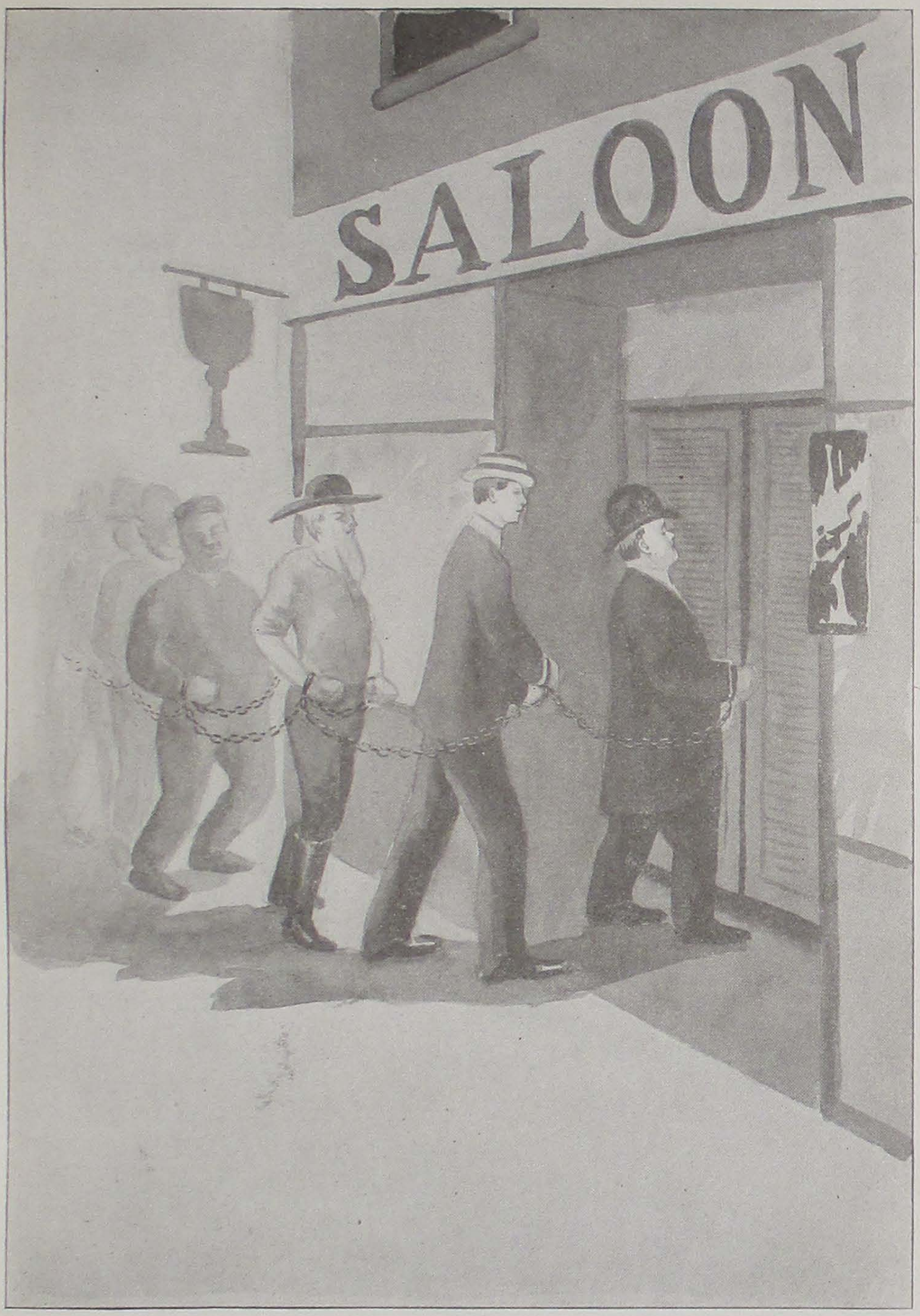
"It should be unnecessary to speak of the danger from the use of intoxicating liquors, for every soldier knows something of this. The mind of a man under the influence of these liquors is so befogged that he is unable to protect himself from accidents and exposures. How many men have passed from this world because of exposures during intoxication? How many have lost their health and strength and become wretched sufferers during the remainder of a shortened existence? Besides, for days after indulgence in liquor the system is broken down and the individual less able to stand the fatigue, exposures, or wounds of the campaign."

The result of the war between Japan and Russia called forth many comments, but its most important lesson is in regard to temperance. Says Collier's Weekly:

"The Japanese were worried for months by the fewness of their battleships, but in the end they won, not by numbers but by morality —by sobriety, devotion, courage, and intelligence. They did not win by talk and bluster either. They have shown, in peace and war, a calm fair-mindedness, a predominating taste, a hostility to mere noise and thunder, an ability to be quiet, and mind their business, whether that business be art, domestic labor, or deadly war."

The Toronto Globe also found an interesting significance in the outcome of the war. "The result is in reality," it says, "the triumph of sober Japan over whisky-soaked Russia. It is the greatest temperance lecture ever delivered to the world, to nations and to individuals as well.

"What was proved on the wreck-strewn Straits of Corea had already been proved in the destruction of the Port Arthur squadron, in the running fight with the Vladivostock cruisers, in the reduction of an almost impregnable fortress, and in the land operations in Manchuria. It was in each case Japan against Russia, but it was more. It was temperance against debauchery.



"Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.."

—Page 350.

SELF-RESPECT.

—Page 360.

"Japan's achievements on land and sea were not directed by men who had spent their days and nights in idleness and dissipation. They were the product of lives of strong, steadfast, sober endeavor, the very opposite of what their enemy had been.

"The lesson of the war is not for Russia alone. It is for every nation and for every individual who seeks stability and advancement. Intemperance and progress do not go together."

WIRE XXXVI.

SELF-RESPECT.

I HAVE already said that Number One *at his best* is well worth knowing. This is true in all signs of the zodiac; hence those who weakly sigh over their shortcomings, or blame their "unlucky star" and envy those whom they consider less tempted, are making a great mistake. *No* star is "unlucky" to the thoroughly self-respecting person.

It is true that each life has its peculiar temptations, but it is also true that "with the temptation, God has provided a way of escape; that ye may be able to bear it."

Read once more the chapter on "The Difference" and notice what a contrast there always is between the self-respecting person and the one who listens to the Red Telephone incitements to careless living. This difference is seen in things great and small; from the veriest routine matters of walking, eating, dress, speech, etc., up to the most important affairs, even life and death.

It is easy to know who is the self-respecting man or woman, and who is not. A glance will usually be enough to determine the question.

Self-respect makes the form erect, the eyes clear and steady, the head well-poised, the step firm and elastic, all the motions decided, yet graceful. Self-respect brings a cheerful ring to the voice, a ready smile, an alertness in work and sport, a courage and ease in helping another, which the person lacking in self-respect cannot equal nor approach.

Look at the man who has fallen into careless habits and grown discouraged about his own powers; whose self-esteem is at a low ebb.

Ten to one you will find him with unkempt hair, unshaven face, soiled or ragged clothing, and a general down-in-the-mouth appear-

ance. Probably he will be smoking a dirty pipe. He shuffles along with a slouching, uncertain step, frequents saloons, lounges about street corners, talks politics with an occasional attempt at eloquence, but his eyes never lose their shifting, half-sneaking, restless and dissatisfied expression. His head is thrust forward instead of being thrown manfully erect. He is "out of a job," and has little prospect of another. For his ill-luck he blames fate, his "stars," the weather, politics, Providence or other people, but all the time he feels, deep down in his soul, that the trouble is with himself.

Is it?

Yes, in a sense; but not to the hopeless extent he imagines.

The trouble is most of all in his *wrong estimate* of himself.

Thought has a wonderful power to lift or lower a life. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and this man has been thinking *meanly* of himself. He has not remembered that he is the image of God.

If someone who understood this truth were to come along and give him a friendly word of cheer it might work wonders. Most of all would it help him if it gave him the idea that *he could succeed* in something; that he really had something worth while, in him.

Prisoners have served a term in Cook County Jail and have gone out self-respecting and hopeful men, fit to become useful members of society, because of the kind treatment they have received, and the friendly encouragement mixed with the counsel to lead a better life.

There is magic in hope. Give a man hope and you lay the foundation of self-respect, which is itself the solid substructure of character.

Once let a discouraged man catch a glimpse of the useful and honored life in store for him, and as soon as he believes it he straightens up until you would not know him. Thank God for hope and what it does! Let the hope but be genuine, and the actions begin to correspond, and this goes on until the useful and honored life is no longer a thing of the future, nor yet of the past, but a present, unmistakable reality. "I can, and I will," becomes the watchword that transforms the discouraged and often sinful life into the strong,

pure, upright and useful one, ready to lift others from the Under-World of shadows.

Christ offers this living hope to all. But the shadow-fiend would hinder them from accepting it.

"You can't work against fate," says the voice over the Red Telephone. "Some are born lucky, and everything goes well with them. *You* are one of the wretched, unlucky kind. No use thinking *you* can ever be or do anything worth while. It isn't in you. Drink, and drown these miserable thoughts; smoke, and stupefy your brain so you won't think of all that you wish you could achieve; for you never can be anything better than a weakling. Don't think of what you long to be. Forget it!"

And the miserable wretch shuffles on through life, trying to forget that he is God's image, until at last he does forget it. Then his degradation is complete.

It is of the utmost importance that a young man just starting out in life shall have, and keep, a plentiful supply of self-respect. He should esteem himself too highly to indulge in any careless habits. The knowledge that his body is the temple of the living God, and that this Divine Guest is with him always, should be a source of protection and inspiration. No "filth in the temple" will be admitted by one who is reverently entertaining the Divine Guest and keeping all in order, fit for His presence day and night.

If you were to entertain the President of the United States, you would think yourself a person of some consequence, would you not?

Then think of the far greater honor it is to entertain the living Christ! "I will take up my abode with him; I will come and sup with him," is the promise. Yes, that means *you*. Intimate, daily communion with the Most High is your privilege. Accept it—and respect yourself accordingly.

The self-respecting young man will not only avoid bad company and keep out of saloons and all places of evil resort; he will not only keep mind and body pure, but he will be ambitious to give to the world his best and most carefully-planned work. He will study himself to find out in what direction his talents lie; and then he will

study to improve them. The world's best workers are thinkers as well. Put *thought* into your work whether it be ploughing a field, writing a sermon, selling a yard of calico or building a house; and with the task at hand well done will come the larger opportunities. Have no fear; *you are worth while,* or you would not be here. Respect yourself, and be alert to seize the opportunity when it comes.

A word as to insults. We often hear of a serious quarrel, sometimes lasting for years, resulting from a misunderstanding in which one person considered himself insulted by another, when perhaps no offense was intended. "My self-respect would not allow me to take such an insult," says one, in justification of his resentment.

Now, this may be self-respect, but to me it looks much more like pride.

True self-respect, when an insult is offered, will bear it calmly and in dignified silence, taking no notice of the affront. To engage in heated altercation is not apt to help the matter, and if the insult is a genuine one, deliberately intended, no course is wiser than to ignore the ill-bred person altogether until he has had time to become ashamed of his conduct. As the person possessed of self-respect never lowers himself by insulting another, he can well afford to be magnanimous when the right time comes; and there is no greater proof of superior breeding than the ability to pass over a rudeness in silence and perfect self-possession.

A girl who must go out into the world to earn her own living is subject to many unpleasant experiences. Sometimes men in the same office where she is employed as clerk or stenographer will pursue a course towards her that is anything but pleasant. They will not annoy her if they are themselves self-respecting, of course; but not all men are. Some consider it both a duty and pleasure to "test" a girl's spirit and self-respect, by trying to flirt with her, paying her silly compliments and being otherwise familiar, when she cannot escape from their presence.

This, to any well-bred girl, is naturally most annoying. Sometimes even her employer, or the superintendent of the department in which she works, will indulge in this unworthy pastime.

What shall the girl do? Shall she resent the familiarity with indignation, and perhaps lose her position through a display of temper?

A better way to protect herself is to be studiously blind and deaf to all such attempts. She should fail to see or hear them, whenever this is possible; interrupt a compliment with a business-like question about the work to be done; never smile at a bit of personal flattery; change the subject quickly whenever it verges on anything of this nature, and at all times make it evident that she is there for business and for that only.

Thus respecting herself, such a girl will soon be respected by all her business associates; that is, unless in some very exceptional case of a man is too stupid or coarse-minded to understand, and persists in annoying her after her manner has given plain intimation that she does not choose to recognize such attentions.

In such a case, the girl would be justified in speaking plainly; telling him quietly but seriously and decidedly that she is there for business, and does not wish to be annoyed in the way that he is doing; asking if he will not be kind enough to desist, and to treat her in the future with the same respect that he would wish shown to his own daughter or sister if she were obliged to work in a similar position.

If this request is made in a self-possessed, gentle, but perfectly serious way, it will be heeded, and the young woman will retain both her self-respect and her position. If she cannot keep both, the position is the thing to sacrifice; but this need seldom be.

It is the inward high valuation of self that bears fruit in the outward poise, the composure that is worth so much in the business and social world alike. Do not fear in the presence of anyone. Do not depreciate yourself. If the Red Telephone suggests thoughts of weakness and inferiority, stop listening to the shadow-voice and hear, instead, the voice of the gentle but all-conquering Christ inviting you to share His life; a life of sacrifice in some things material, indeed, but of divine mastery and triumph in things eternal and soul-satisfying. When you begin to awake to the glorious conquests

before you even in this earthly existence, you will feel as if until that moment you had been all your life wrapped in a slumber like that of the butterfly while it was still in the cocoon. You will wonder a little, just at first, and say, "Can this glorious new way of thinking, this new life of victory, of self-respect, be meant for *me*"? Then you will draw a long breath, will listen a little longer to the Christ-message, and the Red Telephone will be silent. You will know then that the blessed truth is for you—that Christ thinks you are worth while, and that *you* are to think so, too. When this truth came to me I called it "My Easter-tide," and one day when it had come to mean a great deal to me, the thought took form in these words. They are for you also, ready for your waking time if it has not yet come:

Sleeping, not dead. O Soul, O Self,
Rise from thy prostrate slumber
Into the beauty of service,
Into the glory of conquest.
Wings, not fetters, thy birthright,
Soul of mine, 'tis the morning;
Rise, and receive thy gladness!

This is thy day of triumph.
Love, like a mist, enfolds thee;
Even the raindrops, weeping
Tears of joy at thy waking,
Smile with a dawning brightness
Till, through the mist grown golden,
Till, with the sunlight splendor,
Thou, too, O Soul, art shining!

WIRE XXXVII.

SCATTERED FORCES.

IN MANY a battle the side superior in numbers has lost the day because of poor generalship and scattered forces.

The same is true in any organized effort to fight evils that menace society. It requires a true general to keep even the bravest and most enthusiastic forces from falling apart when the Red Telephone begins to distract their attention from the business in hand.

The church workers in a brisk little village were all astir over certain improvements and extensions to be made in the church building. A subscription-list was being made out, and everyone gave,—everyone but old Squire Bothwell. He was the best able to contribute of anyone in town, but his miserliness was so well known that no one dared ask him.

Now, it happened that in this particular case he would have given, and given liberally, if he could have conquered a certain prejudice. He had a secret pride and satisfaction in the dignified old church building where his father had occupied the same family pew where he himself now sat every Sunday, looking grim and unappreciative enough, but in reality enjoying the service as much as he was capable of enjoying anything. He was not demonstrative,—this stern-looking old man—but he loved his church more than anyone knew. Yet he would not respond to any of the general appeals made from the pulpit, and when the blank slips were passed for written pledges of the amounts members wished to give, his went back into the basket as blank as it came.

The whole trouble had arisen years ago in a feud between Squire Bothwell and the father of James Darcy, who was now the church treasurer.

"If they can't put a decent sort of a man in for treasurer," growled the squire to himself, "they can look somewhere else for

their money. I've got other uses for mine. Jim Darcy is a true son of his father, and that sort of high mightiness don't suit me."

But the present church treasurer, deaf and blind to this mental criticism, having been trained by nearly six years' experience in the Christian Endeavor Society and being a bright young business man besides, was fertile in expedients, and at last the money was raised—all but fifty dollars.

"Well, Jim, how goes the battle?" asked one of those interested, just before a business meeting of the trustees.

"Fine," responded Jim, cheerily. "All raised but the last fifty, and we'll have that in a week or so, thanks to the plans of the Ladies' Aid," and he went on to tell of the coming supper to be given by the faithful women in behalf of the cherished project.

"Has Squire Bothwell given anything?"

"Not he. Never knew him to help out when he was needed. However, we'll get along without him all right."

It chanced that the squire was coming up just at that moment and caught the last few words of both speakers. But he made no sign that he heard, and they did not notice him.

That night the squire had a most peculiar dream. He thought the dear old church was crumbling on its foundations and just about to fall, when a hurrying crowd of people swept past him with long poles in their hands which they used as props to hold up the tottering edifice. As fast as it leaned over on one side it was pushed up and held erect, first by one group of poles, then by another. Then came the busy workmen and set about repairing the loosened foundation. It was almost secure again when one of the props was suddenly withdrawn. Again it swayed, but no one seemed to see.

"Give me one of those poles," shouted the squire, breathless in his excitement.

But no one would listen; or if they did, they only laughed at him.

"We don't need you," they said. "Stand back. The workmen will soon be through, and then the building will be as good as new."

With an agony of apprehension he watched the swaying steeple. A little further it toppled, yet no one else saw the coming danger.

"Give me that pole," he fairly screamed again. "I *will* help, I tell you! No one shall prevent me!" but it was too late. Down the great church fell with a crash so tremendous that Squire Bothwell awoke to find himself grasping a corner of the sheet in the fond belief that it was one of the props.

That fifty dollars went into the church treasury the next day, but not from the Ladies' Aid Society. It came from Squire Bothwell's pocket. No one knew exactly how it happened, but so it was; and when the church supper was given the proceeds went partly to the missionary board and partly for a new carpet; and it was noticed that the long feud between Squire Bothwell and the Darcys had quite vanished. That church will run no risk hereafter of having its foundations shaken by discord from within.

Many and many a church, however, *is* shaken to the very ground by personal jealousies, quarrels, bitterness between one member and another, lasting and deepening as the years go by. What a travesty on the religion of the Prince of Peace! What a direct disobedience to his precepts! What a selfish disregard of his tender prayer "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art one with me, and I with Thee." What a shameful scattering of forces!

It is even more usual to find the same trouble among the hosts working for temperance. Bitter disagreements, sharp criticisms, censure and fault-finding on every hand, leaders accusing each other of dishonest motives, till the grand cause totters on its very foundations because of the failing props, even while the workmen struggle to repair the strength of the structure. Scattered forces again! and meanwhile, the liquor traffic goes on unchecked, while the shadow-fiends laugh in their glee till the sound could be heard over every wire of the Red Telephone; only people listen to their counsel rather than to their rejoicing. Shame on such weakness on the part of comrades who should be bravely marching shoulder to shoulder!

Another method of the Red Telephone adviser, used with gentler souls, is as follows:

"You are not skilled or experienced in the work that you have

been asked to do. Better not attempt it. Somebody else can do it far better."

Then the timid one, listening, shrinks from the appointed task that would bring with it the very experience needed, and declines to serve, asking that "somebody else" be appointed.

One poor pastor, at his wits' end to find willing workers in his church, once wrote a semi-humorous, semi-pathetic appeal to a religious paper which read much as follows:

"I have a most talented individual in my church. In fact, so varied and remarkable are his talents that I find him referred to on every occasion when anything is to be done. He is the best musician in the whole congregation; can lead the singing, play the organ for the choir and the piano for the Sunday school; can prepare the blackboard and chart exercises to help the Sunday school superintendent; can assist the librarian; does the most difficult and trying work on every committee, and is responsible for all arrangements that require careful handling. Yet, strange to say, I have never yet succeeded in meeting him. His name is on everyone's lips; he is recommended by one and all, most earnestly and enthusiastically; but I cannot seem to find him as yet. Will not someone be kind enough to introduce me to him? I should so like to meet a person of such varied talents. His name, as reported to me in this frequent and interesting way, is 'Somebody Else!' Now, if he can really do all these things so much better than the other members of my church,—as I am assured he can—it seems only fair that I should be allowed to make his acquaintance. Will not someone please introduce me to this talented being,—this Somebody Else, who can do everything so well?"

Better try to help when asked, even though the work might perhaps be more skilfully done by another, than to form the habit of shirking. Nothing helps the powers to grow like exercise; and if the spiritual muscle tries its strength on the various bits of work that come along, it will go far towards making a strong, well-rounded Christian life.

Another way in which the shadow-counsellor tries to scatter the forces in Christian work is by a certain suggestion of superiority.

The "Somebody Else" argument just described is the argument o. timidity, of hesitancy through self-depreciation; but this other method of separating workers is of the opposite kind.

"You ought not to be asked to do such common work as that," says the voice over the wire. "You, with your recognized talents, ought not to waste time doing what any inexperienced person can do as well. Besides, those placed on the committee with you are not congenial companions. You would not get on well with them. They are not your kind of people at all."

Possibly not, in some ways; yet let it be remembered, the followers of Christ have one very important thing in common,—the central purpose of their lives. Though their tastes and ways may be as different as winter and summer, they can still work together helpfully in the light of this purpose.

It amuses me, and often helps me as well, when I recall a bit of conversation with Florence Morse Kingsley, the author whom so many know and love. She was talking of supercilious people, "taking them off" in her own clever way, especially the women who drawl out, with an air of great superiority concerning some neighbor or neighbors: "They are all very well, but they are *not my kind.*"

"That *might* be a compliment," I remarked, thoughtfully.

She turned to me with her eyes full of merriment, and answered, "Yes; it might. But they don't mean it as one."

Reader, if you and I have learned that a great many of our neighbors are "not our kind," we will regard them as none the less worthy and interesting for that,—we won't despise them, will we? Christ never despised anyone.

The way to keep from scattering our forces is to *know* that each human being is precious in God's sight, and that we are to find and appreciate the good in each. The more we do this, the deeper we penetrate into the secrets of Christ's love for human beings, and His power with them. For to love and to understand, is to be God-like.

Scattered forces are common not only in society as a whole, but in a single individual. In that case we call it lack of concentration.

The secret of concentration, once learned, gives a person power

to command himself, control others, and change his entire environ ment if he so wills. It is a priceless gift.

How is it to be secured?

By a determined and faithful practice of that simple but valuable rule, "This *one* thing I do."

Put your *whole* thought—not part of it—into whatever you are doing, every hour in the day; keep this up for a single month, and you will be surprised at the results. If you began as an experiment, you will keep it up from preference.

It makes no difference what the moment's occupation is; in any kind of work, study or rest the rule is the same. In scrubbing the floor, washing dishes, making the toilet, ploughing the field, selling a piece of goods,—or in reading a book, playing a game, going to sleep,—no matter what it is,—do it as if it were the only thing in the world that interested you. Put your whole soul into it. *You will do it in less than the usual time, and you will enjoy it.*

More than this, the above exercise in concentration is doing many things for you that will not appear till later. It is strengthening certain brain cells so that you will have a better memory, quicker perceptions, more self-control, and greater power to act in an emergency.

If you are in no need of this advice, skip it. But about nine-tenths of the human family are in the habit of trying to do one thing while at least a *part* of their thoughts are on something else. It has been found that this method tires a person much more quickly than concentration. The Shadow-creatures know this, and try to distract the attention. You become tired because your forces are *scattered.* You need them all, but are trying to get along with only a part of them. That is the trick played by the Red Telephone whenever possible.

Concentration is the secret of doing all things easily and well. Don't let the Red Telephone scatter your forces.

WIRE XXXVIII.

THE ROAD TO CRIME.

EVEN Boston's bewildering network of streets cannot compare in crookedness and intricacy with the lanes, highways and byways of the Under-World. There, among the haunts of the shadow-creatures, may be seen streets interlacing and crossing one another, winding in and out, growing wide in some places and so narrow in others that the inhabitants must walk in Indian file in order to pass each other. There are the "easy" paths already described, those traveled by the indolent and by persons addicted to the smaller vices and follies; there are the thorny, brier-tangled paths of deception and intrigue; the rough but wide thoroughfares of disobedience, uncontrolled temper, hatred, malice and revenge, all paved with sharp, jagged stones; and there is the road to crime.

It is of the last-named that I would speak. Scattered along this road may be found the varied devices of the shadow-fiends for luring mortals astray. Here a wine-glass, there a pack of cards, again a vile book or picture, and all along the way doors open into saloons, dance-halls and other dens from which strains of lively music may be heard issuing forth. Starting on this road from every conceivable one of the side streets, there is a continual procession of people, in captivity though they know it not, all passing onward to a more easily recognized bondage,—for this road ends within prison walls.

A strange scene was witnessed in a desolate home not long ago. In a white casket lay the still, marble-like form of a young wife and mother, slain by the hand of a husband who loved her devotedly. Around were grouped an aged, grief-stricken father and mother and two little bright-haired children; while in an adjoining room slept the youngest child, an infant of less than a year.

And the husband?

Wild with grief and horror at his own crime, of which he had not the slightest recollection, he was pacing up and down his prison cell with no prospect of release except the gallows, the fear of which was as nothing to him compared with his despair at the deed wrought while he was under the influence of drink.

But, you say, such cases, though sad and terrible, are not uncommon; why call this a strange scene?

Because the father and mother of the murdered one displayed an unusual spirit of toleration and even affection for her murderer. Their one hope now was to save him from the disgraceful death that awaited him. Though crushed by the sad fate of their only daughter, who had been the joy of their lives, they had only kind words for the one who had dealt the fatal blow.

"Whiskey did it," said the old man, with tears streaming from his eyes as he gazed into the motionless face, "John was always good to Katie when he was himself. A tenderer husband never lived. Why, he would not have harmed a hair of her head, if he had known what he was doing. It was not John who did this awful deed; it was whiskey. It would be terrible for the law to hold him guilty of murder!"

Yet the law does so hold him, and the family of children so soon to be doubly orphaned, will have a sad heritage of shame.

Drink is the immediate and fruitful cause of the great majority of crimes; this is a widely recognized fact. Yet thoughtful students of criminal conditions are inclined to go farther back and declare that even behind the drink lies another and deeper cause; that of wrong early training.

So says John L. Whitman, Superintendent of the Cook County Jail in Chicago. No man has had a better opportunity than he, to observe the causes and effects of crime; and no man is better qualified to speak on the wise and humane methods now being introduced largely by his efforts, to save the convicts from their worst selves, teach them respect for law, and make of them useful and trustworthy members of society. In quoting his words which follow, written especially for this book, I can therefore give my readers the most accurate

as well as vivid idea of the slippery road which leads into crime both the ignorant hoodlums of the city slums and the thoughtless who have failed to profit by their better surroundings and advantages. Mr. Whitman says:

"It is easy, from one's fancy, to draw a picture of two young men, both now in the penitentiary, charged with, and probably guilty, of the same sort of crime and that is, murder, while a robbery was being committed.

"One of these young men was brought up in the most vicious atmosphere and therefore had a very distorted idea of the difference between right and wrong.

"The other young man was brought up in a good family in one of the best parts of the city, where it could be easily supposed there were no evil influences; consequently, he had the best of advantages and had he seen fit to profit by them and by the advice given him, he perhaps would not now be serving time in the penitentiary on a charge of committing murder.

"Just imagine the different influences that were brought to bear upon these two young men to induce them to take part in such crime. The first young man was being fitted for a criminal career from infancy. The other was drawn into the commission of a crime after the age of reason had set in, but had not left its thorough impress on him; for he commenced by dissipation, then came thoughtlessness and reckless daring, encouraged in him by the idea that he was immune from the consequences of his rash acts, because of his station in life, his many friends and their social standing. So he continued in his wild career. However, he had no thought of murder or even crime in his heart; he just wanted to be a 'good fellow' and was unconsciously drifting along with the tide of sin until he found himself in the deep, swift current of debauchery, which carried him finally over the precipice of calamity into a prison cell.

"The first young man spoken of was one of that class that are early thrown upon their own resources. The street becomes their home, the den their school, the station house their college; such

SCATTERED FORCES.

"The fifty dollars went into the Church Treasury."

—Page 368.

THE ROAD TO CRIME.

—Page 372.

haunts become their world, from which they never emerge, except to exploit themselves in court, the bridewell or the reformatory.

"This particular young man had been a boot-black and had in other ways attempted to earn an honest living. He was not naturally a bad boy, as was afterwards shown by appealing to his true nature and getting from him original expressions on his views of the difference between right and wrong.

"His associations and environments were bad and one night while aimlessly strolling the streets, he was accosted by two older men whom he had known in the neighborhood in which he 'hung out' and they said to him, 'Kid, don't you want to make a few plunks?' Of course, 'kid'-like, he said 'yes.' 'Now,' they said to him, 'don't be frightened, there will be no trouble; you just stand here and keep your eye peeled up and down the street and tip us off if the cop shows up and we will give you a piece of the money we get. We are just going across the street here to get a little easy money.' The men went across the street, they entered the store, the unexpected happened, the proprietor of the store offered resistance and was shot, killed, the boy became frightened and ran away and so did the men. They were eventually caught, however, and all held for murder.

"Now, there was no thought of murder in that boy's heart. From my knowledge of him I doubt whether he would have had the nerve to handle a gun, let alone plan such a job, but in the eyes of the law he was guilty. It would be but natural for a 'kid' to figure out in his own mind that he was innocent of crime. He would say 'I had nothing to do with the actual commission of that crime. I could not help what those other fellows did, I was simply standing on the corner there and these men came along and said that they would give me a piece of money for staying there,' and we all know what an inducement a little piece of money is to such an urchin as he.

"Now, that lad was drawn into crime by the very life he was forced by his circumstances to live. The other young man was drawn into a like commission of a crime by a life he really knew better than to live, but had neglected the chances given him by more favorable circumstances to build his character strong enough to resist the

temptations that surround the youths in our city. He, with his evil companions, committed his crime while drunk and thereby not only ruined his bright life and future prospects, but brought shame and disgrace upon his family and friends who love him."

From a talk with this leading penalogist I gathered, in short, that the chief causes of crime aside from drink are lack of right teaching while young, and in some cases, inattention to the best teachings; and that these conditions of moral ignorance and weakness, even more than deliberate vice, were the problems confronting those who had the care of the prisoners.

"In the desire to aid reformed prisoners on their release," I asked, "should society soon trust them with responsible positions? Should ex-convicts—the educated ones, I mean—be employed where they would have any financial responsibilities?"

"No, they should not," was the emphatic answer. "It would be no kindness, but rather, a dangerous temptation. The educated prisoners are the least to be trusted of all. They have proven morally weak, and the work given them must be such as will not tempt them to further falls."

"Then manual labor is practically the only class of employment open to them on their release?"

"Yes, it has been found the best way."

At this interview I secured the kind response of Mr. Whitman to the request that he would give my readers some of his views, methods, and experiences as to the reformation of the criminal. The following chapter is accordingly in his own words—the words, not of any mere sentimentalist, but of one who knows, and who has been tireless, ingenious, and remarkably successful in his efforts to help these weak ones who have fallen into the depths of the Shadow-World.

WIRE XXXIX.

REFORMATION OF THE CRIMINAL.

(Contributed, by request, by John L. Whitman, Supt. of Cook Co. Jail, Chicago.)

"DID IT ever occur to the reader how difficult it was at times to express his thoughts just as he felt them in so many words? What beautiful and seemingly divine thoughts at times take possession of our souls and how amazed we are when we find ourselves unable to give expression to them; in other words, in our daily walks of life we are constantly reminded of the inadequacy of words to express the true spirit of our innermost thoughts. Realizing, then, how impossible it is to do other than express the cold letter of our thoughts, is it amazing that our lawmakers find themselves in the same boat when framing the laws for the government of our state and are, therefore, only able to express the cold letter of the law, which they place upon the statute book, and leave to man's natural instinct (that inexpressible something) to read between the lines of the cold letter and perceive the true spirit of the law which they provide for the protection of society and the reformation of the so-called criminal class?

"Penal legislation supplies a two-fold object. First, the protection of society from the continued commission of crime. Second, the reformation of the criminal.

"The first object is accomplished by the imprisonment of the offender for a period of time prescribed by statute, as expressed in the letter of the law. The second object can be accomplished by proper care of the offender while in prison. Strengthen him morally, show him the error of his way, hold out an incentive to him to lead an honest life, light the beacon in the harbor of the troublesome sea of life, so that thereafter he can steer his craft out of the tempestuous

waters into the calm sea of righteousness, with the end in view of sending him back to society an honest and a better man.

"Enforce the strict letter of the law alone; imprison an offender, cage him like a wild beast of the wilderness, keep constantly before him the enormity of his crime; in fact, do all you can to impress him with the idea that he is a dangerous creature, from whom society must for all time be rid, and what is the result? The early confinement and abuse perhaps fills him with repentance, but this soon dies out; for Time, the great healer of all natural hurts, acts as a balm. But your inhuman treatment turns repentance to hatred and enmity of the law and those who enforce it, and gives birth to the idea within him that society has committed a wrong against him, with the result that he ultimately returns to society to wreak upon it, his imagined enemy, a terrible vengeance.

"Enforce the spirit of the law. Treat him as a human being, appeal to his better nature, show him that he is not, like a lost soul, damned for all time just because he has sinned. Appeal to his honor, his pride, his manhood. Impress him with the fact that the very society whose law he has offended wants him back in its fold as one of its protectors, benefited by his imprisonment, a better and a nobler man. Do this and he returns to society a new-born man, a human being with a desire in his heart to live an honest life and one who may some day be one of society's most ardent supporters.

"Do the former, and he returns to society the hardened criminal, turned loose upon it a madman with the sole purpose in life of wreaking a vengeance for a fancied wrong.

"Let no one give even thought to the idea that care, kindness, attention, effort to awake the better nature of the criminal, results in or tends to bring about lax discipline. The idea is old-fashioned and is so termed by modern intelligence; for on the contrary it prevents the idea becoming fixed in the mind of the criminal that his keepers are his natural enemies. It removes that loathing he has for them and instills within him the thought that they are his friends doing a plain duty as kindly as it can be done.

"It interests him, he awakens to the fact that consideration is

being shown him in his hour of trial and tribulation, and he becomes more anxious not to infract the rules, not only for his own sake, but that those who come after him may receive the same consideration in their sorrows.

"Criminals will realize the necessity of the enforcement of the letter of the law as soon as they feel the enforcement of its true spirit. In the enforcement of the spirit of the law, more depends upon the personnel of the management of the penal institution or jail than upon a set of rules or even the law. No rigid set of rules can be made that will be adequate to meet the constantly changing conditions arising from the constantly changing population of especially an institution like a jail, neither can any set of laws be framed that will be adequate to meet the situation.

"A jail is the place where a man who has been a transgressor, perhaps an unintentional one, is brought to a sudden realization of the vicious life he has been living. It is there he has a chance, and if properly impressed, does reflect and gets his first real impression of the law. Often it is there he realizes for the first time the dangerous path he has followed. At any rate, it largely depends on the impression that is made upon him at the jail whether or not the punishment that is to be inflicted upon him will prove of any benefit either to him or to society.

"I have made a careful study of individuals representing the various classes that come under my observation as prisoners, from the time they are first committed. I have watched the effect of the commitment, the impression made upon them by the application of the law as administered by the court and the treatment accorded them at the jail by the officers; and finally, after sentence is passed and they are on their way to the penitentiary or the reformatory, when they are very apt to show their real and true dispositions, I have looked for the results of the influence thrown around them at the jail and the endeavors made there to impress them with the fact that it is not the intention of the law to punish out of motives of revenge, but that they are simply being restrained of their liberty for their own good to give them an opportunity to realize the mistakes that they

have made and wherein they have been weak, to realize that the law and its administrators want to help them overcome that weakness and to aid them so that they may become good and useful citizens.

"The study I have made upon these trips has convinced me that no such thoughts as these enter the mind of a man who has been impressed with the idea that the law and its administrators look upon him as not worthy of consideration or aid in bringing himself up to a higher moral standing, but that he becomes bitter and revengeful, and looks forward to his release only to be avenged for what he considers unjust treatment at the hands of the law.

"Similar impressions are made upon those who go no further than a jail, but return to society after having felt the hand of the law and having been made either better or worse by the contact. If there has been awakened within them the moral obligation they are under to themselves, their God and their fellow-men, then they have been benefited as the law intends they shall, and society profits thereby as well.

"If the conditions at the jail and their treatment there are such as to cause them to entertain a revengeful spirit, then they have been made worse, and society suffers accordingly.

"When it is taken into consideration that no less than 5,000 persons are discharged out of that one institution each year direct back into society, it can be readily seen what this means to society in a city like Chicago. It has been my aim to do those things that will enable me to remove the hand of the law from these 5,000 in such a manner as to send them back to society, at least unharmed either physically, mentally, or morally by their experience at the jail, and at the same time, leave a good impression of the law upon those convicted ones who are sent to other institutions, in the hope that such impressions would be of benefit to them in their future life.

"From close observation, especially during the last eight or ten years, I am satisfied that the majority have been benefited during that time. Many movements have been inaugurated, which are tending to elevate the minds of the prisoners and aid them in maintaining their self-respect and to cause them to aim higher in life than

they ever thought of doing before. The principal movement of this kind was the organization of what is known as the Moral Improvement Association of the Cook County Jail. Everything that is done under the name of this association is for the moral improvement of its members, who are the inmates of the institution. I conceived the idea and with the aid of a large number of inmates, perfected the organization and have kept up its aims and objects with a great deal of success ever since.

"I found that by dealing with representatives of the various classes I could keep in closer touch with the whole number and get ideas how the different classes could be appealed to and how I might deal with them collectively, for as all can readily see, any show of favoritism in an institution of this kind only leads to a breach of discipline.

"As chairman of this organization, I have been able to keep absolute control of the various influences of the different classes and to destroy the influence of that class which unless controlled not only easily predominate, but permeate the very atmosphere with all that is vicious and vile.

"From about fifteen years' experience in the Cook County Jail, during all of that time making a careful study of conditions, as well as the character of the inmates, and coming in personal contact with them both individually and collectively, first as a subordinate and then as a superior officer, I feel competent to estimate the power of influence of one class over another, whether it be for good or evil. Remembering the percentage of convictions that are obtained against those committed to jail, but risking more upon personal observation and study, I would estimate that there is at no time more than fifteen per cent of the inmates who would exert a vicious influence over the others. I will admit, however, that those who thus exercise control, not only easily predominate, but become leaders and violently desperate ones at that. There are about twenty-five per cent of the inmates whose influence would never be felt. If they exerted any at all, it would be for good, but unless they are encouraged they simply stand in awe and fear, only wishing protection from personal violence.

The balance, or sixty per cent, are those who can be easily influenced one way or the other. Some of them are those who, because of their troubles, have lost heart, are broken in spirit and feel that since they are branded as having started on the downward road, there is no hope for them. Others are ignorant and if left alone will drop into the ways of the natural leaders. Still others are young and naturally inclined to evil—the would-be-smart young men that become fascinated with the life of the vicious and would soon be added to the fifteen per cent.

"All can readily see from this how easily the evil and vicious influence of the fifteen per cent will predominate if not restrained, and many will say that it is not an easy matter to restrain it under the lax discipline that is always enforced in jail. But I assert that it can be restrained and absolutely controlled; not by force or violence, nor by extreme punishment, nor by the solitary or cellular system; for to my mind, for a man who has been so far degraded as to find himself in jail, there is no companionship more injurious than his own thoughts. This is true especially when he is placed under such harsh, unnatural restraint that the first shock of it is not to be so easily overcome and then only by bitter, revengeful thoughts, which fill the very atmosphere with at least a degrading influence and only tend to harden, never to soften one's heart or make it receptive to good influences, if any should ever reach it. But let them be controlled while yet exercising their natural faculties, freedom of speech, action and thought, and it can be done.

"Gain their respect and confidence, then convince them that as they are deserving of consideration, it will be shown them. Then as they are being controlled, the better influence of the twenty-five per cent will have an opportunity and with the proper sort of encouragement, will soon make itself felt. The great majority of the sixty per cent will be glad to yield under these better and more refining influences, those who have lost heart will revive their broken spirits and a new hope springs up within them. The smart young man with evil inclinations can be made ashamed of himself and oftentimes some of the fifteen per cent will aid in doing that by convincing him that he

REFORMATION OF CRIMINALS.

—Page 379.

THE FORCES OF EVIL OUTWITTED.

—Page 392.

is not as smart as he thought; that he is not made of the sort of stuff that constitutes a real tough.

"Then here is the chance for the better influence of the twenty-five per cent to get to work. Then here is the chance to offer them the proper sort of encouragement; and that is what the Moral Improvement Association is doing. It is destroying the influence of the vicious, it is keeping a restraining hand over the wilful, it is holding out a ray of hope to those who have lost heart and are broken in spirit, it is sending them out of jail not crushed and disheartened, but with the determination to profit by their past experiences and mistakes, and thus to fortify themselves against the weakness which was the cause of their former downfall and to have more respect for the law which once they may have violated.

"The consideration shown them while in the hands of the law, taught them that it was in no way revengeful. I do not mean by consideration and privileges given in lieu of good conduct, that this is the price paid as though for a commodity, but the inmates realize that whatever is done under the name of the association is for the benefit of the whole number, and that there are no selfish motives behind its endeavor to derive as much benefit as possible out of it.

"Perhaps at first they only see the benefit in the way of privileges, but they know that these privileges must be well guarded in order to secure their continuance, and while enjoying them, they are unconsciously learning to control themselves as they have never done before. They are really being placed upon their honor, but they do not understand it that way until they begin to feel the benefits, not only of the privileges, but of the consideration shown them, and in the meantime have become susceptible to an elevating influence.

"If I attempt to picture the scene of one of the week-day meetings of this association, you would hardly believe it. Imagine, if you can, 500 prisoners, representing all the different classes, being marshaled into the jail chapel under the leadership of some of their own number, absolutely no official authority being used after the cell doors are unlocked, yet perfect decorum maintained. After they are all seated, I, as chairman, open the meeting, no other officer in the room,

yet during the rendition of the program not a boisterous act or word to mar the proceedings. Reverence shown where reverence is due, applause given when proper, and heartily, too, yet always within the bounds of propriety.

"The program is often two hours in length and most of the talent developed from among the inmates. The speaker is invariably invited from the outside and his subject and remarks are often discussed for days afterwards in the different corridors of the jail, thus showing the interest taken by the inmates, not only in the entertainment afforded them, but in the instructions received.

"The purpose of these meetings is not alone to furnish a pastime or an opportunity for the inmates to enjoy themselves, but to give them such an entertainment as will furnish them enjoyment and give it in such a manner as to render them receptive to good teaching. A minister of the gospel remarked after delivering an address to the prisoners, following an entertainment, that he had never talked to an audience that seemed to be in a mood to listen and profit thereby as they were; that he really thought it was the entertainment afforded them preceding his talk that put them in that mood. He wound up by saying that he did not know but it would be a good idea to introduce some such entertainment in our churches.

"Now, as one of the many results of the influences of these meetings, the attendance at the religious services held in the jail chapel each Sunday has grown from fifty or sixty to practically the entire population of the jail, and a more attentive audience cannot be found in any city. Catholic as well as Protestant services are held; any and all inmates are at liberty to attend either denomination, and those who are inclined to follow their early religious teachings are not hindered by the scoffing and jeering of the others. My experience has taught me that a man in jail is not apt to follow any religious inclinations, if he is laughed and jeered at as was the case before the better influence prevailed and the vicious, degrading atmosphere was cleared, which was done through efforts made under the name of the Moral Improvement Association, elevating the minds of the prisoners and causing their thoughts to run through more wholesome channels.

"As adjuncts to this association, there are the Women's Auxiliary, and Library Committee, and the Juvenile Club. The Juvenile Club is presided over by Mrs. Mary Clift, who for years has done noble work among the women and boys of this institution. For the last two years she has been teacher of the jail school, a class of fifty boys whose ages range from sixteen to nineteen. It is well known that no boys under the age of sixteen are sent to jail in this county. They are looked upon in this county as delinquents, and are taken care of through the Juvenile court in institutions set apart for them, so we only have the older class of boys to deal with.

"We keep them in school during the week days, hours of recreation are given them, a drill-master furnished opportunity for physical development, patriotic lessons are given by way of flag drills, as well as the usual instructions. They also hold weekly meetings in the evenings where entertainment is afforded them after the business of the club is transacted. Mrs. Clift has charge of all this and is not assisted at any time by a guard or with any show of official authority. She has absolute control of these boys, because she loves them; and they regard her as a friend and as a mother. Their respect for her is an assurance of their good conduct.

"Essential as it is to inspire in the minds of the inmates some idea of the higher principles of life, it is just as important to follow them after they leave the institution and render such assistance as will enable them to carry out the resolves made while in confinement. Many ex-prisoners not only need advice, but assistance by way of securing employment, and homes where there will be the proper surroundings and influences. The Central Howard Association is organized for the purpose of rendering such assistance to the deserving and worthy who have been under the ban of the law.

WIRE XL.

CAPTURE OF THE RED TELEPHONE.

IT WAS Christmas Eve. I had been busily and happily at work all the short winter afternoon, wrapping various small parcels in white tissue paper, tying them with narrow ribbon of the true Christmas red, and tucking a tiny spray of holly in each, as I labeled it with the name of the one for whom the little gift was intended.

The last present was now ready, the scattered papers and ribbons put away, and I leaned back in the big Morris chair before the open grate, resting.

Naturally enough, my thoughts were pleasantly astir with plans for the holidays, and as I watched the dancing flames I saw in them pictures of bright family reunions, Christmas trees with their varied and mysterious fruit, merry Christmas elves, prancing reindeer drawing good St. Nicholas with his sleigh full of presents,—all the festive scenes belonging to such an hour of twilight meditation on the eve of the happiest day in all the year. Nothing could have been further from my thoughts than the Red Telephone, and it seemed strange that at just that moment, with no sound of opening door, the form of my mysterious guide to the World of Shadows appeared suddenly at my side.

"Come," he said.

"To-night?" I asked, aghast at the prospect of so distasteful a journey at that time.

"Yes. I have something to show you."

"But I'm tired," I pleaded. "Couldn't I go another time as well?"

"Rest for you will be all the sweeter after what you will see this

night. War has been declared. There is to be a wonderful battle for the capture of the Red Telephone. You are needed. Come. You will be quite safe, with me."

"But what have I, a mere woman, to do with a raging battle?" I asked, wondering.

"Watch and report it. That is all that is required of you. Come," he said, patiently, for the third time.

Curiosity and hope were mingled with dread in my thoughts now, as I caught up a wrap and followed the guide.

Curiosity, to know why the forces of war should have chosen this of all nights in the year, to march in battle; hope that it might mean a new and glorious freedom from the shadow-terrors which had so long ruled this earth in great measure, from their stronghold in the Under-World.

We did not go this time to the fortress, but to the little cottage in plain sight of its grim walls,—the cottage where we had once had recourse to the seldom-used White Telephone.

Stationed here, at a window, I could see and hear all that went on.

The roar of the volcano drowned other sounds at first, but the shadows were hastening to and fro, gathering from all quarters, and seemingly rallying all their forces at the centre of operations—the old fortress. Messengers among them darted hither and thither, armed bands paraded the streets, the fortress was defiantly decked with the red and black flag of the Under-World, and to this scene the lurid flames of the volcano made a fitting background and illumination as well.

Great hosts of shadow-soldiers were marched into the fortress. Others were stationed outside; and now all seemed in readiness, as I heard even through the volcano, the strains of distant music, very faint and far away at first, but gradually drawing nearer. It was only for a moment that this was audible. Then—clang! went the sound of a huge gong, evidently a signal, and the shadow-bands struck up in defiant but discordant notes, the well-known air of a drinking-song that had been chosen for their rallying battle-music. This was so loud,

harsh and wild that I thought of the rude battle-song of the ancient Saxons, with its chorus of

"Clang, battle-ax! flash, brand!
Let the king reign."

In all this din, the music of the approaching troops was no longer to be heard; but suddenly it rose grandly above the rest, while a great white light fell over all the scene. Dazzling in its brightness, it penetrated every crack and corner where the shadow-creatures lurked; for many of them, unable to stand this searchlight of Truth, had dropped their arms and scurried away at its first approach. Others were bolder, and rallied as the hosts of Righteousness drew near.

These invaders were in shining array, their armor glistening in the pure white light that was of itself their best weapon. Stern and courageousness were their faces, as they shouted,

"The Red Telephone! Give up the Red Telephone!"

The shadow forces fell back a little. Black and hideous they looked in the clear, searching light, and I could see distinctly now who their leaders were.

There was General Untruth, misshapen, lame, and ugly, hobbling around with a crutch and giving his directions. He did not look so formidable a foe as an able-bodied general might have been, but he had the very convenient power of growing larger or smaller at will, changing his entire form and appearance to suit his fancy of the moment, whenever he could escape long enough from the direct rays of the searchlight.

There was Colonel Hate, armed with a huge bludgeon. The weapons of these shadow-creatures were certainly very crude.

Near Colonel Hate were various companies of soldiers led by Prejudice, Avarice, Fear, Jealousy, Anger, Cruelty, and Malice. A little to the left was General Selfishness, with the largest body of troops in the army; among them a whole regiment of vile-looking Appetites. Then there were the less prominent leaders, Captains Worry, Hurry, Conceit, Indolence, and one small shadow called Misunderstanding, who had been put in charge of a division because of his power to grow tall and

puff himself out to four times his natural size, like the frog in the fable.

These were only a few; the whole Shadow-World was alive and awake. All were armed for battle, but they had evidently not counted on the searchlight, which seemed to have a most disconcerting effect.

The strife was a terrific one. "Charge! Fire!" cried the shadow-leader, and the arrows, stones and other primitive missives flew thick and fast; but these being made of shadows, did little damage except to hinder the movements of the invaders for a brief time. The real fight was a hand-to-hand struggle, in which the most agile of the shadows escaped as often as captured; only when a ray from the searchlight fell directly into the eyes of a shadow, he was always overcome and made prisoner, if not killed outright.

This continued for some time. At last the wondrous light had done its work so effectually that few shadows remained alive on the battlefield.

"Charge the fortress!" was the command from the hosts of light, and with one accord the invaders pressed forward in a magnificent charge, the searchlight sending its rays full on the grim old walls.

They stormed the outer defences, battered down the doors and rushed into the heart of the building with a great shout of victory, as the conquered and terrified shadows fled before them in every direction.

In a short time I heard the music of a grand, triumphal march, and the leaders of the invading party issued forth bearing with them the prize so long sought,—the Red Telephone!

Disconnected from all its wires, but still glowing like a red-hot coal, the instrument of so much evil was carried out in triumph, and cast into the midst of the flaming volcano.

Then, for but a moment the flames leaped up with fiercer strength than before; the next instant they died down, and the once glowing telephone fell in a mass of scattered ashes at the feet of the conquerors.

"Glorious!" I cried, "Victory is complete!" But, smiling, my guide said, "One thing is yet to be done; the White Telephone is to be

placed in the heart of the fortress. Wait and see this crowning triumph of all. There is no danger."

With strains of joyful music, the victorious soldiers led the way to the very house where we stood; and entering, took gently from its old imprisonment the silvery little messenger of Truth,—the White Telephone,—and returning to the fortress, fastened it in the place of honor where the Red Telephone had been. There it remained, while the few still living shadows, rendered blind, deaf and dumb by the searchlight's rays, were marched away as prisoners in the keeping of the victorious army. The fortress of Sin was at last in complete possession of the powers of Righteousness!

This is what happens in every heart when the searchlight of Truth is once permitted full sway.

What happened after that, in the curious Under-World?

Ah, that is another story. How the gleaming wires, no longer blood-red, but silver-white, carried joyful secrets to our old acquaintance No. One, who is now breathing the pure air of the upper earth; how the "other fellow" was not forgotten, but was let into the secret, too; how the "traps" were forever closed, and the churches and Sunday-schools kept open; how strength and self-reliance came to the hampered, "predigested" lives, sunshine to the Northeast Man, renewed hope and courage to the would-be suicide; a new and high ambition to the careless and to those who waste life's forces; a new vision to the money-blind; how bad memories were exchanged for good ones, the fresh air of heaven shared with all the slum-stifled children in the great cities; how "luck" turned, hurry and worry vanished, consciences grew keener and social ambitions more unselfish; how doubts were conquered, cities made safe and homelike, good humor and merriment abounding in the hearts of all; how a first-class joke succeeded, how gossip was silenced, the iron chains of bad habits broken, truth held supreme, and morbid sensitiveness outgrown; how dangerous risks and foolish delays were done away with; how the higher self became known and understood; how divorce became a thing of the past, and neighbors became more friendly and honorable in their dealings; how the new declaration of independence was signed, room made in each human

life for the Divine Guest, easy but dangerous paths abandoned for the exhilarating mountain-climb; how reverence and respect became general in every land; how the temple of God was cleansed of every form of filth; how the saloon was banished, self-respect built up and increased, the scattered forces drawn together and the road to crime blocked up, so that no longer were there left any criminals to reform; how all this came about through the glad messages of the White Telephone, would be a tale for the centuries to echo, indeed. But the time for that is not yet.

When I returned from this strange battle-field, my last visit to the Under-World, I heard in the distance the bells of myriad churches chiming the hour of midnight, and mingled with them came a sweet, prophetic song—the same that Sir Edwin Arnold heard when he wrote "The Light of the World." The song was by an angel choir, and the words were these:

"Peace beginning to be,
Deep as the sleep of the sea
When the stars their faces glass
In its blue tranquillity:
Hearts of men upon earth,
From the first to the second birth,
To rest as the wild waters rest
With the colors of Heaven on their breast.

Love, which is sunlight of peace,
Age by age to increase,
Till Anger and Hate are dead
And Sorrow and Death shall cease:
'Peace on Earth and Good-will!'
Souls that are gentle and still
Hear the first music of this
Far-off, infinite bliss!"

Then I knew that it was Christmas Day; that the Truth had come, and that even in the Shadow-World there was room.